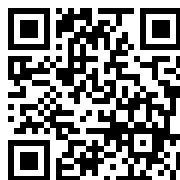
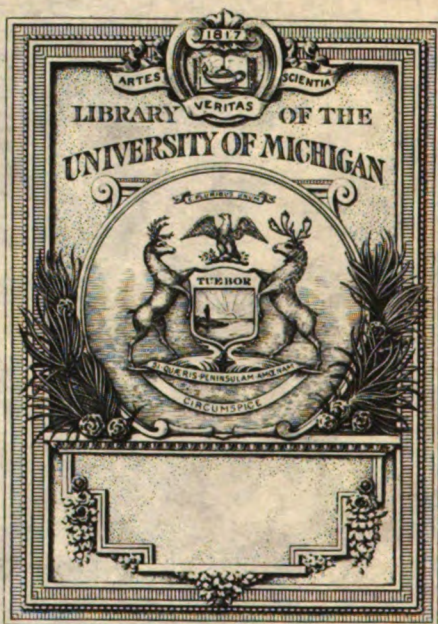

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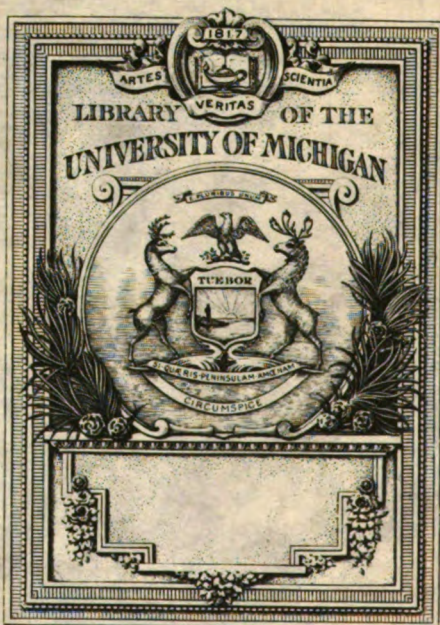


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THE

Rollin's monthly magazine.

DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXI.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1865.



BOSTON:

OFFICE AMERICAN UNION, FLAG OF OUR UNION, AND NOVELETTE.
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THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXI.—No. 1.....JANUARY, 1865.....WHOLE No. 121.  
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TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.



TRINITY COLLEGE.

THE January number of the DOLLAR MONTHLY commences a new volume, the twenty-first; over ten years having elapsed since our Magazine appeared before the public as a candidate for popular favor. It has gradually won its way, not through extensive advertising and paid editorials, but by merit alone, to a position that is second to but one serial in this country. We mean as far as circulation is concerned. Of course, we do not claim for the DOLLAR MONTHLY the scientific

and literary ability that some of our contemporaries assume. It would be useless in a magazine of our class, for we take it that our readers prefer to be amused, interested and instructed, rather than confounded and compelled to wade through matter that only the most learned can hardly comprehend. "I like your Magazine," writes an appreciating lady, who sent us \$1.50 to renew her subscription, "because there are so many interesting papers in each number, and I can

understand them all. I find something to make me thoughtful, to awaken my sympathies, perhaps cause me to drop a tear, or I can turn to another page and indulge in a hearty laugh, at some anecdote, or flash of wit. Or, again, I am puzzled regarding a dish which I wish to place upon the table, a surprise to my husband and friends. I turn to the Housewife's Department, and find the most complete directions for preparing it. If my children are restless and unable to leave the house, on account of storms, I put a few numbers of your Magazine in their hands, and they will sit for hours looking at the engravings and laughing at your comical picture galleries. So you see I'm an admirer of the DOLLAR MONTHLY, and would not do without it. I hope that you have more patrons just like me."

We thank our lady friend for the interest she manifests, and for her kind expressions. In reply we would inform her that we have thousands of subscribers, and that we are constantly receiving just such charming epistles as the one which she penned. Our correspondent has struck the key note of our success. We make the Magazine suitable for the family, not for a sect or a clique. We publish such articles as will interest and amuse, and to do so we must cater to the wants of the household, not the rostrum; the fireside, not the lecture-room.

Since January, 1864, great changes have taken place. Prices of all kinds of articles have gone up, white paper not being exempted. We formerly paid ten cents per pound for such paper as the DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed on. Now we are compelled to give from twenty-eight to thirty cents per pound, so our subscribers can hardly wonder that we were forced to raise our price for the purpose of meeting our expenses. For this trifling increase, we have heard no murmuring, and while we thank our patrons for their liberal support, we can assure them that we shall endeavor to merit their approbation and make our Magazine worth all that we charge for it.

But we did not intend to speak at such a length of our business affairs. We meant to have a confidential chat with our readers, and then turn to the illustrations, and explain them in our usual manner. This we will now proceed to do.

The engraving on the first page is a representation of the gateway of Trinity College, Cambridge, England, a place celebrated the world over as a place of learning. It is fifty

miles from London, on a level tract of ground on both sides of the Cam, but the greater portion on the right bank of that river, which is crossed by a neat cast-iron and several other public bridges, besides which, each college contiguous to the river has a private one.

Cambridge, as a town, has, with the exception of this celebrated university, few points of interest, and fewer of beauty. The streets, formerly narrow, winding and irregular, are now much altered and improved, and are well paved and well lighted. The principal market-place, recently much improved, is centrally situated, and consists of two spacious, oblong squares, in one of which is a conduit, supplied by water from an aqueduct, at a distance of three miles, erected for the benefit of the town, in 1614, by Hobson, livery stabler, who gave rise to the well-known proverb of "Hobson's choice," by adhering to a rule of letting his horses by rotation only, thus leaving the hirer no alternative but to take the one whose turn it was to go out. At the south end of the market-place stands a guild-hall, which contains several large rooms for public purposes; and near the northwest extremity of the town is the county courthouse, a spacious and handsome structure. But it is to its university that Cambridge owes the interest which it excites. The buildings of this illustrious institution extend along the greater portion of the west part of the town, between it and the Cam, to both of which they run nearly parallel. They consist of the senate-house, the university library and schools, the former containing about 170,000 volumes; the university or Pitt press, the Fitzwilliam museum, the anatomical museum, and the observatory, most of them remarkable for architectural elegance. The colleges are seventeen in number, called, respectively, St. Peter's, Clare Hall, Pembroke, Gonville and Caius, Trinity Hall, Corpus Christi, King's, Queen's, St. Catherine's Hall, Jesus, Christ's, St. John's, Magdalene, Trinity, Emmanuel, Sidney, Sussex and Downing—the most recent, all of them magnificent structures. The greater number of the colleges are contiguous to each other, chiefly along the Cam river, but there are several in different parts of the town. The origin of this learned foundation is involved in obscurity, but it is supposed to date from the seventh century, and to have been founded by Sigebert, king of the East Angles. It did not, however, assume the regular corporate form of a university till about the 13th century, when the first college was

erected by Henry III. In 1333, King Edward III. granted the university some important privileges; and, in 1430, Pope Martin V., invested it with exclusive ecclesiastical and spiritual jurisdiction over its own scholars. In the reign of Elizabeth, further privileges and rights were bestowed on it, all preceding grants were confirmed, and the university declared to be incorporated by the name of the chancellor, masters and scholars. The present university comprises, as already mentioned, seventeen colleges. Each college is a body incorporate, and bound by its own statutes, but under the control of the general laws of the university. Each furnishes members for the executive and legislative government of the university. The place of assembly is the senate-house. All persons who are

wore away or broke the cleft of the branch, and this necessity gave rise to the invention of means for attaching movable shares, first of wood, next of stone, copper or iron, worked to a shape adapted to the cutting of furrows, so as to avoid the excessive labor from the ploughman's having to lean upon the plough with all his weight so as to press it into the earth.

Just such an implement as these conjectures indicate was used by the Saxons. Some of the facts connected with the history of the plough are almost incredible. In Ireland there once prevailed a custom of "ploughing by the horse's tail." The draught-pole was lashed to the tail of the horse, and, as no harness was employed, two men were necessary, one to guide and press upon the plough, the other to



ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE.

masters of arts or doctors of divinity, civil law, or physic, having their names upon the college boards, holding any university office, or being a resident of the town of Cambridge, have votes in this assembly.

HISTORY OF THE PLOUGH.

The first plough is supposed to have been the rude branch of a tree, cut so as to have a cleft end, the point of which, dragged along the surface of the ground, scraped the furrow into which the seeds were thrown. It soon occurred to the husbandman that he might relieve his own labor by yoking an animal to the long arm of this primitive instrument; then arose the necessity for a handle, affixed to the back, so that the plough might be guided. The strength of the animal soon

direct the horse, which he did by walking backwards before the miserable animal, and beating it on the head on either side, according to the direction required. This custom prevailed for a considerable time, in spite of a law which was passed in the early part of the seventeenth century imposing severe penalties upon persons found guilty of "ploughing by the horse's tail," as in the act mentioned and described. From Rev. Caesar Otwa's "sketches in Erris and Tyrawley," it appears that the barbarous practice lingered in the remote west of Ireland as late as the year 1740! And from a paper "On the Breed of Horses in Scotland in the Ancient Times," printed in the first volume of the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, we find it in that country as late as the year 1792.

SINGHALESE BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

The spirited engraving on this page represents a number of Singhalese Buddhist Priests, on their way to their temples. The Singhalese inhabit a portion of the coast of the island of Ceylon. Travellers describe them as a mild, timid race; obsequious to strangers, but hospitable and humane. They are, however, said to be indolent, cowardly, vindictive, and regardless of truth; but this unfavorable character of them, though often repeated, has been denied by those who have good opportunities of knowing them. Their stature is rather below the middle size; their limbs slender, but well-shaped; eyes dark, finely-cut features, hair long, smooth and black,

merce and traffic of the island. They class themselves into four orders—merchants, weavers, fishermen and bankers. The Viddahs, a savage race, are supposed to be a portion of the original inhabitants of Ceylon. They inhabit the most secluded and inaccessible parts of the island, and subsist entirely on wild fruits and animals. A cloth round the loins is their only clothing; and their habitations, generally of small dimensions, are formed for security amongst the branches of large forest trees. They are a robust and hardy race, but extremely peaceable and inoffensive. The other inhabitants of the coast consist of Dutch, Portuguese, and English colonists; some Kaffirs and Javanese, a few Chinese and Parsee trad-

**SINGHALESE BUDDHIST PRIESTS.**

turned up and fixed with a tortoise-shell comb on the top of the head. Color varying from brown to black, or rather from the lightest to the darkest tints of bronze. The Singhalese of the interior, or Kandian Singhalese, are a superior race, being stouter, handsomer, and of more manly and independent bearing, with a greater degree of intelligence. The Malabars of Ceylon are similar in all respects to those of the continent, being the same active, enterprising, crafty race, in their characters of merchants, pedlars, jewellers, workers in metals, tailors, fishermen, jugglers, etc. The Mahometans or Moors are found in all parts of the sea-coast, as well as in the interior. They are an energetic and industrious people, and engross a large proportion of the com-

ers, and a various population sprung from the intermixture of these races with each other. There is yet another class, called *Burghers*, the descendants of Europeans and natives. Many of this class fill public offices and subordinate situations under government.

The habits of the Singhalese are simple. They rise at dawn, and retire about nine or ten o'clock at night; they have two principal meals, one at noon, and the other at seven or eight o'clock in the evening. The favorite dish consists of rice, with curry; milk, ghee, oil, and fruits, are also common articles of diet. Beef is never eaten but by the lowest classes. The houses are generally of mud, a single story in height, with tiled roofs. Their furniture consists of a few stools, mats, and

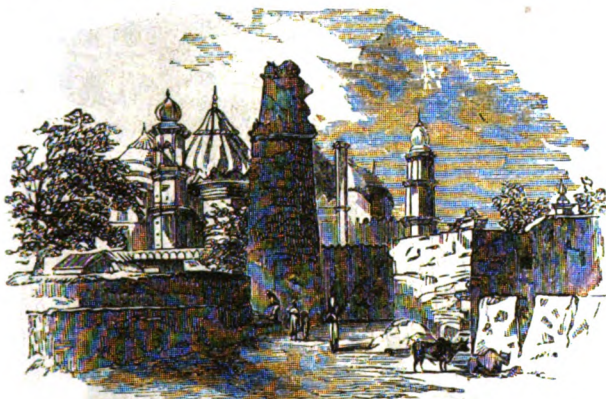
earthenware dishes, a stone hand-mill, a pestle and mortar for rice. The dress of the men consists of a handkerchief wrapped round the head, and a long cloth reaching from the loins to the ankles. The dress of the women is much the same. Their manners are courteous and polished, but their intellectual powers limited. In arts and sciences they have made little progress.

ANCIENT MINARET AT COEL.

The picturesque engraving on this page represents the great and celebrated mosque at Coel, in Hindoostan. It has been visited by thousands of tourists, who always expressed delight in seeing it! The mosque is built of cut stone, the other parts being of brick covered with chunam, and ornamented with colored tiles. The tower is of reddish sand-

cozy dormitories, to re-awaken the echoes of their gaudy chapels, to solace themselves for past self-denials in their bountiful refectory, and to indulge in their customary siesta, in great gilt arm-chairs of Cordova morocco leather, in the library.

The history of the return of the reverend fathers to Santa Fe is curious. The order was possessed of enormous wealth. The most fertile and extensive estancias, or farms, belonged to them. That of St. Xavier alone reckoned eighty thousand slaves. Their altar, their sacristy, and their refectory, groaned with golden and silver plate. Crosses, reliquaries, chalices, and the dresses of the Virgin and saints, pullulated with gems and precious stones. The order for their expulsion was sent down to Santa Fe, giving the fathers only two hours in which to take their departure.



ANCIENT MINARET AND MOSQUE AT COEL.

stone, excepting the upper part, which is of brick, and apparently of more modern date. The entrance is several feet from the ground; in this, and other respects, resembling very much the round towers of Ireland, and, like those ancient monuments also, its age and use are involved in mystery.

TREASURES OF THE JESUITS.

The vast convent of the Jesuits, called De la Merced, is built with the solidity which characterises most of the edifices raised by the order in Mexico and in South America. An interior cloister, with handsome arches, runs round a patio or open space in the centre shaded by orange trees, and decorated with a handsome Moorish fountain in wrought iron. The reverend fathers have been for a long time expelled the country, but they have recently obtained permission to return to their

They obeyed with pious resignation, and marched out of their convent with their breviaries under their arms, and their chaplets in their hands—no other baggage. But lo and behold! when the hungry civilians entered, after the evacuation of the place by the fathers, church, sacristy and refectory were all there, but completely stripped. Plate, jewelry, decorations and ornaments—treasures of all descriptions—everything was gone! Perquisitions were made, the gardens and orchards were dug up, the library and altars were searched, but in vain—nothing could be found; and after a nine days' wonder, and some smiles at the expense of the Jesuits, the search was given up, and the treasure no longer thought of. The long wars of independence and of political parties in the time of Rosas, helped to drive the memory of the transaction out of their heads.

In the month of February, 1858, however, two strangers arrived from Friburg, in Switzerland, and presented themselves before the canon, under whose charge the convent of La Merced had been placed. They told him that the father superior of the convent had taken refuge in their native town, that he had died there, and left behind him papers indicating the means of recovering the lost treasures. This secret they were prepared to divulge upon two conditions—one was, that they should have half they could discover; the other, that they should remain in the sacristy alone for half an hour. The canon agreed to the terms, and then hastened off to Don Pablo, a young priest, who, with a frightful old negress, were the only dwellers in the place, and said to him, "Don Pablo, I am going this

tenances beamed with satisfaction; they covered up the cross as they had done the first, and prepared to leave.

Don Pablo was before them, and acquainted the canon with all that he had seen. The latter at once came to a decision. When the strangers returned, it was in vain that they offered two-thirds, nay, three-fourths of the treasure—the canon declared that he would not have any researches made after the holy treasure. It was, he said, a sacred trust that he held for the holy fathers when they returned. He spoke more truly than he intended. The strangers, vexed and annoyed, left the place. Assisted by Don Pablo, the black crosses were found, the wainscoting was sounded, further researches were made, but all to no purpose—the secret went with them.



ASSAMESE GOSSAINS.

evening to admit two strangers into the sacristy; hide yourself in an old closet, whence you can see what is going on, and then report to me." Don Pablo secreted himself accordingly, and in the evening the two strangers duly made their appearance. Unfortunately, they spoke French, and the padre could not understand what they said. They drew papers from their pockets, and consulted them; they then counted the number of paces from one spot to another, stopping in front of a wainscot. One of them struck it with a small hammer, and the plaster fell off, displaying a crucifix painted in black. This found, they carefully covered it over again. They then directed their steps to an altar also in the sacristy, went through the same process, and discovered another black cross. Their coun-

ASSAMESE GOSSAINS.

The sturdy looking fellows represented in the engraving above, are Assamese Gossains, natives of Hindoostan. They are land-holders, and a fine race of people. Their large picturesque hats are beautifully made of straw, or fine cane. The young man has his d'ha or large knife, in his hand, with which he cuts his crops, or clears jungle. The father carries his food, tobacco, or any other little valuable, in neat-made ratan baskets, which have a covering also made of cane or leaves, impervious to water. The white clothes are of fine cotton; the colored, of wild silk tissue called Tufah. The women form a striking contrast to the men, being fair and handsome; but their morality is at a very low ebb. Education is extremely limited throughout Assam.

HOLWAY HALL:
—OR,—
EMILY'S LESSON.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.



"Don't send me to school this afternoon,
I had rather stay here and play;
Too bad to leave my dolly so soon,
And study hard every day."

So Emily said, and her mother replied,
"I'd a story to tell you to-night;
You shall hear it now as you sit by my side,
Then stay, if you think it is right."

There was joy in Holway Hall that night;
Gone was the burden of care;
And the invalid master's face shone bright,
As he leaned in his easy-chair.

"From the bondage of debt, loved wife," he
said,
"Our home is at last set free;
These walls shall shelter no stranger head,
Still ours is the dear roof-tree.

"Hand me the paper, Marguerite, pray—
The mortgage so well redeemed;
We have thought of it sadly many a day,
And sadly over it dreamed."

He took, and tossed it among the brands,
The smouldering brands on the hearth;
And never so thankfully folded his hands,
Since even the day of his birth.

Anon, when the midnight's solemn feet
Through the chamber noiseless crept,
When his slight tattoo the deathwatch beat,
As the household calmly slept—

The waking wife had a secret thought,
Which grew to a dire alarm;
And quitting her couch, she softly sought,
With the nursing babe on her arm;

And found—O, what was her grief to find—
As from desk to hearth she turned,
An ashen shape, all coiled and twined,
Where the *Deed* by mistake was burned.

Little she thought when the folded sheet
She had given her husband there,
That the home to their eyes and hearts so sweet,
Was vanishing into the air.

No help nor hope—and the day soon came
When a hard man claimed their all;
The mistress murmured her keen self-blame,
In bidding adieu to the Hall.

To her knee a slave-child crept and said,
With doubtful, tremulous mien—
"I's sumfin hid in de granary shed,
If missis wont punish Cassine."

So she brought a paper, scorched and soiled,
And the mistress overjoyed,
Cried, "Where did you get it?"—the child re-
coiled—

"The *DEED* we had thought destroyed?"

"Missis teach little daughter, wid ribbins and
ring,
To read de pooty book frow;
And Cas, playin' 'bout, get glimpses de t'ing,
And she fin' dat she learn him too.

"I comed to sleep on de rug one night,
When de wedder col' and black,
And see in de ash, jis gwine for to light,
Dis yere—and I snatches him back.

"Cas steal de paper—it look so fa'r,
And tote it wid her about:
And Caa burn anoder instead of dat ar,
For fear dat she be found out.

"Den Cassy's missis a-moanin' all day
For a paper dat done got burn;
And Cas dar'nt keep it no longer 'way,
When she knowed 'twas dis yere concern.

"I's learn from it heaps—'bout *Presents and Men*,
I's a scholar, I 'fesses de crime;
I'll done forgit all as quick's I ken,
If missis forgib me dis time."

Once more, of comfort, and joy, and glee,
Fair Holway Hall was full;
The little Cassine was at once made free,
And sent to the North to school.

Glad Cassy! and yet she would often cry,
For her mother was still a slave;
And she hoped to earn money that mother to buy,
Before she went to her grave.

And then the war for the Union raged;
And Cassy's mother went forth;
Nor again in unpaid toil engaged,
But came to her child in the North.

And happy are mother and child to-day;
They have found good friends in their need;
And Casey, as bright as a dollar, they say,
Will soon be a scholar indeed.

When the story was done, little Emily rose,
And fastened her shawl with a pin—
Her doll was laid down in its bed to repose—
And tied her hat under her chin.

Then smilingly ready to school to return,
Said—bidding her mother good-by—
"If a poor little slave was so eager to learn,
I ought to be willing to try."

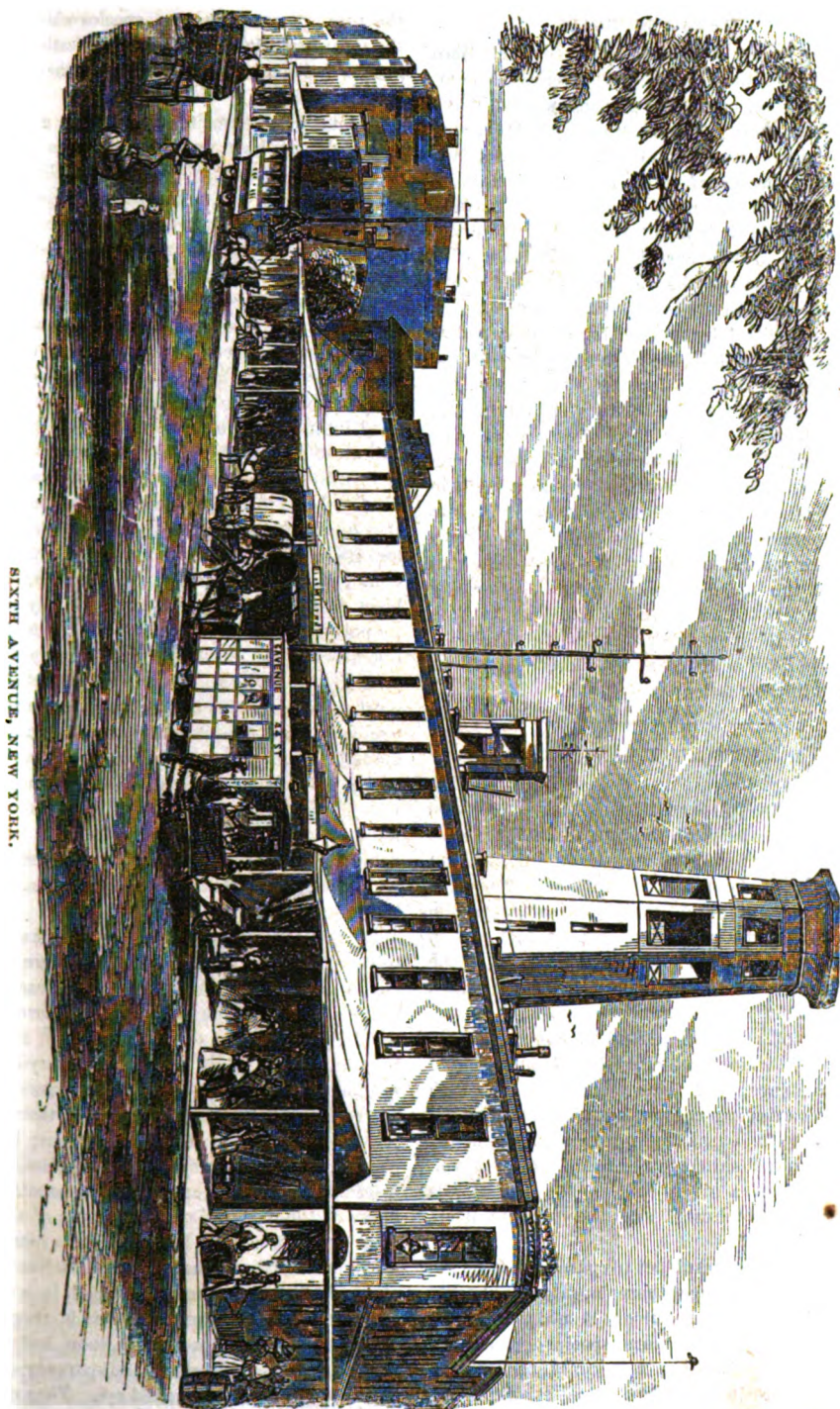
SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

The scene represented in the engraving on page 13 is one that is familiar to many. Sixth Avenue, New York, is a busy thoroughfare, day or night; and, what with the running of horse cars, and rattling of carriages, it does seem as though rest was not to be thought of in such a locality.

The building which is so prominent in the picture, represents Jefferson Market. It is not noted on account of its architectural beauty, for there is nothing handsome about it, except the store of good things which it contains, but because it is a New York landmark, one that will be swept away some day to give place to a more aristocratic pile. Change is the order of the day, and what in one generation is thought a model of taste, is frequently cast aside by the next, as meagre.

BREATHING AND THINKING.

Let any one think for a moment what he experiences when he breathes, and attends to the act. He will find that his whole frame heaves and subsides at the time; face, chest, stomach and limbs are all actuated by his respiration. Now let him feel his thoughts, and he will see that they, too, heave with the mass. When he entertains a long thought, he draws a long breath; when he thinks quickly, his breath alternates with rapid alterations; when the tempest of anger shakes his mind, his breath is tumultuous; when his soul is deep and tranquil, so is his respiration; when success inflates him, his lungs are as tumid as his conceits. Let him make trial of the contrary; let him endeavor to think in long stretches at the same time he breathes in fits, and he will find that it is impossible; that the chopping lungs will still mince his thoughts.



SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

CAIRO MOSQUE.

The beautiful mosque of Kesmas el Bara deyeh is situated in the street Derb-el-Ahmar Cairo. Our engraving presents a view of the interior courtyard. A broad corridor, sustained by arcades in the Moorish style, surrounds the courtyard. There the Mahomedans move about slowly and gravely, absorbed in their meditations. Several doors opening on this corridor communicate with the great hall of the mosque, situated under the dome. In the courtyard is seen a pavilion, sustained by small columns, designed to protect a fountain, the fresh and pure water of which is employed for the ablutions which every true believer who visits the mosque for prayer must make at least once a day. The fountain is also sheltered by a secular sycamore, which would of itself be a curiosity in any other country; but such trees are not uncommon in Egypt, where age is everywhere venerated. They are never cut down until the wood is entirely dead, especially when rooted in sacred ground. What increases the respect for them, is that the nests of the dove and the stork, sacred birds, are built in their foliage.

HUMAN PARASITES.

By parasites, are meant those animals which live on the juices of other animals, or those plants which live on the juices of other plants. It is evident that the very least damage that can arise from the presence of parasites, is the consumption of that nourishment which is intended for the support, or increase in size, of the invaded animal or plant; but the mischief is far from being confined to this. The term parasite has been selected, on account of a fancied resemblance between the mode in which such animals and plants obtain subsistence, and that adopted by the rich man's cringing companion, who lives on the bounty he earns by unworthy expedients. The animal suited to the reception or development of a given species of parasites, is termed the "host;" and the parasite itself, the "guest."

The general subject of parasites is one of vast extent, since there is, perhaps, hardly any living creature which is not liable to be invaded by one or more species—even parasites themselves are sometimes the prey of other parasites. Those parasites which are peculiar to man, claim, of course, our special attention. We shall, therefore, consider, on

the present occasion, two species which are the most remarkable in their organization and habits, and the most mischievous in the effects they produce.

Among those parasites which, in a greater or less degree, have proved the sources of suffering and danger, are the *Tænia solium*, or ordinary tape-worm, which is introduced into the human body by the measles of pork; the *Tænia mediocanellata*, another tape-worm, which is derived from the measles of veal and beef; the *Trichina spiralis*, or spiral hair-worm, also due to swine's flesh; and the *Tænia echinococcus*, or cystic tape-worm, which we owe to the dog. We shall confine our observations to the two last, as being the most interesting, on account of their habits, and most productive of dangerous maladies.

THE SPIRAL HAIR-WORM.—This was first observed in 1832. It obtained this designation on account of its extreme slenderness, and its being usually found in the form of a coil. Persons infested by this parasite, have been frequently found to die suddenly, as if by poison; but the cause of their deaths was not ascertained until 1860. In that year, a young girl having expired, after suffering most torturing pains in the fleshy portions of the body, an anatomical examination was made into the nature of her malady, the aid of the microscope being called in; and it was found that every part of her flesh was filled with trichinæ, each individual being covered by a calcareous coating. They might, with close inspection, be detected even with the naked eye.

Further investigation of this subject has led to the discovery, that these trichinæ are produced in the muscular fibre, the lean, of swine's flesh, whence they are transferred to the digestive organs of human beings; there they increase rapidly in size, and very soon produce, alive, hundreds of young ones each. These young trichinæ do not, like their parents, remain in the digestive organs; they pass through the walls of the intestines, and insinuate themselves among the most minute fibres of the muscles, or fleshy parts of their host. As soon as they have reached a locality that satisfies them, they coil themselves up; after which they become enveloped in a calcareous case, or capsule, as it is termed, which, by constant additions, soon loses its thinness, and consequent transparency, and becomes visible to the naked eye. They may remain in this state for years, and even without producing any bad effects.



A CAIRO MOSQUE.

The presence of trichinæ is, however, often accompanied by intense pain and serious danger; this must always be the case when their number is considerable. It is to be borne in mind, that, so great is their fecundity, a very small quantity of pork may contain enough of them to produce millions, in a few days

after having been introduced into the human body.

As it is very difficult, if not impossible, to remove these parasites when once established, prevention rather than cure must be aimed at. For this purpose, it is not necessary to avoid the use of pork; it is enough to subject

It to a sufficiently high temperature in the dressing. It must be perfectly cooked, throughout its entire substance. It sometimes occurs that persons are satisfied with salting and smoking, without cooking. In such cases the microscope—which of course is not likely to be employed—would be the only means of scrutiny; since, even when in their capsules, the trichinæ are invisible in salted and smoked meat. It has, however, been found that long-continued salting, and smoking for twenty-four hours, at an elevated temperature, are calculated very much to diminish the danger. An effective means of preventing the spread of trichinæ, consists in paying greater attention to the cleanliness and the food of the swine. It is unfortunate that the disease is

sixth of the total number of deaths, there, is due to its ravages. It is easy to understand why this is the case in Iceland, and not in other countries. The cystic tape-worm is derived from the dog; and in Iceland dogs are kept in great numbers, as guardians for the numerous herds and flocks. The ignorance of the quacks, also, who profess to cure the infected, adds to the evil; since they actually employ as remedies matters which, of all others, are calculated to introduce additional thousands into the system.

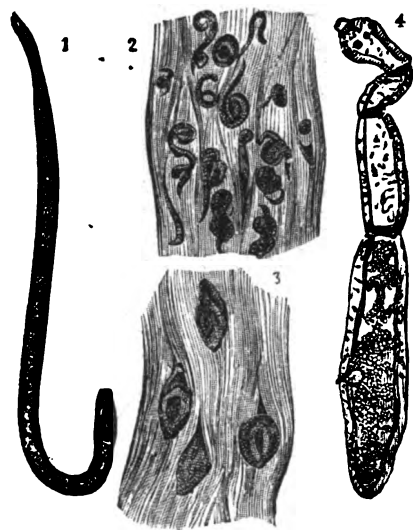
In the intestines of the dog, this parasite exists in the *perfect* state, as a minute worm, that scarcely attains the length of one-sixth of an inch. In man and domesticated herbivorous animals, it appears in its *imperfect*, or larval state, and may then form a ball of very large size. In its perfect state, it has but one head; in its imperfect, it may have thousands, each of which is capable of becoming a perfect tape-worm. To prevent the spread of this parasite, dogs must be kept as much as possible from access to those places where it is likely to be found—that is, from slaughter-houses, which afford the offal of slaughtered herbivorous animals. And, to enforce this, is one of the important duties of sanitary inspection.

These precautions would go far to prevent the introduction of the parasite into the dog. To prevent its transference to man, the access of dogs to vegetables intended for human food, and especially to those likely to be used in the raw state, must be as much as possible guarded against.

Fig. 4 in our illustration represents the systic tape-worm in the perfect state. It consists of a head and three segments. The head is furnished with four suckers and a double crown of hooks. The last segment, which is the longest of the three, contains the ova, which, as may be seen, are extremely numerous.

FLYING FOXES.

The engraving on page 17 represents a pair of flying foxes, animal curiosities which are rarely seen in this country or in Europe. These specimens are regarded as excellent, and we are glad to present them to our readers. Such strange creatures frequently have bodies the size of a small cat, and wings that measure five feet from tip to tip. They were first seen in the Friendly Islands during Captain Cook's voyage round the world, 1772 to 1775. Captain Lord Stokes found the red-



1. The Spiral Hair-Worm. 2. Young Hair-Worms.
3. The same, in their calcareous envelopes.
4. The Cystic Tape-Worm.

not discoverable in the living animal, so that the sound cannot be separated from the infected. The use of the same knife with different kinds of meat, may cause a transference of trichinæ to flesh in which we should not expect to find them.

Fig. 1 in our illustration represents the hair-worm. Fig. 2, the young hair-worms, on their travels through the fleshy parts of their host, in search of a home. Fig. 3, the same, when they have established themselves, and become enveloped with calcareous coatings.

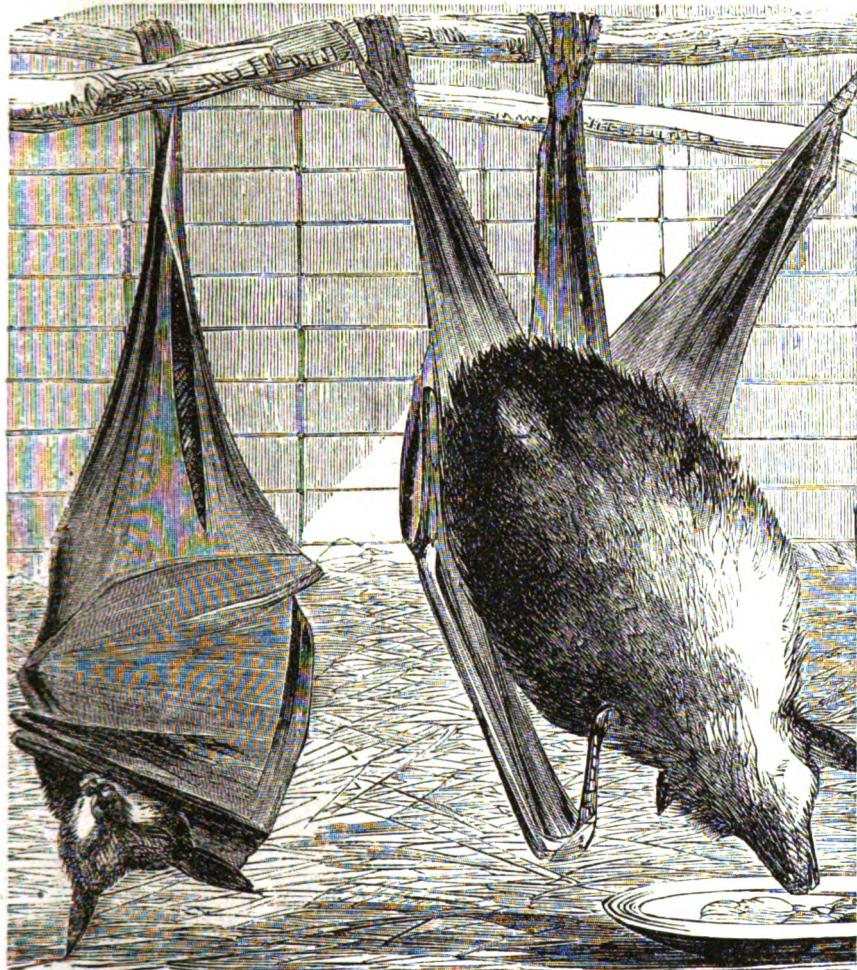
THE CYSTIC TAPE-WORM.—In other countries we rarely find this parasite the source of very serious mischief; but in Iceland, it every year causes thousands to perish—indeed, one-

necked species of fox-bat very numerous on the north coast of Australia.

Among the wild and varied scenery of those groups of islands called the Friendly Islands, the Feejee, and the Navigators', several species of fox-bat are abundantly found; and should the traveller be blind, he speedily becomes aware of their presence among the

were constantly near it, while it showed clearly and unmistakably its dislike to strangers. On its voyage, this strange passenger was fed on boiled rice, sweetened with sugar; while at the museum it was solaced and fed during its captivity chiefly on fruit, or picked and boiled fowl.

Mr. Macgillivray discovered a new species



FLYING FOXES.

otherwise fragrant forests, from the strong odor which taints the atmosphere, and which, says the naturalist of the United States exploring expedition, "will always be remembered by persons who have visited the regions inhabited by these animals." A specimen of fox-bat was kept in Philadelphia for several years; and like most creatures, winged and wingless, was amiable to those persons who

of Fox-bat on Fitzroy Island, off the coast of Australia, when he was naturalist of the British ship Rattlesnake. He fell in with this large fruit-eating bat (*Pteropus conspicillatus*) on the wooded slope of a hill. They were in prodigious numbers, and presented the appearance, as they flew along in the bright sunshine, of a large flock of rooks. As they were approached, a strong, musky odor



VIEW FROM FORT PUTNAM, WEST POINT, N. Y.

became apparent, and a loud, incessant chattering was heard. The branches of some of the trees were bending beneath the crowd of bats that clung to them. Some were in a state of inactivity, sleeping or composing themselves to sleep, while others, scrambling along among the boughs, took flight on being disturbed. Macgillivray shot several specimens, three or four at a time, as they hung in clusters. Unless they were killed outright, they remained suspended for some time; when wounded, they are difficult to handle, as they bite severely, and utter a cry like a young child. Notwithstanding this peculiarity, and others which are obvious to any one looking on our engraving, the flesh of these bats has been tasted. It is described to be excellent—and no wonder, when the animal feeds on the sweetest fruits. The natives regard it as nutritious food, and travellers in Australia (like poor Leichhardt on his journey from Port Essington) are sometimes furnished with a welcome meal from the fruit-eating fox-bats which fall in their way. In a state of nature the fox-bats only eat the ripest and the best fruit, and in their search for it they climb with great facility along the under side of the branches. In Java, where they are very numerous, their fruit-eating nature is regarded as a great nuisance.

WEST POINT, N. Y.

One of the handsomest views on the Hudson River, is that which is given on page 18. Standing on the ramparts of the fort, and looking up the river, on a pleasant afternoon in summer, or a bright forenoon in winter, the eye is charmed by the varied scenes that pass before it. The hills and valleys, villages and solitary villas, resemble some highly-colored panorama, too pleasant to be real. Such a scene is never forgotten, after it has once been looked upon.

TOWN HALL, LEEDS, ENGLAND.

We have placed on page 20 an accurate representation of the splendid Town Hall, recently erected in Leeds, England. Not only is it an elegant object in itself, but may possibly serve as a model for some of our own structures. Leeds, the opulent capital of the woolen manufactures, has just afforded a fine specimen of what a liberal and enlightened corporation can accomplish in the way of improvement and embellishment, in the splendid hall we have delineated—the finest in England. As regards utility in the arrangements,

it is pronounced superior to any other; for it combines, in one vast block of building, assize courts, a police court, offices for the corporation and its officers, and a large hall for public meetings, lectures, and musical performances. Its estimated cost, exclusive of land, internal fittings and the organ, is \$250,000. The walls externally are of stone, and the form is a rectangle of 250 feet by 200 feet. The structure stands on an elevated platform, and is surrounded by Corinthian columns and pilasters, supporting an entablature and attic. The height altogether is about 65 feet. In the centre of the building rises the great hall to an altitude of 92 feet from the ground. This is one of the largest rooms in England; the dimensions being 161 feet in length, 72 feet in width, and, internally, 75 feet in height. The ceiling is arched, and divided into panels. The sides of the hall are indented by five bays, with coupled Corinthian column and pilasters, 30 feet in height. In each bay there is a window. At the north end of the hall there is a circular space for the orchestra and the organ; the latter cost \$25,000. The southern or principal façade differs from the rest, by having a deeply-recessed portico of ten columns, and a flight of twenty-five steps leading up to the same, 105 feet in length, with large pedestals at the corners. The intercolumniations, at the sides of the building, are divided into two ranges of semicircular-headed windows. The principal entrance is at the southern end, and the large central hall is approached from the portico, through a marble vestibule seventy feet in height, and surmounted by an imposing dome. At each side of the central hall, there are refreshment, retiring, and dressing-rooms. The kitchen establishment, connected with this portion of the building, is on the basement floor. There are also on the ground floor, at each corner of the building, three large courts, and a spacious council-room for the use of the corporation. The borough court and the council-room are at the south end of the building, and the two assize courts at the north end. There are separate entrances to the different departments, and the whole building is connected by a corridor ten feet wide on each floor, which surrounds the large hall. The dome and ventilating shafts, which appear above the roof, are additions to the original design. The former is 225 feet in height, and about 50 feet square at the base. It is intended to contain a peal of bells and an illuminated clock.



TOWN HALL, LEEDS, ENGLAND.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE OJIBWAS.

A TALE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

CHAPTER I.

"WHY not marry the Fawn at once?" asked Marie Charette of a young Indian warrior who was standing near, playing carelessly with his bow and arrows. "The good priest is now at the trading post. Come, I'll be your bridesmaid."

The hot blood flashed through the olive of his cheek, and his keen eyes dropped beneath her searching glances, but he made no reply, and she continued:

"Don't be bashful, Whirlwind. We have all got to come to ~~it~~ some day, I suppose," and a little laugh rippled from her lips and the tell-tale blood flung its crimson banner over her face. "Why do you not answer me? Why not tell me when you are to be married? I have long known your secret, and it is therefore foolish to be so silent on the subject."

"Way-say-un is young. He has not yet won a name as a hunter, or upon the war path," he replied, evasively.

"But there is to be no more war, Whirlwind. The good priests will teach all the tribes better than to shed each other's blood. All will learn to bow to the Cross, and live together as brothers. That is no reason why you should put off your marriage. You are a good hunter—one of the best in the nation. I have often heard my father say so when you brought him game, and me furs, and feathers of rare and beautiful birds. You love the Fawn, don't you? She is the most beautiful girl of the tribe."

"There is none other that the eye of the red man loves so well to look upon."

"Then you had better marry her before some other young brave takes a fancy to her and carries her off to his wigwam. Come, let us have a wedding and a dance to-night! What do you say?"

"The leaves are green in the spring time; they must crimson and fall in the autumn before the Fawn becomes the wife of Way-say-un."

"I don't understand this, Whirlwind. If I had a lover as careless and cold-hearted as you are, I'd soon find a way to make him jealous. Wouldn't I make him dance attendance

upon me!" and the volatile French girl laughed gleefully.

"The 'White Rose' has many who worship her."

"I don't know that. But if I had, they should woo me more warmly than you do your bride, or they'd never win. I think I shall have to see the Fawn—she is a great favorite of mine, you know,—and teach her how to make you more attentive in future. But I must be going. It is nearly night."

"Will the daughter of the pale-face teach the son of the red man how to win a bride?" asked the Indian, as she was turning away.

"Perhaps—sometime, if a certain pair of sparkling black eyes do not succeed, and—" but happening to look him fully in the face, she read something there that checked her speech and caused her to depart suddenly.

Two hundred years ago the Jesuits found their way into the Northwestern wilderness, planted the Cross upon the shores of Lake Superior, and attempted to teach the Indians the rites and precepts of their religion. Soon after, trading posts were established at various points, and to the honor of Louis XIV. be it spoken, the introduction of spirituous liquors was strictly prohibited. Well indeed would it have been for the poor red man if the edict had remained in force to the present time.

Following in the track of the self-sacrificing devotees of the Cross came those intent upon gaining wealth. Of that number was Francis Charette, who with an only daughter established himself at the mission upon Michael's Island, his wife having died upon the passage from Montreal, and found a grave on the lonely shores of one of the little islands that cluster around the Manitoulines, and divide Lake Huron from Georgian Bay.

Marie Charette possessed much of the beauty and all the vivacity and grace of her native shores. The intensely black eyes of the land of vineyards and of song, the brunette complexion, the full and well developed form, the coquettish air, the jaunty carriage, the merry laugh and musical voice floating from coral lips were all hers, and her scant eighteen years had passed as a holiday, except the grief occa-

sioned by the loss of her mother. A four years' residence had made her acquainted with most of the Indians who frequented her father's store, and wanting companionship of her own age and sex, she had made a favorite of a young squaw—the Fawn—a daughter of a high chieftain. From her she had learned the language of the Ojibwas, and many a feminine fancy of bead-work and quill embossing. It was seldom they were apart, and the cunning French girl had easily drawn from the unlettered one the story of her love for the young chieftain, and partly out of natural love of fun, and partly from sympathy, had urged him to make her his wife, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church. But she had learned in the conversation, to her, fearful secret; had been made to realize that the Whirlwind, as the brave was called, after the common nomenclature of all the tribes, loved not the dusky daughter of a red man, but the fairer-skinned one of a Frenchman. That she, and not the Fawn, was enshrined in his passionate heart.

To inform her father was the first impulse, but natural modesty and second thought—the knowledge that he was about to take a squaw to wife, as was usual with most of his class—checked her, and she refrained from doing it. Should she tell the Fawn of her lover's infidelity, and either arouse her jealousy or bow down her heart with sorrow? That would never do. To whom, then, could she unburden herself, for, girl-like, she felt the necessity of a confidant? There was but one. The good priest would listen to and advise her under the seal of the confessional, and none other ever be the wiser. At once acting upon the thought, she sought him, but found him not. Even while the secret of the red man's love was being forced upon her by his burning eyes, he had departed to other localities. She saw his canoe as it floated lightly over the sparkling waters, and bowed herself down and wept.

"Has the poisoned arrow of sorrow found the heart of my sister?" whispered the Fawn, who had stepped noiselessly to her side.

"Fawn! Thou!" exclaimed Marie, starting up in terror, for her appearance at the very moment when she was thinking so deeply of her, seemed almost supernatural.

"Has the child of the red man offended her pale sister?" asked the Indian girl, astonished at her reception.

"You? No!" and throwing her arms about her neck, Marie wept long and fitfully upon her breast.

Trained to silence, the child of the forest waited patiently until she should be told the cause of Marie's grief; waited with a bowed head and tearful eyes, for the waters of her own soul were troubled, and their passionate waves refused to be stilled. But violent fires soon burn out, and soon the French girl became calm again, and controlling herself, she asked the Fawn of her lover, resolved to know and at once the worst, although cloaking her own feelings.

"Way-say-un watches no more for the footsteps of the Fawn. No more is his song heard in the dark hours by the wigwam of her father; no more are there presents laid at her door," was the low and sad reply.

"Some lover's quarrel! Ah, if you but knew half as much as the girls of my nation, you would soon bring him again to your feet."

"He has thrown aside the girdle and the moccasins I broidered for him; he wears no longer the heart-tokens of the daughter of the chief."

"Cheer up; you must not feel thus badly. He may fancy that he loves another for a time, but he will soon return to your side."

"He does love another," replied the young squaw, looking up in the face of her companion, with a sudden, searching glance.

"You must be mistaken, Fawn," answered Marie, with great difficulty mastering her emotion. "That is—but, as I said, it can only be some passing fancy."

"It will never change!"

"I did not think there was any girl in your tribe who could win him from you. He has often told me that there was none as beautiful."

"It is not a daughter of the Ojibwas," she replied, without noticing the compliment.

"Not one of your red sisters? Who, then, can it possibly be?"

"The White Rose, as the young men of our tribe love to call the child of the pale-face, would make a bad warrior. Her face betrays the secrets of the heart; it gives the lie to her tongue."

"It is too true, Fawn," replied Marie, vainly striving to force back her tears. "But now I learned the dreadful secret from his eyes, for his tongue dared not to utter it. O, that he had never seen me! But how did you find it out?"

"The heart of woman, when she loves, is as full of distrust and as watchful as the brave upon the war path. When Way-say-un stood by the side of the White Rose, the Fawn was

hidden in the bushes where she could see and hear all."

"And had I, also, loved him, then—"

"This to your heart!" And the Indian girl drew a long knife from her bosom sufficiently to reveal its recently sharpened edge.

"You would not, could not have murdered me!" exclaimed Marie, starting back in terror.

"The sister of the Fawn is safe. May the Great Spirit bless her."

"And the Whirlwind—what of him?"

"Let him beware!" And she darted into the bushes.

CHAPTER II.

FOR weeks Marie avoided her Indian lover as much as was possible, refusing his gifts when she could do so without her father's knowledge, he having in the time married a cousin of Whirlwind, according to the Indian fashion, and was consequently not only anxious to gain his friendship, but that of the entire tribe, and thus enlarge his opportunities of making money. Had he but been aware of the true state of things, his conduct would probably have been the reverse of what it was, for notwithstanding his avarice, he loved his daughter, and had far different views for her future than wedding her to an Indian. But his ignorance afforded the dark lover many an opportunity of not only seeing, but pressing gifts upon Marie, and eagerly he watched for and improved them.

Malicious fortune appeared also to aid Whirlwind. In the passage of Charette's canoe from the main land, while heavily laden, a sudden squall struck its little sail, overturning and sinking it in an instant. An egg-shell loaded with bullets would have lived as long in the black, chopped-up waves. Many on the shore of the island saw it, but shrank back from venturing where they knew the strongest swimmer would soon be chilled and powerless. Along the beach ran Marie (called thither by the universal outcry), sobbing, wringing her hands and shrieking for aid. In the mad excitement of the moment she forgot all except that her parent was perishing, and grasping the arm of Whirlwind, begged him, "if he loved her," to save her father's life. "Loved her!" It was a fatal expression, and the black eyes of the Indian flashed exultingly as he turned to her and whispered:

"For your love Way-say-un will save him from the dark spirits of the waters that are dragging him down. Shall he go?"

"Yes—go," she replied, but half comprehending his meaning, and it was too late to retract had she desired to do so. But with her father's life trembling in the balance, she thought not of self.

"The White Rose will not forget!" he again whispered, throwing into his words a deep, hidden meaning. Then flinging his weapons and blanket to the ground, and clad only in the scanty "*auzeum*," he ran to the water's edge, threw a graceful curve in the air, dove into the foam and swam swiftly to where the Frenchman was feebly struggling for life.

"In the name of the Manitou what have you promised?" asked the Fawn, as she attempted to hold the almost frantic girl in her arms.

"I know not! I care not! My father, my dear, dear father!" And she burst from restraint and would have plunged into the angry waves had not stronger hands than those of the girl held her.

The battle between man and the elements was a long and terrible one, but at length Whirlwind succeeded in reaching the shallows, and was drawn ashore, still holding the almost dead white man clasped in his arms.

A few days given to rest and recruiting, and the Frenchman was able again to attend to his business, and then the constant presence of Whirlwind (who now had a strong hold on their gratitude) at her father's house, reminded Marie of her at least implied promise with terrible force. Very soon, too, it became evident to her that her Indian mother knew of and favored the aspirations of Whirlwind, for she not only trumpeted his praises, but by skillful management brought them together and left them alone. The Fawn, also, had evidently been forbidden the house, for she came no more. At this Marie protested, and was met in the outset by the sarcastic and not easily to be refuted remark:

"The father of the White Rose thought an Indian good enough to be taken to his heart—to be called his wife. Is the daughter better than he?"

Truly the poor girl felt that the net was fast entangling her in its meshes, and especially so when one night, after the house was silent, and she thought to be sleeping, she heard the squaw mother ask her father if he had any objections to Whirlwind marrying his child.

"No, not if he can get her," was the half laughing reply, for Francois Charette looked upon it in far otherwise than a serious light.

"Then my pale husband will say no word against it?" asked the cunning woman.

"No, but go to sleep. What is the use of asking such foolish questions?"

As soon as he had followed his own advice, his wife crept noiselessly from his side, stole out into the forest and kept an appointment she had made with Whirlwind.

But now the sounding line of hope reached no more the soul of Marie Charette, and with bitter sobs she watched for yet dreaded the light of morning. O, that she had but placed confidence in her father! O, that the good priest would only come. Yet could not the Fawn contrive some way to save her? Could she not influence her father, himself a chief, and through him the others of the tribe, to baffle the dark schemes of Whirlwind? She must and would see her, at all hazards. Then her thoughts, flashing lightning swift as they ever do at such times, turned to self-destruction, sooner than fill an Indian wigwam as wife, and without a shudder she longed for the keen-edged knife of the Fawn. Procure one she would, and if it became necessary, sheath it in her own heart. Ah! it is a fearful hour when one so young and beautiful can, even with the ghastly shadows of night brooding around her, calmly say:

"So farewell, hope, and with hope, farewell fear,
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;

Evil, be thou my good!"

But far different feelings swayed the two conspirators in the depths of the forest. Beneath a large pine tree, isolated from all others, so that no one could approach without being observed, were seated the wife of Francois Charette and her cousin, the Whirlwind. With savage exultation he listened to her words—to the promise of the father that the daughter should be his without any objection on his part. Nothing but his pledge to the Fawn now stood in the way of the immediate gratification of his wishes, as he thought, for he forgot the repugnance with which Marie had received his advances. Before the coming of the priests, an engagement to another would have been no bar to his union—he could have married both. But they had forbidden and done away with polygamy, and bitterly he cursed them. Then, too, the tribe would not allow such a pledge to be lightly broken. In that respect he knew that their laws were stern and inflexible. Could he not find some means of putting her out of the way without being distrusted. Ah! that was a dream he hugged to his heart and fattened upon, and

long he and his co-conspirator considered upon it before they finally separated.

With the first dawn of morning, Marie Charette arose from her sleepless pillow, and found, contrary to the order of things of late, that she was, apparently, unwatched by her step-mother. Then hope sprang up again in her heart, and after forcing herself to swallow a few mouthful of breakfast, she announced her intention of going to gather berries on the further side of the island, and that she might be absent until late in the afternoon.

"Yes, go, Marie," said her father, kindly; "but take good care of yourself."

"There is nothing to fear in the woods," added her mother; "and it is now the moon of strawberries."

"What has become of the Fawn?" asked her father, as she was passing out of the door.

"She is not a fit companion for the daughter of the pale-face," replied his wife, taking the words out of the mouth of his child.

"Well, well, you women have strange ideas, and are always jealous of any other that is young and handsome. I don't believe a word about her not being good enough, and if that Whirlwind hadn't been going to marry her, I don't know but that I should have tried it myself."

A shadow, black as a thunder cloud, swept over the face of his wife at the words, but she turned away so that he could not see it. All the deep, fiendish jealousy of her savage heart was aroused, and her arm nerved for murder.

With a light step, though sorrowful heart, Marie Charette hastened to the wigwam of the Fawn. The skin curtains were closely drawn, but the moment her step approached it she was bidden to enter. Never before had she seen her friend look so dazzlingly beautiful—so every inch a princess. Her tall, willowy form was robed in the whitest doe skin, elaborately worked with brilliantly dyed beads and quills, and bordered with the finest fur. Her long, black hair was curiously braided with crimson flowers, and after being wound in many a fold about her head, hung down in heavy plaits to her waist. Around her arms, at the elbow and wrist, as well as just above her ankles, were polished bands of silver and copper, and triple crescents of the same metals were suspended from her neck and hung low upon her bosom. The entire dress, though somewhat fantastic, was neither devoid of taste nor immodest, and notwithstanding the French girl had often seen her arrayed for

some festive occasion, she had never realized her claim to beauty until now.

"Fawn, what does this mean? O, how handsome you look!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically, and attesting the truth of her words by the sparkle of her eyes.

"Am I really beautiful?" asked the Indian girl, in answer, a sudden flush of gratified vanity lighting up the rich olive of her complexion.

"Truly, strikingly so! But what are you dressed thus for?"

"To win a husband," she replied, a bitter smile breaking the oval of her lips, and then without giving Marie an opportunity to question, and very different from her usual reticent manner, she continued: "Where is the White Rose going? May I go with her?"

"Certainly. I came after you. I have longed so to see you. Will you go with me after berries?"

"Whither?"

"You know best, but is not the extremity of the island—the little, sunny cove that looks out upon La Point, the place where the choicest berries are to be found?"

"Yes, but it is a long way, and very lonely there."

"So much the better. I have many things to tell you. O, so much, and want to be with you alone."

"My canoe is ready. We will go in it."

"Why in the canoe?"

"It is safer and less tiresome. Besides, no one can hear us on the water, or come near us without our seeing them."

"True, but do you expect to catch a husband out of the lake?" asked Marie, with a smile.

"Hist!"

Warned by the sound, Marie looked anxiously around and saw the Whirlwind passing directly in front of the wigwam. For a moment his eyes rested upon them, and he half stopped. Then, as other thoughts appeared to sway him, he turned and hastened towards the trading post.

Seated in the canoe, the Fawn paddled it from the shore in a silence that was unbroken until they were out of hearing of all. Then Marie related all she had heard, and begged her companion to assist her to escape from the power of her red lover. The changing face of the Indian girl told plainly how much she suffered, but she uttered no word during the recital. When it was finished she asked Marie, 'If her heart was brave.'

"As brave as any of my age and sex, I believe," she answered; "but why do you ask?"

"The White Rose must go far away until Way-say-un has either become the husband of the Fawn or—"

"But you would not marry him after what has passed? You could not—would not do it!"

"Do you see yon point?" asked the Indian girl, without answering the question, though she pressed her hands upon her breast, as if to keep down some terrible emotion.

"Yes. Why?"

"There is a cave there that few of the tribe know. Thither you must go and hide until the danger is past. Last night, when the sky was wrapped in a black blanket, I stored it with food such as the pale-faces love."

"And I must remain there alone?"

"Which is the better? To marry the Whirlwind, and be his slave during life—to bend to his will, endure his brutality, and be beaten when angry, or for a few days consent to remain alone?"

"Alone! Who will guard me if danger should come?"

"The Great Manitou," replied the Fawn, pointing up reverently. "But you must decide, and that quickly. Minutes become days when an enemy is upon the track."

"To the cave, then. But how could you ever think of marrying a man of whom you can talk thus? A brute and a wife beater! It is horrible!"

Again the hands were pressed convulsively upon the bosom of the Indian girl. Then seizing her paddle, she turned the canoe in the direction of La Point, and bending body and head to the task, made the dark waters break in tiny foam-wreaths about the birchen prow.

At a short distance from the point where they landed, the Fawn parted a thick cluster of bushes, revealing a low and narrow entrance, and bade her companion go in. To do so it was necessary to creep for a few feet. Then the rocky roof rose, and sides spread out into a large room. Here, after a few brief words of explanation, the French girl was left alone, her companion urging the necessity of her reaching home before any discovery could be made.

Alone and in semi-darkness, the heart of Marie gave way to the fears natural to such a situation. Soon, however, these were quieted; but another and a greater one took possession of her soul and bowed her down in despair.

What if the Indian girl had sacrificed her to her jealousy? What if she had lured her there to destroy her? Lured her from all that would protect her, to get her out of the way of her lover; left her where none would ever know of her fate, to die the slow death of starvation! The very thought was too terrible to bear, and she resolved to escape. Creeping to the outlet, she strove with all her strength to remove the stones piled there. If without, she might have accomplished it, but so cunningly were they placed, that every effort from the inner side but wedged and rendered them more firm. Convinced of this—convinced that she was walled up as in a living tomb, her heart failed her. Struggling, fainting, she managed to reach the more open space, and then sank insensible upon the rocky floor.

CHAPTER III.

WITH a sweep of the paddle, the canoe of the Fawn was turned into a little cove near the wigwams of her tribe, and after carefully drawing it ashore, she proceeded at once to the trading post, and searching out Francois Charette, inquired for his daughter.

"Have you not seen her?" demanded he, in alarm.

"The foot of the Fawn has been forbidden to enter the wigwam of the pale-face," was the reply.

"Forbidden! Who dare forbid you?"

"Mo-re-tah."

"My wife! She forbid you to come and see Marie?"

"The pale-face has spoken it."

"She forbid! O, I understand." And he thought of what his wife had said about her being improper company for his daughter. "But truly have you not seen Marie to-day?"

"The tongue of the Fawn was never trained to travel the trail of falsehood," she replied, proudly.

"Yes, I know. She started out berrying, and I thought you would go with her. It is very strange that she should go alone."

"As I was floating in my canoe off the sunny spot where the girls of the Ojibwas are wont to gather berries, I saw drifting along these." And she handed him the bonnet and basket of Marie.

"Mon Dieu! And you saw nothing of my child?"

"Upon the shore the moccasins of the Fawn wandered long, in quest of the White Rose.

Her little footprints were stamped upon the sand of the beach; they reached into the water, but the daughter of the pale-face was not to be found."

"Great Heaven! It cannot, cannot be that she drowned herself. Tell me more—more!"

"All that the Fawn knows she has spoken."

"And her words are as false as the black heart of the Marcha Manitou!" answered the Whirlwind, who unseen had listened to the entire conversation.

"Way-say-un!" burst from the lips of the girl, as she started back in alarm.

"Whirlwind! what did you say?" exclaimed Charette.

"That the tongue of the Fawn has uttered lies," he replied, stepping to her side as if to prevent her from escaping.

"What do you mean?—what know? Tell me quickly."

"The White Rose, when she left the wigwam of her father, went to that of the Fawn. Together they started in the canoe. The red girl returned, but the one of snowy skin did not."

"Is this the truth?" demanded the Frenchman, turning fiercely upon the girl.

"The wife of the pale-face, Mo-re-tah, will bear witness to the truth of the words of Way-say-un," replied the warrior.

"Tell me, then, of my child. Tell me what you have done with her!" again demanded Charette of the Indian girl.

"The pale man believes the story of Way-say-un. Let him finish it!" she replied, defiantly.

"What is it? Tell me, if you know, Whirlwind."

"She has murdered her!" hissed the Indian through his firmly set teeth. "The fishes of the lake are fattening on her fair, young flesh, and the dark spirits of the waters are weaving snares of her long, black hair."

"Then—but I cannot believe it."

"The Manitou knows all."

"Yes, the Manitou knows all," repeated the Fawn.

"Then, by heaven, she shall die!—die, if she had a thousand lives!" And the Frenchman drew his knife and struck a heavy blow at her unprotected heart.

"She shall die," interposed Whirlwind, as he warded off the blow—"she shall die, but not by your hand. She must be judged by the tribe and perish by the death of torture!" And he cast a look of dark and terrible meaning upon his prisoner.

"Out of my sight with her, then—quick, or my hand will be stained with murder. See that she is closely guarded, and send the chief to me. My daughter! my poor, poor Marie, dead! dead!" And the strong man rushed wildly from the spot to vent his grief like a child.

"Come—to the prison wigwam," commanded Whirlwind, laying his hand heavily on the arm of the Fawn.

"I go, but keep your fingers off of me. Remember that I wear a knife!" And she walked proudly and apparently unconcerned to the usual place of confinement.

Not long was the council-fire in being lighted—not long were the chiefs in being gathered. Even at that early day the power of the white man was felt, and so terrible a crime against them demanded instant punishment. Even the usual stolid indifference and time consumed in useless mummery was omitted. With the forming of the circle of the warriors, and the lighting of the calumet, the prisoner was brought in. But a brief time had she been alone, but by some unknown means she had renewed the crimson flowers in her hair and arranged it almost coquettishly. If her intention had been to create a favorable impression, she was fully successful.

"Nush-ka! look, look!" said the young men, as she passed along, and even the elders forgot their usual gravity and softly whispered the word to each other.

But the enthusiasm was short-lived. It was but as a lightning flash, that rendered the darkness that followed still more dense. With them, the more beautiful or distinguished the sacrifice, the greater the offering to the dark spirit of blood, and without a single one to defend her against her enemies, the Fawn stood there with false witnesses arrayed against her who would scruple at nothing that would tend to her death.

Clear and emphatic, well digested and expressed was the testimony of the Whirlwind. As to the girls having been seen together, he was corroborated by the wife of Charette, as well as to the Fawn having returned alone. But even that black-hearted man, though urged on by the loss of Marie, hesitated when plainly asked if he had seen her murdered. By wily argument he attempted to prove that such was the case without directly committing himself. Forced, however, to it, he stated, without the shadow of equivocation, that both he and the step-mother of Marie had seen the Fawn plunge her into the lake—hold her under

the water until she was lifeless, and then after fastening a stone about her neck, sink her body in the deep waters.

There was not, could not be, any rebutting testimony. To their savage minds any one who could commit such a deed, would not hesitate to exculpate herself by false oaths; and knowing this—knowing that her declarations, even if permitted to speak, would be but as a feather to iron against the words of the Whirlwind and her step-mother, she wisely held her peace. Even her father felt that she was guilty, and drawing his blanket over his head, he sat waiting to hear the words of doom.

But it was a fearful ordeal for one so young to pass through without a single effort at self-preservation. Death, at all times, when the pulses beat high, when the heart is filled with hope, and earth is like a globe of many-tinted glass, beautiful and attractive, is hard to look upon, even at a distance; but when it is presently to be ushered in by the most fearful and fiendish tortures the savage mind can compass, it is terrible indeed. A single word from the lips of the Fawn, a brief statement of where Marie could be found, and all the dread paraphernalia of doom, the hatchet, knife, blackened post and blazing fagots would all pass away like a delirium-awayed dream. Still she spoke not. If it was love for the French girl, if a determination to keep her out of the power of the Whirlwind that kept her thus silent, it was sublime. If hate and jealousy that she had come between her and her warrior lover, it was fiendish. Whatever the cause, she heard with an unheaving bosom and unflinching eye the sentence as it rolled from the tongue of the chief of the tribe.

"Death, by the knife, the arrow and the fire! Let the Fawn make her peace with the Great Spirit, if she can. At the noon of night she dies, and the soul of the daughter of our pale-faced brother will be happy in the spirit land. Have I said well, my brothers?"

"Ugh! Yes," replied all.

"It is a sentence!" muttered the old medicine man, as he stepped forward and tore the flowers from the hair of the prisoner, and loosening its braids, flung it over her face like a veil.

The hands of the Fawn were fastened behind her back, her ornaments stripped off, her knife taken from her, and she was led back to the prison wigwam to be safely guarded until the hour of execution.

Disappointed at the result of the trial, for

he had anticipated that the girl would confess in order to save her life, and was prepared with a plausible explanation of his testimony, the Whirlwind disappeared from the group of warriors and endeavored to gain a private interview with his accomplice, Mo-re-tah. In this, also, he was doomed to be thwarted. Immediately after the rendition of the sentence, Francois Charette had taken his wife home with him, and admission was denied to all. Forced thus to rely entirely upon himself, the warrior was not long in determining upon the policy he would pursue. As if fortune favored him, he saw the chief of the tribe coming towards him, and hastening to his side asked for admission into the prison wigwam.

"It cannot be," was the answer. "She must be alone with the Manitou until the shadows of midnight have gathered around."

"But she was to have been my wife—was to have filled my wigwam. I loved her well, and would speak to her before she travels the dark road of death."

"I know, my son, that it is hard to part two young hearts thus, but think of what she has done, and forget her."

"Have you forgotten the young wife that was swallowed up in the great waves of the Gitche Gu-me?"

"No, no! Ask me not of her. Remember the laws of the tribe."

"It is in your power to grant my wish. Think how she—think how I will suffer if we are not allowed even a word of parting; think of this—judge us by your own heart, and—"

"Go—see her—be brief."

At the order of the chief the guards withdrew to a distance, and Whirlwind entered the wigwam and stood in the presence of the girl whom he had so foully wronged.

"You here, serpent!" exclaimed the Fawn, rising from a recumbent position and looking him full in the face. "You dare to come here! Is it not enough that you have lied my life away? Begone! I can bear death, but not you."

"Fawn," answered the warrior, "one word from my lips will save you. Think of the torture post and bid me speak it. Tell me where you have secreted the White Rose, and—"

"You saw me sink her in the dark waters of the lake," she replied, with a mocking laugh.

"You swore by the Great Manitou that you did so. Why, then, ask me? Go seek for her among the fishes."

"But you know it was not so. You know that—"

"You lied!"

"Beware how you tempt me!"

"What a brave warrior to threaten a poor girl with her hands tied! If I were free I would sing it into the ears of his brothers."

"Will you not tell of the White Rose?" he demanded, struggling hard to control his temper.

"Go ask of the sturgeon and the trout, the sharp-toothed pike and the snake-eyed pickerel."

"Then die! When the fire dries up your blood, and the flames are wrapping you round like a blanket, see if your heart does not grow faint. Die, and—"

"The prisoner must be alone; it is the command of the great chief," said one of the guards, as they again surrounded the wigwam, and much against his will the false-hearted warrior was forced to retire.

How slowly, yet how rapidly, the hours passed to that poor Indian girl. It is one of the paradoxes of life that the hands upon the dial appear to both creep and fly at such times. She thought of Marie Charette long and earnestly. Would she not escape and again be in the power of Whirlwind? That must never be, and how to include him, also, in the death that was already holding out its skeleton hands towards her, occupied her time until summoned to the torture.

All was prepared, the stake surrounded with pitchy knobs and inflammable bark, the torches ready to light the pile. Nothing was wanting but the victim. In a moment she was led forward and fettered beyond the possibility of escape. Thick as the forest leaves almost, the dark warriors gathered around, all save her father, who sat crouching in his wigwam, shutting his ears to every sound.

"Let the pile be lighted!" commanded the chief, and a hundred eager hands hastened to obey.

"In the name of God, by the holy Cross, I forbid this murder!" shouted the priest, as he stepped through the circle and scattered the already blazing brands as if they had been chaff.

There was none that dared disobey him, for he was looked upon with superstitious dread as a Medicine of the Great Spirit.

"I will be responsible for the girl," he said, unbinding the Fawn and leading her to his own apartments within the little fort.

CHAPTER IV.

LIKE a serpent, fire-surrounded, and with nothing left but to sting itself to death, was the baffled Whirlwind when the Fawn was led from the torture post. But calmer feelings returned as reason resumed its sway. While the good priest was absent, he knew that the olden customs of the tribe would be obeyed. With his return, none would dare enforce them. Confident that the man of God would now know all, and that Marie would soon return, he could only bide his time, and when an opportunity offered in the future, seize upon her and escape to another tribe, where he could not only force her to be his wife, but ensure his own safety. For the sake of keeping peace with the Ojibwas, as well as for other reasons, the priest would remain silent. What he learned at the confessional would never be divulged, consequently he had no fear for himself. In the future, too, he could revenge himself upon the Fawn. There were a hundred ways in which he could do so without detection. Thus the mind is both blind and subtle when it argues for itself, and soon the satisfied warrior was dreaming of wishes gratified and revenge accomplished.

The first movement of the priest, when he had taken the Fawn in safety to the little apartment he called his own, was to procure for her proper companions. This was easily accomplished. From among the girls of the tribe he could have secured a hundred volunteers had he wished. All were anxious to be with and minister to their sister in affliction, for they believed the testimony of the Whirlwind to be false, as they had naturally watched the course of love in their own little circle, and discovered his affection for Marie Charette. There was another reason besides pity for the Fawn, and probably the strongest one, that influenced him in the matter. Among the lax morality with which he was surrounded, it was necessary for him to maintain his reputation for chastity unblemished, to avoid even the suspicion of evil. All of his power depended upon that. Selecting, therefore, two girls in whom he had confidence, he placed them with the prisoner, and having obtained a pledge from her that she would not attempt to escape, he threw himself upon a blanket in an outer apartment, and the spies the chief had placed upon his actions, soon reported him to be sleeping soundly.

With the dawn of morning he hastened to meet the great head of the tribe. Their interview was a long and an earnest one—the red

man passionate as fire, and the white one cool as ice. What its purport, none could divine, unless that the minister of God was pleading for the life of the condemned one. If that was his object, it must have failed, for the Whirlwind, who with others were waiting as near as etiquette permitted, heard the chief remark, as they parted at the door of the wigwam:

"It cannot be. Blood for blood is the law of the Ojibwas! Death by torture. I have spoken."

A gleam of savage delight lit up the features of the Whirlwind. The Fawn would be swept from his path without any danger on his part. A stumbling-block and a terrible witness against him would be removed. He would be free to act without fear. Much he longed to question, but dared not. A single word would put all of doubt to rest, and yet it could not be spoken. Great, then, was his relief, when the chief summoned him to his side, and bade him, as the principal party in the transaction, have everything prepared for the torture.

"Now?" he asked, eagerly.

"When the sun has reached the tops of the highest trees," was the answer.

Now, indeed, he was safe; now, in the tragedy of life, one scene would end in blood, and he be the headsmen. The curtain would fall upon the death of one he hated. Would it not rise again upon his marriage with the White Rose?

"Look!" commanded the chief, as he, attended by the Medicine Man, walked towards the post of torture an hour later.

"The sun is gliding the topmost branches of the hemlock and the pine," answered the Whirlwind. "The good Manitou smiles upon the deed about to be done."

"Ay, the Manitou rejoices in justice. Is all prepared?"

"All. The warriors of the Ojibwas wait for the coming of the doomed one."

"It is well. Let a runner be sent for the Medicine Man of the Great Spirit. Bid him bring the prisoner hither."

"But his heart is soft. The laws of the red man are not his laws. If he has permitted her to escape?"

"The torture post will not be robbed of its victim. Blood shall wash out the stain upon the nation."

All eyes were turned upon the little fort, every tongue was hushed, and a strange fear filled their hearts when the priest, dressed in the robes of his office, and bearing aloft the

consecrated Cross, appeared, followed by three girls of the tribe with their faces shrouded in black, so as to be unrecognizable. To the tolling of the petite chapel bell, they marched solemn and slowly as if going to the grave—as if the corpse was already waiting the burial. Never before had such a scene been witnessed in the wilderness; never had superstitious fears so thrilled their savage hearts. Never had the rites of Christianity so humbled them.

Steadily, slowly that little ghastly train passed on, while the solemn toll of the bell rang through the forest and floated upon the billows of the grand old lake. Without a word they reached the torture post, and then one of the girls stepped from the ranks and took her place by it. This done, the priest turned to the chief and asked permission to put a few questions to the Whirlwind. It was granted by a simple motion of the hand, and he continued:

"As you stand in the presence of death, as the Great Manitou is bending over and listening to you, warrior of the dark brow and savage heart, I charge you to speak the truth. By this sanctified Cross, the emblem of the blessed Redeemer upon earth, I charge you to let no craft or passion betray you into falsehood. Remember that life at best is but short, and the burning hell of the hereafter eternal. Will you lay your open heart in our hands as it is in those of Him whose eye is the blazing sun at noonday, and whose voice is the soft south wind when pleased, and the deep, awful thunder when angry with his children?"

Well in that trying hour did the training of the Whirlwind do him good service. Completely taken by surprise, awed by a power he could neither comprehend nor resist, he yet maintained his usual calmness, and answered, firmly:

"The children of the red man knew no lies until the pale-face came and taught them!"

The murmur of applause that followed his words served to render him still more at ease and defiant, and fixing his eyes upon those of the priest, he awaited further questioning.

"Did the warrior of the Ojibwas see the Fawn plunge the White Rose of the pale-face into the dark waters?"

"At the council fire of his nation Way-say-un has spoken it. Is he a dog that he should eat his own words?"

"Could not the eye be deceived—the senses be mistaken?"

"He who can follow the trail through the dense forest when the moon is blotted out of

the sky, who can track the dun deer when the blanket of the thundercloud is hung over the stars, who can find the darting fish in the foaming rapids, is not blind as the bat in the daylight."

"But the glimmering of the sunshine upon the waters, the reflection of the clouds, the shadow of the canoe," still persisted the priest. "These might deceive even the most trained eye."

"Is Way-say-un a squaw that he should be thus talked to?—a little child, that he should be taught the way of warriors?" exclaimed the Indian, in anger, as he turned away.

"It is enough," replied the priest, and bending his head upon the Cross, he stood in silence.

"Let the torture begin," commanded the chief.

"It is my hand that should light the pile," said Whirlwind, stepping forward.

"As you will. But have you no love left in your heart for her who was to be your wife?"

"None!" And he waved a torch wildly in the air. "None! Let her die the death!"

"Her face must be uncovered. Not thus unseen must a prisoner be punished."

With a sort of triumph, Whirlwind sprang forward and tore the curtaining veil into ribbons, but with a howl of despair he shrank back when the face was revealed. Not there stood the Fawn of the Ojibwas, waiting her doom, but Marie Charette, the White Rose of the pale-faces, who with a cry of joy ringing from her lips, was clasped in her father's arms.

Baffled, maddened, with the fires of hell burning in his heart, the Whirlwind looked around for some one upon whom to be revenged. Beside the priest, with her face now also uncovered, stood his once destined bride—the Fawn. An instant sufficed to reach her, another to draw his knife and strike fiercely at her breast. Too late came the knowledge of his intention for the girl to save herself, but being quickly drawn aside by the watchful priest, the weapon missed its aim, and was buried, hilt deep, in the heart of his accomplice, Mo-re-tah, the squaw wife of Charette.

Stunned, as much as such a savage heart could possibly be, the Whirlwind stood for a single instant—a brief pulse-throb—motionless. That instant was fatal to him. Before he could recover himself he was pinioned by a dozen pair of hands, dragged to the torture post, and bound there. Another heart-throb, and his battle-cry was ringing amid the fiercely crackling flames that surrounded him—a

few more, and a smouldering pile told at once of his punishment and his grave.

Brief were the explanations needed from the good priest. Called by curiosity to visit the cave upon the mainland, of which he had but recently been informed, he found the French girl there, and listened to her story. In the darkness that followed he carried her home, rescued the Fawn from death, and then brought Marie to her, disguised as a squaw.

Of this none was informed except the chief with whom he had pleaded long and faithfully for the life of the Whirlwind, but without avail. Even the father of the white girl knew not of her return until he saw her at the torture post. Of the treachery of his wife he also learned for the first time, and though he caused her to be buried according to the rites of the church, yet no stone ever marked her grave.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

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BY MATTIE WINFIELD.  
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They came with the breath of the opening spring,
When the winter's reign was ended;
When the trees did bud, and the larks did sing,
As they soared aloft on tireless wing,
While the rosy morn ascended.

O, deftly-shaped was each waxen bell,
And fair were the tender flowers,
As they blossomed thick in the shady dell,
With their odors weaving a silent spell,
To brighten the flying hours.

When the summer came, o'er the olden ways,
With her vernal tresses flying;
They folded themselves from the noontide blaze,
And they shrank from the sun's too earnest gaze,
And the zephyr's ardent sighing.

O, swift was the flight of each perfect day,
And rare was the bliss they brought us;
Or whether the morn on our pathway lay,
Or the twilight shadows grew long and gray,
Yet sweet was the lesson taught us.

But the days of the fleeting summer time
Are, alas, with the past reposing;
All the birds have flown to a fairer clime,
And we hear no longer the whispered chime
Of the flower petals closing.

When the chilling breath of the autumn came,
From the frosty Northland blowing;
How the leaves were fanned to a sudden flame,
How the swiftest stream, as its mood grew tame,
Soon paused in its onward flowing.

O, mourn for the death of the flowers fair,
And weep for the summer ended;
For long shall the breath of its fragrance rare,
Which floated off like the incense of prayer,
With our sweetest thoughts be blended.

THE MIRROR, THE SHAWL, AND THE HARP.

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"We have a fine day for the commencement of the new year," remarked Mrs. Haven to Miss Eunice Hammond, a wealthy maiden lady of her acquaintance.

"Yes; and most of the passers-by seem to look quite contented and happy," rejoined the latter.

"Those young people who receive presents will probably feel very well satisfied; or, at least, mine do," resumed the first speaker. "But I presume you have but little use for new year gifts," she added, with a smile.

"On the contrary, I do," rejoined Miss Hammond; "for I have several nephews and nieces who think Aunt Eunice is in duty bound to remember them, in various ways, on the first day of every January."

"And that duty is performed in a highly acceptable manner, no doubt; for Miss Hammond never does things by halves," added Mrs. Haven, politely.

"I believe that point is for others than myself to decide," was the smiling rejoinder of the lady. "At any rate, I sent two of my nieces one hundred dollars each, and I should really like to know how they will dispose of it," she added, in a lower tone of voice.

"A generous gift, truly," said Mrs. Haven.

"I suppose it will be expended in some foolish purchase; modern young ladies have but little prudence, you know. Don't you think I am right, Percy?" continued Miss Hammond, addressing a young man, who had been a silent listener to the above conversation, and seemed especially interested in two or three of the last remarks made.

"I fear I shall not be considered a good judge in such matters, and would fain beg to be excused expressing my opinion on such a delicate subject," he replied, with a smile.

"Mr. Appleton is very gallant, you perceive, and is also inclined to be rather non-committal," said Mrs. Haven, glancing archly at the young man, as he arose to leave.

Percy Appleton was the son of an old and valued friend of Miss Hammond. He visited her often, and being on confidential terms, experienced no difficulty in renewing a conversation which had been broken off by the departure of Mrs. Haven.

"You spoke of two of your nieces; will you be kind enough to tell me their names?" he asked.

"Certainly; but you know them both very well, Percy; I referred to Frances Hallett and Ellen Sanford."

"Thank you; that was all I wished to know."

"I shouldn't wonder if you had an object in view, however, and I believe I can guess what it is," resumed the lady, adjusting her spectacles and eyeing Appleton attentively.

"Keep my secret, then," replied Percy, somewhat embarrassed by her keen glances and obvious knowledge of the current of his thoughts.

"Rest assured that I will," was the reply.

"I don't like to be too prying and inquisitive, but for certain reasons of my own, I would be glad to know to what use the girls put the money. I feel quite sure about Ellen, for she possesses a good share of sense and forethought; but of Frances I am a little doubtful. She doesn't have so large a sum of pocket money often, and she won't be troubled with it long, I dare say. What strong inducements these cunning clerks do hold out to silly girls to part with their money for flimsy silk, gaudy ribbons, paste jewelry, lace that can't hold itself together, embroidered handkerchiefs too nice to be used, and useless trifles in general! Things didn't use to be so when I was young," she added, musingly.

Miss Hammond and Percy sat a few minutes without speaking, each apparently absorbed in thought; the former perhaps recalling her youthful days, and the latter maturing a scheme in his own mind, which the above-mentioned remarks of the lady had induced him to form.

"Rumor says you are in search of a wife, Percy," said Miss Hammond, abruptly.

"And perhaps rumor for once speaks the truth," said the young man, coloring slightly.

"And of course you do not want a wasteful, extravagant wife, notwithstanding you may not be dependent on the smiles or frowns of fortune?"

"Certainly not," replied young Appleton, promptly.

"But would desire one who appreciates the true value of money, and knows how to make a prudent use of it, without being niggardly and parsimonious?" resumed the lady, evincing more earnestness as she proceeded.

"You read my mind like an open book, Miss Hammond; I shall believe that you practise fortune-telling, if you go on at this rate," was the laughing rejoinder of her companion.

"No need of that; a little insight into human nature, and some experience in reading character, will enable any one to do the same. But, to the subject under consideration; I am attached to both my nieces, and sincerely desire to see them both well settled in life. I also value highly the acquaintance of a talented and promising young lawyer, by name Percy Appleton, who has my best wishes and congratulations on his steadily advancing fame and fortune."

The individual alluded to, bowed his thanks for this flattering compliment.

"And I am informed, furthermore," added the lady, with a meaning smile, "that the pretty face and lively manners of Miss Ellen have made an impression on the susceptible heart of the said young lawyer. He can have no hesitation in avowing the fact, when I tell him that I do not ask simply from a mere feeling of curiosity."

"I see that you are in possession of all my secrets, so I may as well make the best of it," replied Percy, somewhat amused at the lady's penetration. "I admit that I am somewhat partial to the society of Miss Ellen Sanford; but as I have not committed myself, and as no words on the subject have passed between us, I believe I can, as yet, be called a free man."

"So far, so good," resumed the other, apparently well-satisfied with his answer. "Ellen is a good girl, and I have no reason to suppose Frances is otherwise, although she may be a little more flighty, and not quite so dignified as her cousin. But that is nothing to her disparagement, for she seems good-hearted and amiable. I imagine, Percy, and as an old friend, take the liberty of saying, that you are undoubtedly halting between Frances and Ellen; though the star of the latter may be slightly in the ascendant. But I like caution and prudence, Percy, for a good wife is a good thing, and a bad one is the worst misfortune that can happen to a man."

"Not so far from the truth as you might be," said Appleton, frankly; "and I am glad that your views correspond so well with my own."

"Then I advise you to be governed in your

choice according to the manner in which each young lady disposes of her gift. It will be a good test, and one by which you can gain a knowledge of the different tastes of both; and the one who is fortunate enough to gain our united approval, shall receive a thousand dollars from 'Aunt Eunice,' as a bridal present on her wedding day."

"Agreed!" exclaimed Appleton, laughing heartily. "But I believe you have made no provision in case the movements of both nieces should command our approval," he added, with an amused expression.

"In that case they should both have a thousand," said the lady, smiling in turn.

"But I might be puzzled which to choose," he added, with forced gravity.

"Ah, you rogue!" exclaimed Miss Hammond, playfully. "The matter can easily be compromised in such a dilemma, for Cupid will probably have no unimportant voice in the decision."

Other visitors were at this moment announced, and Percy Appleton immediately took his departure, wholly engrossed with the subject under consideration. Ellen Sanford and Frances Hallett were two young ladies for whose society he had evinced a decided liking. They both possessed a good share of beauty; but, as Miss Hammond had hinted, lively manners, sparkling wit, and more than all, the good sense and intelligence of Ellen Sanford, were calculated to make the deepest impression upon a young man like our hero. From undoubted sources he had heard of her benevolent acts, although not placed in the most favorable position for the exercise of the broadest charity. Of her natural kindness of heart, amiability of disposition, and other good traits of character, he had no doubt.

But, to his disappointment, a gentleman acquaintance had remarked that she was inclined to be rather wasteful and extravagant; and to one educated like Percy, this was considered a glaring imperfection of character, and one extremely difficult of correction. He had no proof of this, it was true; but had he assured himself that his friend cherished none but the kindest feelings toward the young lady, it might have been better.

The test, relative to the new year gifts, he decided would be sufficient evidence of the truth or falsity of the charge. One hundred dollars was quite a sum for a person in her circumstances, and he felt quite as anxious to know how it would be disposed of as did Miss Hammond. That Frances Hallett might be

persuaded to part with all, or a large portion of her gift, for jewelry, or trifles of no real use, he thought it very possible; but that the dignified, sensible Ellen Sanford should so act, seemed to him almost an improbability. No; it could not be; and as Appleton knew her fondness for study, and love of reading, and had often heard her express an earnest desire for a select library of valuable works, he had no doubt but she would, if duty demanded no sacrifices, gratify her wishes in that respect.

Percy Appleton waited with considerable impatience for a proper time to elapse before he called upon the young ladies; for it must be acknowledged that he felt considerable curiosity, not unmingled with anxiety, as to the result. Miss Hallett was the most talkative of the two, and would probably introduce the subject without any preliminaries on the part of the young man, and the latter resolved to wait upon her first. He felt less acquainted with Frances than with Ellen, or rather sympathized less with her sentiments and pursuits, and therefore was quite willing that she should pass the first trial.

In a short space of time the young lawyer found himself *tete-a-tete* with the pretty Miss Hallett.

"What a stranger you are!" she exclaimed. "Why, I expected you would certainly come in New Year's day to see my presents. I have been unusually fortunate this time."

"Indeed!"

"Yes," was the lively rejoinder, "and to begin I have to thank you for that beautiful book of engravings. I feared, at least, that it was nothing but a dry annual, or something of the kind; and you know I hate reading, it is so stupid; but when I opened it and saw those splendid plates, I was perfectly delighted."

"I am glad if it afforded you gratification," replied Percy, quietly.

"It did, I assure you. But about my presents; here is a new turquoise ring from mother, a jet bracelet from brother James, a pair of ear ornaments from father, and this little jewel of a cross from cousin Ellen. Haven't I been lucky?" she added, enthusiastically, displaying the various articles we have named admiringly before him.

"But your gifts all seem to be jewelry," remarked Appleton, who, to please the young lady, was minutely examining the trinkets.

"O, yes, my friends know what I like," added Frances, standing a little way from Percy that he might observe the "fine effect" of the

bracelet which she had clasped upon her arm.

"Very pretty, I allow," he replied, with a smile, in answer to her inquiring glances.

"But these are not all I have received," said Frances, her eyes dancing with joy. "What do you think Aunt Eunice Hammond sent me?"

"I couldn't guess; a needle-book, perhaps, or a bundle of nice, woollen hose, of her own knitting; something useful, at any rate, I presume," was the demure rejoinder.

"A hundred-dollar bill! what do you think of that?"

"Why, that she was very generous."

"So she was; and I am so glad she happened to give me money. One can dispose of *that* in any way they please," said Frances. "But O, it was *such* a trial to decide what to do with it! If you will believe me, Mr. Appleton, it required a whole day for me to make up my mind. I thought of a great many things, but finally decided to lay it out in something useful."

Percy became more and more interested, and considered her in a fair way to possess the promised "thousands."

"Step this way, and I will show you my purchases," returned Frances, and led the way to an adjoining room, followed by the young gentleman.

"That is one," she added, pointing to a long, elegant mirror, in a gilt frame. "I needed such an article very much, and Mr. Varnish said he had never given any one such a bargain before during the whole period of his existence. Cheap, wasn't it?"

"When you have told me what you gave for it I shall be better able to form an opinion," replied Appleton, smiling at his wrong impressions in regard to the "unselfishness" of her purchase.

"That was an omission, certainly. Fifty dollars was every cent he asked, which was fifteen dollars less than he had ever offered one of the kind before. Isn't it splendid?" And Miss Frances rattled away in its praise, while she stepped to a closet and produced a handsome Cashmere shawl, which, after considerable trouble, she managed to fold and place upon her sloping shoulders in a manner highly satisfactory to herself.

"And the balance procured me this beautiful shawl," she added. "The clerk assured me that it was as nice as camel's hair, and I have no reason to doubt his word. People can't put on a shawl gracefully without a long mirror; it's an impossibility, and I wonder

how I managed to do without one so long."

If Miss Hallett had not been so busily occupied in admiring her pretty figure arrayed in the new shawl before the said mirror, she might have observed the slightly contemptuous expression of the young man's face, and the smile of pity that he could not wholly suppress. He felt himself obliged, according to common usage, to praise her purchases, but felt so anxious to see Ellen, that after a little more conversation of the above nature, he took his departure.

"I can't say that I am much disappointed, after all," he soliloquized, as he walked in the direction of Mr. Sanford's residence. "Aunt Eunice will have a worse idea of modern young ladies than she did before. Shawls and mirrors, forsooth!" he exclaimed half unconsciously. "What a valuable partner for life she would make! Why did she not rather renew that faded carpet, or buy a comfortable arm-chair for her invalid father? There is no accounting for woman's taste, that is certain. I wonder what makes me so nervous?" continued Percy, as he approached the house of Ellen. "I want to go in, and yet I don't; I have been very anxious to know to what use her New Year's present has been put, and yet, now the time has come, I dread to hear what may possibly force me to change my opinion. But if I *am* mistaken in the character of Ellen Sanford, I will never put trust in one of her sex again."

And walking rapidly up to the door, he resolutely rang the bell. The door was opened by Ellen herself, who smiled a welcome as she aided him into the little parlor. She looked uncommonly happy and cheerful, and Percy Appleton thought he had never seen her appear to better advantage. Her bright eyes sparkled with animation as she conversed in an easy, familiar manner (for the young lawyer was no stranger there), and the quiet, serene expression upon her countenance betokened an approving conscience.

An hour passed away very agreeably, but as yet the subject which, at that time, possessed the most interest for Percy, had not been referred to by either party.

"The money has probably been appropriated to some of her numerous charities," he thought, "and she is so modest and unassuming that I shall never know a word of the matter unless I broach the matter myself."

"I have just left Miss Hallett, and she has been telling me of the kind remembrances of

her friends on New Year's day," he remarked, carelessly.

Ellen looked a little anxious, but made no reply.

"O, I know all about it, Ellen," resumed Percy, playfully; "Aunt Eunice treated you both alike, and I would really like to know how many hearts you made happy by her generous gift, or how many books you may now claim as your sole property. You know I am a privileged person, and you need not let your modesty stand in the way of my gratification."

"Aunt Hammond has been very kind; but I really wish you would excuse me," replied Ellen, earnestly.

"I do not feel called upon to do any such thing," added her companion, in the same light tone, who continued to think that her evident unwillingness arose simply from a very modest estimate of her own worth.

"Well, if you insist, I bought *that*," said Ellen, hesitatingly, as with a faint smile she pointed to an object in an obscure corner of the room.

Percy walked forward a few steps, and to his surprise and deep mortification discovered a large harp placed against the wall.

"A harp, Ellen?" he exclaimed, looking incredulously at the young lady as if doubting the evidence of his eyes.

"A harp, Mr. Appleton," repeated Ellen, quietly, but averting her eyes, for she was conscious of blushing painfully.

"A curious choice I should think for a lady who has no taste for music of any description," said Appleton, in a voice that he intended should be the same as usual, but which was in truth slightly sarcastic.

"Perhaps so," rejoined Miss Sanford, somewhat coldly; for she was very sensitive, and felt wounded at the tone of Percy's remarks.

Her manner seeming to indicate to the latter that the subject was not an agreeable one, he made some trifling observations on unimportant matters; but the words of both became at length so formal and ceremonious, and Ellen particularly seemed so much embarrassed, that Percy deemed it best to bring the interview from which he had expected to derive so much satisfaction, to a close. He accordingly said his adieu with much more coldness and restraint than he had hitherto deemed it possible, and pursued his way home in a regretful and disappointed mood, dissatisfied with Ellen, himself, and all the world. He had not

before thoroughly understood the nature of his feelings towards Ellen.

"All women are alike," he thought; "they care about nothing but trifles; but I did think Ellen Sanford was an exception to the general rule. She certainly has the appearance of being a sensible, judicious, and intelligent young lady, and what could possess her to give a hundred dollars for an instrument of which she knows nothing, when at the same time she dislikes music, is more than I can tell. Were she a good performer, or did she like music, the case would be different. No wonder the subject was a disagreeable one."

As the young man walked on, engaged in these and other reflections, he became aware that he was near the residence of Miss Hammond; he entered, and with an air of carelessness, which was affected, he related the result of his visits. The lady sighed, shook her head, and remarked "that she was sincerely sorry, but hoped Percy would be wise enough not to waste a thought on two such thoughtless girls."

A few days afterwards, Percy Appleton entered his mother's room, where he found his sister Emily practising upon an instrument which the events of one evening had sufficed to render distasteful to him, viz., a harp; while seated in a remote corner of the apartment was a modest-appearing young lady, whom Mrs. Appleton had hired to do sewing for the family.

"What a noise you are making, Emily," said her brother, rather impatiently, as he flung himself upon a low couch.

"I know it, Percy, but this passage is an extremely difficult one," replied Emily, mildly.

"You had better consult Miss Sanford, perhaps she can possibly assist you," rejoined Percy, ironically. "But I positively do detest harps; they're always out of tune, and the great, bungling things are in everybody's way," he added, fretfully.

The truth was, that the young man was sadly out of humor, and "harps" seemed the most convenient things to abuse in his present state of mind.

"Why, brother?" exclaimed Emily; "you have said repeatedly that the music of a harp was very sweet."

"Well, I say so now."

"But isn't that a little inconsistent?" asked Emily.

"I remarked that they were clumsy things, and always out of tune; but that does not imply that I do not like the sound of them."

"A distinction without a difference, judging by your tone," said Emily, with a smile. "But you spoke of Ellen Sanford. I fear her assistance would be like the blind leading the blind, for she doesn't know but that Y sharp is as proper as E flat," she added, with a sly glance at her brother.

"Well, what of it?" retorted the latter, plucked that Emily had attacked his weakest point.

The latter, perceiving that his mood was not a very amiable one, turned away, and recommenced practising. Mrs. Appleton entering soon after, and observing her daughter's ineffectual attempts to master the passage, advised her to desist from further effort that day.

"Will you permit me to assist you, Miss Emily?" asked the young lady we have mentioned, coming forward as Emily was about leaving the room.

The consent of the latter was gladly given, and with surprise and more pleasure she heard the passage performed with much beauty and correctness. While Miss Appleton was warmly expressing her thanks for this unexpected aid, visitors were announced, and herself and mother left the room, and Percy and the young lady found themselves alone.

"I was not aware that you played before, Miss Randall," he said, earnestly and respectfully. "It is a pity that such rare talent were not better known and appreciated."

"Once I had no lack of friends," she replied, "but misfortune proves which are the true and which are the false. The latter acknowledge no talent, however brilliant, encourage no worth, supply no wants, and reward no hopes."

"I fear it is too often the case," said Percy, sympathizingly.

"Let me tell you a little of my history," she resumed. "One year ago last New Year's day I was the daughter of a rich and influential man; now, my mother is a feeble, destitute widow, and I am fatherless. Then, we had throngs of professed friends, who now shun our humble dwelling as though a pestilence had fallen upon it. My father died deeply involved, and our only means of subsistence is what I may earn by my needle. I thought of giving lessons in music, for that I was told I was competent to do, but I needed references which I was unable to give, and that influence which I no longer possessed. We had given up everything of value, except one or two articles which my mother held very dear, and which my father's creditors, with one excep-

tion, were quite willing we should retain. He, however, was inexorable; and though his debt was the smallest, barely exceeding one hundred dollars, insisted that these mementoes of better days should be sold to cancel the same. In this extremity, a dear friend, whose kindness and benevolence I shall always remember with gratitude, came again to our relief. She advanced the desired sum and prevented the sacrifice, and at my earnest entreaty took home the harp to keep until I could return the money, or at least procure a better place for its accommodation; for it must be confessed that the handsome instrument was in strange contrast with the rest of our poor possessions.

"She did this merely to satisfy me, and to gratify my mother, who still retains a portion of her pride. Her conduct was of the most pure and benevolent nature; and though I was not aware of it at the time, I have since learned that she appropriated the whole of a New Year's gift to our relief. You would know the name of this disinterested and self-sacrificing young lady, Mr. Appleton; it is Ellen Sanford."

"Ellen Sanford!" exclaimed Percy, starting to his feet. "Then I have indeed wronged her."

"So I was led to infer from the tone of your previous remarks," added Miss Randall; "and

if you have done her the least injustice, even in thought, hasten to repair your error; for she is a noble girl, Mr. Appleton," added the young lady, earnestly, resuming her sewing as Emily again entered the room.

As our readers may suppose, not many minutes elapsed before our hero was by the side of Ellen, candidly confessing his mistake, and lamenting the hastiness of his judgment. Ellen was too gentle and amiable to long withhold her forgiveness, and the two were again on very good terms. "Aunt Eunice" was soon made acquainted with the gratifying story he had just heard, and her meed of praise was all that was wanted to fill up the measure of Ellen's happiness; for had not Percy taken occasion to whisper something in her ear which called the rich blood to her cheeks, but which she did not in the least resent? Certainly; and when "Aunt Eunice" took Miss Randall and her invalid mother into her own house, and provided the former with plenty of pupils, did not her heart beat with unwonted joy?

Percy was never afterwards heard to disparage harps, or to lament their tendency to get out of tune. Miss Hammond performed her promise, and on the first day of next January the young lawyer received the fair hand of Ellen Sanford as a most acceptable New Year's gift.

THE SNOW STORM.

BY J. L. FENTON.

Silently, slowly, the feathery flakes gather,
Shrouding the earth in a mantle of white;
Wreathing a garland o'er forest and heather,
Filling the air with a dull, cheerless light.
Thicker and faster the white flakes are falling,
Gathering silently on the cold ground;
While my lone heart, mid the stillness appalling,
Listens in vain for a glad, cheerful sound.

Vainly the coals on the hearthstone are glowing;
Vainly the fire casts a warmth round the room;
Even the smile my dear Mary's bestowing
Falls to relieve my lone spirit of gloom.
Hark! 'tis the Storm King, from slumber awaking,
Leaving his frost-covered couch in the north;
Striding the blast, from his icy bonds breaking,
Walling aloud as he rides freely forth.

Fiercer he drives while in strength proudly swelling,
 Breathing defiance o'er highland and moor;
 Now in full chorus he howls round our dwelling,
 Shaking and rattling at window and door.
 Hear the hoarse sighing, the fierce angry moaning,
 Rapping and tapping of cold sleet and snow;
 Hear how the casement and rafters are groaning,
 Bending beneath the rude hurricane blow.

Ah, dearest Mary, while here we are seated,
 Gazing intent at the fire glowing warm;
 Think of the weary-worn traveller, belated,
 Sinking beneath the chill breath of the storm.
 Ha! there's the sound of some wanderer calling,
 Crying for help in a voice filled with woe;
 I will go forth, though the night is appalling,
 And give the lone traveller a shelter from snow.

Ho! open the door, and have a chair ready—
 She was just sinking beneath the cold blast.
 Assist me, dear Mary—now then, be steady—
 Over her shoulders a warm blanket cast.
 Now she's reviving—have courage, fair stranger;
 Patiently wait till the storm's at an end;
 Here thou canst rest, and be free from all danger,
 Here thou art welcome, and we'll be thy friend.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

BY DORA E. BUTLER.

"HERE is a letter for you, auntie," said my little nephew, one cold, winter's day, as I returned from school. 'Twas the last day of school for that term, the Christmas holidays were almost at hand and this day my class of forty boys had been more than usually noisy and unruly. I was very tired, and my head ached terribly. All day I had feared an attack from an old enemy—the sick headache—but now the news that a letter had come for me quite dispelled all thought of my aching head. Hastily throwing off my hat and shawl, I seated myself to read my letter. It was from my friend Mrs. Ferguson, and ran thus:

"DEAREST DORCIE:—Having been promised a visit from your own dear self for over three years, and not seeing any prospect of your fulfilling that promise voluntarily, I write now to command you to pack your trunk the very day you receive this, and take the 'evening express' train for this place, unless you wish me to forever after disown you. Under

fear of my everlasting displeasure, do not dare disobey. My husband is to be away on business during the holidays, so if there is any mercy left in your composition, do come and stay with me, for I shall be very lonely. Don't forget my injunctions, but come immediately. I will send the carriage to meet you.

"Lovingly yours,

"MAGGIE B. FERGUSON."

Maggie Hartly and myself had been school-mates and friends from girlhood. When we first met, we heartily detested each the other, and disagreed whenever we could, to show our utter indifference for each other's opinion; but upon better acquaintance, no truer friends could be found in the whole school. If any mischief was afloat, Maggie and I were ring-leaders in it. It was our greatest desire to be allowed to sit together in school; but this was a privilege we seldom enjoyed, for we made so much confusion around us, our teacher often declared that she'd "as soon put fire and

gunpowder together as to allow Maggie and Dorcas to sit together."

After we left the old academy, and I was sent off to "Boarding School" to learn to behave myself "*decently*," we corresponded regularly; but after I had graduated at the distant seminary, and had returned home to teach in the old schoolhouse that we had so often attended together, Maggie married and moved to a distant city. Since then, though we corresponded at regular intervals, I had never seen her. Mr. Ferguson, Maggie's husband, I had met but a few times, and consequently was but little acquainted with him. He was a tall, dark, oldish-looking man, of about thirty-five, with a very undemonstrative nature, apparently, grave and solemn looking "as a deacon,"—though why a deacon should be more solemn than any other person is beyond my comprehension—still it is an old saying. I had always wondered at Maggie's choice, for she was as gay and lively a creature as one meets;—but there it was, and she must have loved him, for she was no coquette and would not trifle with any one's feelings.

Well, I determined to go, but not in that "*evening's express*," as I have a great horror of travelling alone after dark, though, if I do say it, I am by no means a coward. Early the next morning, however, found me *en route* for B—. When I arrived at the depot, almost the first person I saw was Maggie, and after a hearty welcome I was seated in the carriage and we were borne swiftly along over the pavements towards that part of the city in which I was to reside for the next two weeks. The house was large and handsomely furnished; all that the heart could wish or the eye desire was there. The first day was spent in exploring the house; then there were calls to be made, and "*shopping expeditions*" for holiday presents, besides several large parties to be attended. Thus the days passed swiftly and pleasantly. New Year's evening, the last but one of my stay, had come. All day it had rained and snowed violently, and hardly a person that could stay by a warm fire had ventured out. The streets had been literally deserted. The evening before we had attended a large party, and when I awoke from a troubled and dreamy nap New Year's morning, I was not at all displeased to hear the wind and rain beating against the window panes. All day we had lounged around the house, reading some, crocheting some, playing some, and talking a great deal more than anything else. This rainy, stormy evening, we

sat half reclining upon a deep, luxurious sofa which had been drawn up in front of the glowing grate in Maggie's elegant boudoir. The only light in the room proceeded from the sparkling and brilliant anthracite. For a long time neither of us had spoken. At last I exclaimed, "Maggie!"

"Well, dear," came languidly from the other end of the sofa.

"Maggie, you never told me when or where you first met your husband, and how you came to marry him."

"Did I not? Well, I've always meant to. Do you feel like hearing a long story to-night?"

"Did you ever know me when I didn't feel like it?" I asked. "And then, too, 'tis just the right kind of a night for story telling."

"Well, Dorcie, I'll tell you all about my courtship; but don't interrupt me with any exclamations."

Of course I agreed not to interrupt her, and after two or three preparatory ahems, she proceeded:

"One evening, the summer after your second year at the seminary, sister Mary and I were passing along M— Avenue, and when we came to Mr. Miller's store we noticed a tall, dark, oldish-looking man standing in the doorway talking to Mrs. Miller. As she saw us approaching she came up to us and began discussing the common topics of the day. All at once I felt that uncomfortable feeling one experiences when she becomes conscious of somebody's eyes staring at her. Looking in the direction of the eyes, I found the tall, dark-looking man gazing intently upon me. Mrs. Miller observing my glance that way, said:

"O, Maggie! that gentleman at the door has taken a great fancy to you; he has often asked me your name, and where you lived, and what sort of a girl you are. He wants an introduction. Are you willing?"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Miller, I don't wish for one," I replied, angrily, as the man still kept his eyes on my face. With that I turned to Mary and asked her if she was ready to go. We bid Mrs. Miller good evening, and walked slowly along towards home. As we turned up P— street, I noticed a man walking at a little distance behind us, but thought no more about it at the time. I went home feeling very indignant and hateful, all because a strange man had stared me out of countenance.

"Several days after that, while passing Mrs. Miller's with a lady friend, little Katy Miller

came running out and said her mother wanted me to come in the house for a few moments. I should have gone, only just then I saw a dark head peering out the shutters, so telling Katy that I was in a hurry and could not stop, I walked on, feeling more vexed than ever.

"I declare, Moll!" I exclaimed, when we entered our room for the night, "I declare, I hate that dark, oldish man, that does nothing but hang around Mrs. Miller's. Mrs. Miller is determined to introduce him, but I won't have an introduction to that old Chinaman, there!"

"The weeks passed on and I did not go near Mrs. Miller's, but still I continued to meet my Chinaman, as Moll persisted in calling him, wherever I went.

"One evening Mary and I had gone to some place of amusement; just after we had left the house, mama said 'there came a man and asked for Miss Hartly.' She asked if he meant Miss Mary. He said 'Yes.' And then she told him Mary was not at home. When we got home, and she was telling Moll of her caller, I asked what kind of a looking man he was. Mama thought him tall, with lightish whiskers. We wondered considerably who it could have been, and at last settled upon a Mr. Smith who had danced attendance upon Moll the preceding winter.

"A week or two after, Aunt Beckey and Alex. Welton were spending the evening at our house. About nine o'clock Bridget came in and said a gentleman wanted to see Miss Hartly. He would not come in, but was waiting in the hall. So Moll went out to see him, but soon came back, saying that I was the one wanted. I asked her who it was, but she would not tell me, and only laughed immoderately. All at once the thought flashed across me that the gentleman to see me was the old Chinaman.

"Mary, is it that hateful, dark, oldish man, that wants me?" I asked. She replied by a peal of laughter. "I won't go a step near him!" I declared, vehemently.

"O, but you must go," they all exclaimed.

"Upon that I descended. In the hall, sure enough, stood the dark, sober, old Chinaman. I bowed haughtily, and waited for him to speak. He very coolly said 'good evening,' and introduced himself as Mr. Ferguson."

"Why, Maggie, and you had never been introduced to him? What a breach of etiquette!" I interrupted.

"You must not interrupt my story. Let me see. O, he said his name was Ferguson,

and hoped that I would excuse the liberty he took in calling upon me, a lady to whom he had never been honored with an introduction. He said—but I will give it as nearly as I can remember in his own words:

"I know you think I have overstepped all bounds of etiquette, but I sincerely beg that you will pardon me, and overlook the digression. I may be a stranger to you, but you are not one to me. For the last six months I have seen you daily, and have tried every possible method of obtaining an introduction. But the Fates seemed against me. Even you have refused one."

"I said not a word, but stood leaning my arm against the banister, feeling perfectly calm, and soley. He looked at me a moment, and then said:

"You think it strange and ungentlemanly of me, but—I can't help it—Miss Hartly. I may as well tell you right out. I love you, love you with my whole heart and soul—I have never loved before—I do not believe in cultivated love, but I do believe in love at first sight. Ever since I first saw you I have loved you—madly, devotedly loved you. My intentions are honorable. I am a gentleman, though you make my acquaintance while I am laboring under disadvantages; but I am a frank-spoken man—I can furnish you testimonials of my respectability. I do not ask you to love me yet, not until you know me. Will you let me call upon you?"

"He paused, and I answered, freezingly, 'No, sir! I am not in the habit of receiving calls in this manner.' I never felt as I did then; my cheeks burned, while my hands were like ice. I cannot tell you what I experienced in those few moments. He went on again, very bitterly:

"You are not candid—I come to you honestly and candidly. Have you no heart? Is there no feeling I can touch? Is it nothing to be loved as I love you? O, you are the coldest, proudest, most indifferent girl I know. Many young ladies would rejoice at my offer. If I will obtain an introduction, will you let me call—not as a friend alone, but as something more—something dearer?"

"No, sir," I returned, "I do not wish to form your acquaintance in any manner whatsoever."

"O, but you will, you must love me," he rejoined.

"Just then the parlor door opened, and I heard the folks coming towards us. He looked at me earnestly for a moment, then catching,

my hand before I could draw it away, he kissed it passionately, and saying, 'I shall see you again,' he departed.

"Time passed, and I saw no more of Mr. Ferguson until one evening at the opera the following season, the door of our box opened and Henry Talmage walked in, while behind him I saw Mr. Ferguson. After we had greeted Henry, he introduced Mr. Ferguson. Brother Jim was our only escort that evening, and very soon Henry, brother Jim and Mary were deeply engaged in conversation, leaving Mr. Ferguson to my tender mercies. We talked upon such matters as strangers generally talk upon, but neither of us by word or look betrayed that we had ever met before. After the last act he accompanied us to the carriage, helped me in, and then bidding us good evening, took Henry's arm and sauntered slowly away. I met him frequently all winter at parties and different places, but he never called upon me or even asked to.

"One evening a celebrated lecturer was to deliver a lecture upon a scientific subject, before our Lyceum Association. Brother Jim had a previous engagement, and could not go with me, and while I was bemoaning this sad circumstance, Mr. Ferguson was announced. He had called to see if I would go with him to hear the lecture. Of course I was happy to go. After it was over, and we reached our house, I asked him in. He consented, and we entered into a discussion of the lecture we had just listened to; but in a little while that subject flagged. I tried to introduce others, but with poor success. Mr. Ferguson seemed absent-minded, and at last I gave up all attempts at conversation. For fifteen minutes or more, we sat in supreme silence, and then he rose to depart.

"As he laid his hand on the door knob, he turned and said:

"Maggie, I have wanted to beg your pardon for what I once said to you one evening last summer. Believe me, I did not intend anything disrespectful, but I was so excited that my feelings ran away with me. I have wanted to speak about it every time I've been with you since, but could not endure the thought of it. It was very presumptuous for an entire stranger to act so, and the only reason I can give for so doing is because I loved you—I love you now better than ever, and before I go for the last time, I ask you to be my wife."

"Well, the thought flashed across my mind like lightning that I had never before met any man whom I liked quite so well as this dark,

sober, oldish-looking man standing beside me, gazing with all earnestness into my face. So what could I do but tell him so. Of course I saw much of him after that, and learned to love him dearly, and just one year from the night he made his first declaration of love we were married. And I have never had cause to regret it, for a kinder or more thoughtful husband I do not want."

Here Maggie stopped.

"Well, my dear, quite a little romance," I exclaimed. "If ever I write one, I shall come to you for the particulars."

"Very well," she returned, "I'll give them to you."

The next afternoon brought the master of the house. I could hardly believe, as I looked at his calm, self-possessed face, that any romantic feeling ever lurked in his bosom. He was very gentlemanly and quiet, but I noticed that he watched every motion of Maggie's, and whenever he spoke to her his voice became gentle and tender, while his dark face lighted up as with the glory of noonday whenever she performed any little wisely care for his comfort.

Thus my two weeks vacation passed, and I returned to my class of noisy boys refreshed and strengthened for another siege. I hear frequently from Maggie, and in her last she says, "We have determined to name our baby daughter Dordie, after my old friend and schoolmate."

PERCUSSION ON ONE POINT.

If an ivory ball strike against another of the same weight, there should, according to common theory, be an equal transfer of motion. But if the velocity of the impinging ball be very considerable, so far from stopping suddenly, it will recoil back again with the same force, while the ball which is struck will remain at rest. The reason is, that the shock is so momentary as not to permit the communication of impulse to the whole mass of the second ball. A small spot only is affected, and the consequence is, therefore, the same as if the ball had impinged against an immovable wall. On a similar principle a bullet fired against a door hanging freely on its hinges will perforate the same without in the least agitating it. Nay, a pellet of clay or a bit of tallow discharged from a pistol will produce a similar effect. In all these instances the impression of the stroke is confined to one single spot, and no sufficient time is allowed for diffusing its action over the entire surface.

WINTER.

BY M. M. B.

All hail to the ice-bound streams—
 All hail to the snow-covered heights—
 There's a charm in the air when the snow-flake gleams,
 And the whistling wind with music teems,
 Through the frosty winter nights.

There's mirth when the sleigh-bell rings,
 And gay is the skater's sport;
 And the merry laugh of the schoolboy brings
 A smile on the lip, as he gaily sings,
 And fights in his mimic fort.

There is, in the lovely spring,
 A charm to beguile the eye;
 But give us the time of the merry frost-king,
 When the night air is keen, and the snowbirds sing,
 And time passes quickly by.

Bright Summer displays in vain
 Her beautiful fruits and flowers;
 For to us is the time when the rolling main
 Lies helplessly bound in an icy chain,
 And frets at its limited power.

Fair Autumn her harvest reaps,
 Her wealth in its season we love;
 But give us the time when the rude wind sweeps
 O'er the snow-covered hills, and the wild flower sleeps,
 Deep down from the cold above.

MARCIA GRANT'S LOVE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

A BRIGHT June day was burning itself out above the western hills, and the smouldering fires, flashing over the fragrant valleys, flamed redly against the parlor windows of Shady Nook, kindling a strange glory in the pale, thoughtful face that rested within the open sash.

It was a scene well worthy of an artist's brush—the intricate forest growth; the river, with its winding silver thread; the sleeping hills and plains, clothed in the richness of summer-time; the gray old mansion guarded by venerable shade trees, and the graceful form at the vine-wreathed windows, all bathed in the shimmering splendor of the sunset.

Slowly, but surely the bright hues faded; and then the twilight flung her purple veil over the earth, and anon there came a pale glimmer of the moonlight, and still that figure—statue-like—maintained the same position. It was a calm, proud face, with a full brow, and changeful, varying eyes, settled into a sweet gravity. There was no color in the rounded cheeks, but the mouth in its soft bloom, rivalled the cluster of roses, that, swaying at the touch of the gentle zephyrs, almost nestled amid the rich masses of her raven hair.

Scrutinize that countenance still more closely, dear reader, and you will perceive—

if you are a skillful physiognomist—that the rosy period of girlhood—clouded it may have been to her, perchance—has passed, leaving her in the dawning of a gracious womanhood. Suddenly, with a long breath that was almost a sigh, she started from her reverie, and turning from the window, moved across the room. As she did so, the shrubbery at the end of the verandah parted, and a man in the garb of a soldier vaulted lightly through the open casement. The movement, noiseless as it was, attracted her attention, but before she could give utterance to the alarm that possessed her, the intruder advanced, exclaiming in a thrilling whisper:

“Marcia, darling! don't you know me?”

There was a glad cry, that showed how her soul responded to that question, and then the outstretched hands were caught in a loving clasp, and the proud head sank upon his shoulder. Presently disengaging herself from his embrace, she said, softly:

“Am I dreaming, Allen, or are you really here, when I supposed that you were with your regiment hundreds of miles away?”

“I believe that I am with you, dearest, although I must confess that I can scarcely realize it myself; and yet,” he added, with a laugh, that lifted the shadows in the distant corners, and made the room wondrously light to Marcia, “I think that I am a pretty substantial sort of a dream.”

“You certainly are,” she returned, with a smile that spoke a heart perfectly at rest, “and now tell me how you managed to approach the house without my perceiving you.”

“O, I came up the avenue as much as an hour ago, but as I neared yonder group of evergreens, you appeared at the window, and knowing that I was effectually screened by the abundant foliage, I could not resist the temptation to watch you, and then observing that you seemed to be very much engrossed with pleasant thoughts, I did not feel inclined to disturb you. Did no subtle instinct warn you of my presence?”

She shook her head archly; exclaiming, after a moment's silence:

“Pray, what reason had you for supposing that my meditations were so very agreeable?”

“The expression of your face proclaimed it. Tell me, darling, were you thinking of me?”

A low, silvery laugh rippled over the beautiful red lips. Then she answered, playfully:

“What an idea! as if you were the only pleasant thing to be found in the world of

thought. O, egotism! thy name is Allen Brent.”

Her lover hesitated an instant, and then imprisoning the small, white hands in his, bent an earnest gaze into the luminous, upturned eyes. Then as a pink glow came stealing over cheek and brow, he released her again, saying, with a touch of triumph in his voice

“My Marcia! henceforth I will give you full liberty to make any quantity of treasonable speeches, provided that you will always let me look into your face to see whether you mean them.”

“Thank you! we will consider it a bargain, then, but I caution you to beware of appearances, they are often found to deceive the most discerning.” Then, as if desiring to change the conversation, she added, “but you have not yet informed me to what I am indebted for this unexpected pleasure. You wrote a while ago that it was utterly impossible for any officer to obtain a furlough.”

“Well, it was then, but we have since had skirmish, in which the rebels favored me with a remembrancer, for which I cannot be sufficiently grateful, as it has gained for me the blessed privilege of a few weeks with my darling.”

The shadow of a nameless fear crept into her eyes, while he was speaking, and now, she said:

“Wounded, Allen? and did not let me know?”

Her tone of tender reproach thrilled him. Ah, Allen Brent! it was worth more than gold or precious stones, to call a look like that into the face of such a woman as Marcia Grant.

“Indeed, my love, 'twas but a scratch, and I would not have it pain you.”

“Promise that you will not spare me again,” she pleaded, “unless you want both my sleeping and waking visions haunted by ghastly pictures.”

“I will do anything to please you,” he answered, “henceforth you shall be informed of everything, even to the prick of a bayonet.”

His light, jesting tone grated upon her ear. Her heart was too heavy to flash a smile to eyes and lips, for her soul was still quailing because of the unknown terror that had faced it. After that, her manner throughout the rest of the evening was both new and captivating, invested as it was with an unwon'ted tenderness. It was as though she felt as if the black waters of Death had surged very near to her treasure, and being cheated of

their prey, had retreated in sullen murmurs. Ah! it would have been terrible if the one joy that had budded and blossomed into her life had been wrenched away; for Marcia Grant had drained sorrow's cup even to the bitter dregs, although she was the envied mistress of beautiful Shady Nook.

Happy are those persons who can turn away from the cloudy past, and wrap themselves in the brightness of the present, as with a mantle. The next few days floated down the stream of time like fluttering rose-leaves.

"Allen!" exclaimed Marcia, one evening, as her lover paid his usual visit; "I had quite forgotten to inform you, that your especial admiration, Grove Park, has a tenant once more."

"I have already learned that fact," he replied, with a laugh. "When I returned to the hotel, after our ride this afternoon, I found that Mr. Stanley had favored me with a call, leaving a card for Thursday's fete. Upon making inquiries with regard to the family, I was agreeably surprised to discover that I was formerly acquainted with them. Robert, the son, a youth of remarkable abilities, was my chum in college. He died, as much as three years ago. It was a heavy blow to his parents. Then there was another child, Rose. She was quite young at the time that I visited her at her father's. I just remember that she gave promise of great beauty; has she realized it?"

"O, yes! she is an exquisite little fairy. Indeed, I may say, that as far as face and form are concerned, she is, without an exception, the most perfect creature that I ever saw."

"Well done, Marcia! henceforth I will believe that one woman can speak in praise of another."

"And couldn't you bear witness to that fact before?"

"I am afraid not," he rejoined, with a comical arching of the eyebrows; "at least, this is the first time within my remembrance that I have been fortunate enough to hear one."

"What a libel! Pray allow me to inform you of one thing, Allen; your sex, in their eagerness to throw stones, are totally unmindful that they are also dwellers in glass houses."

He laughed—that joyous, ringing sound that was like music to her ear.

"A truce to the subject now, darling. I am willing to admit, that—to use a common

phrase—we always get as good as we send; and now about the party. Have you an invitation?"

"O, yes; I received one several weeks since, and I must confess that I can scarcely understand how it happened to slip from my memory so entirely. I think that I shall be obliged to attribute it to the fact, that I have hardly been myself for the past few days."

At these words, her companion looked up quickly, a flush of pleasure mantling his fine brow.

"Thank you, Marcia! I never knew you willing to concede before, that my coming made so much difference."

"Nor have I admitted that now, you concealed boy. Be careful how you draw wrong conclusions."

"What a provokingly tantalizing mortal you are," he rejoined, in a tone of some vexation, as with a light laugh, she eluded his eager grasp, and, warbling a gay air, seated herself at the piano.

If there was one thing in which Marcia Grant excelled, it was in the power to make those white keys before her yield such heart throbs to her tender, almost caressing touch, as to cause the enraptured listener to fancy that at that moment the golden gates of heaven were standing just ajar. On this evening, the strains crept forth with such a wild and thrilling cadence, that the very air shivered, and the flowers drooped their heads in awe, while the moon and stars joined in the anthem.

"Marcia, I am inclined to the opinion that you are a witch," exclaimed Allen, drawing a long breath, and taking the now passive fingers in his, to lead her from the instrument.

"I am not certain but what I am," she replied, with a strange uneasiness in tone and manner.

"You are tired, dearest. Let us go into the garden, where there is some warmth. Your hands are like ice, and no wonder. That last tune chilled me through and through. What possessed you to play a dirge, darling! O, that fearful cry, so like the wail of a lost soul, haunts me still."

She caught his arm with a convulsive grasp, her face blanched to a deathly whiteness.

"O why did you recall it," she answered. "I had quite forgotten. I remember now, that was a funeral march. O, Allen, Allen! God grant that it is not a bad omen."

"Nonsense, my precious one! you and I are not so foolish, I hope, as to believe in

such things. Come, what do you say to a walk down the avenue? See how beautifully the moonlight paves it.

She took his arm without a word, and as he felt the clinging clasp of her fingers, he mentally decided that her terror had invested her with a new charm. Half an hour later, as he turned to leave Shady Nook, he said:

"I shall probably not see you to-morrow, as imperative business calls me out of town, but the next morning, I will do myself the pleasure of escorting you to Grove Park."

"Indeed! I was not aware that I informed you that my inclinations led in that direction."

"O, but you will surely go, if only to please me," he eagerly exclaimed. "Then I know that you will enjoy it; for it will undoubtedly be a brilliant affair. The Stanleys are not the people to do things by halves. Say, my darling! will you gratify me?"

She brushed the soft hair from his brow, with a fond, caressing motion, as she answered:

"Of course, Allen! how could I do otherwise?"

"Thank you, dearest! and now, good-night, and pleasant dreams."

The next twenty-four hours were certainly not winged to Marcia, but the morning that was to usher in the all-important day of the fete dawned at last—and *such* a morning! 'Twas like a benediction. How soft, glad and joyous the air was! Never had the sun's chariot-wheels rolled through a more cloudless sky. All nature rejoiced at the brightness of the jewel that had strung itself into the week.

The old clock in the hall was striking twelve, when Lieutenant Brent presented himself at Shady Nook. He found Marcia seated in the library, engaged in writing, with her hat and shawl by her side.

"Truant!" she exclaimed, looking up with an arch smile; "is this the way in which you keep your promises?"

"I very humbly crave your pardon, fair lady," bowing over the extended hand; "but I was unavoidably detained."

"Is that it? Well, then I certainly cannot withhold my forgiveness," she returned, in the same gay tone, although her cheeks were hot with blushes now—not so much at his words and manner, but at the admiring glances that the dark-gray eyes were casting upon her; and truly, the gentleman might be excused for the feeling of pride that surged

through his heart, at the thought that the peerless Marcia Grant was all his own. Indeed, that face, full of such a tender, passionate grace, would have found favor in almost any sight. Then her flowing robe of delicate muslin, that seemed to have caught its tint from the flush of sea-shells, was very becoming. Her only ornaments were sprays of half-open rosebuds, that quivered on her breast; and clung to the coils of her raven hair, and they were not purer or sweeter than she. Something of this her lover thought, as he watched her lay aside her writing materials, and prepare to accompany him. He was not insensible *then* to the fragrance of the flower that he had gathered.

Half an hour later, they were at Grove Park, paying their respects to Mrs. Stanley, who playfully chid them for desiring to be fashionable; and then they turned and joined the happy throng, who were amusing themselves in various parts of the grounds.

"If the Spirit of Beauty ever takes up her abode amid the haunts of men, I think that Grove Park must be her favorite resting-place," remarked Marcia to her companion, as they rested themselves under a large elm-tree, after wandering around for an hour.

"I am inclined to the same opinion," returned Allen.

And indeed the thought did seem most appropriate, as you gazed upon the smooth-shaven lawns, reposing in the sunshine, like emerald lakes, the diamond-bright fountains, laughing gleefully at their own music, the fragrant bowers, in whose charming retreats one almost forgot that there were such things as care and sorrow, the deep, shadowy path, winding down to the flowing river, that continually laved their feet, although it never paused in its rapid journeyings toward the sea; and last but not least, the grand, solemn hills, standing like sentinels in the background, or like watch-towers of Zion.

"Marcia! Marcia!" exclaimed Lieutenant Brent, after a pause, "look there! Can it be that in speaking of the Spirit of Beauty, one has the power to summon her?"

A little startled by his manner, the lady followed the direction of his gaze, and then laughed.

"Why, that is Rose Stanley," she said. "You must excuse me, but really, I had quite forgotten that you had not been presented to her; but she is coming this way, I see—probably to give me an opportunity to atone for my neglect."

"Heavens! Can it be possible that that angel is indeed Robert's sister? Why, the fairies must certainly have presided at her birth, and endowed her with all their charms. The Queen of Flowers may well be proud of her namesake!"

"Come, come!" cried Miss Grant, with an amused air; "cease your rhapsody, for she is almost here; and now be sure that you do not stare so, or I shall not introduce you. Why, she will think that you are positively rude!"

"The Fates forbid that you should be so cruel, or that she should form such an unfavorable opinion!"

The next instant, a small white hand crept shyly into his, and scarlet lips parted to give him welcome to Grove Park.

And here my pen falters; for what language can describe this rare painting, this dazzling vision—beautiful Rose Stanley? It was a perfect touch that grouped those golden, carmine and sapphire tints. Ah, she was a dainty creature! and yet there were those who wondered—strangely, perhaps—if in the faultless adornment of the casket, the jewel had not been neglected or quite forgotten.

"What is the programme for the day?" inquired Marcia, as the slight, graceful figure was turning away.

"Dancing, boating and rambling, interspersed by eating," was the laughing reply; "or, in other words, my dear Miss Grant, every one is expected to consult their own sweet wills;" and with a gay nod, the small, shapely head, with its coronal of sunshine, disappeared down the avenue.

"In the name of all that's wonderful, why didn't you endeavor to detain her for a while?" exclaimed Allen, in a tone of such unmistakable vexation, that the calm, earnest eyes of his companion opened wide with surprise.

"I was not aware that you desired it; besides, we must remember that, however much we might enjoy Miss Stanley's society, she has other guests, who have claims upon her time and attention, as well as ourselves."

"Quite a sermon, upon my word, darling!" playfully rejoined Lieutenant Brent, the thought striking him for the first time, that perhaps his betrothed did not relish his open admiration of another; but in that he did not know Marcia Grant. Her love and trust were so perfect, that there was no room in her heart for jealousy, and she would have recoiled in horror at the thought of harboring such a guest.

"Come, Allen," she said, after a pause, "what do you say to a promenade through the stately parlors?"

"The very thing, dearest! we have sat here quite long enough;" and, assisting her to arise, he offered his arm, with a profound bow, and then they crossed the lawn and entered the house.

The mansion at Grove Park could claim its share of beauty, as well as the grounds. The looms of Persia and India had laid their richest offerings upon the floors. Elegant lounges, rockers and easy-chairs wooed one with glimpses of dreamland. Italy's old masters had assisted to adorn the walls; and marble, that seemed to live and breathe, looked down from niche and pedestal. Then there were cabinets of solid ebony, inlaid with ivory, containing curiosities gathered from every quarter of the globe. In the conservatory, strange plants bloomed, and brightly-plumaged birds fanned the perfumed air impatiently, and sang of beautiful groves, far beyond the sea; and over all, floated silvery voices, and the light laughter of happy hearts.

At last the Day flashed the soft glory of its dying smile over hill and dale, and then disappeared behind the golden gates of the west; and Evening, with her dark hair gemmed by stars, came forth to reign supreme. If Grove Park had been beautiful in the broad splendor of the noonday, it was—to say the least—enchanting when viewed in the mellow radiance cast by the countless, colored lamps that gleamed from the shrubbery. Indeed, one might almost fancy that it were a fairy scene. Joy and mirth were at their height. Care dared not show her haggard face, and Sorrow could find no entrance. Amid silvery chimes of soft laughter, sweet voices had proclaimed Pleasure Queen, and now Youth and Beauty had clasped hands, and, with glad, tripping feet, kept time to the wild dance-beat, that rose and fell—now soaring on wings triumphant, and anon sinking into a pathos that was full of strange sweetness, that seemed stolen from out human hearts.

In one of the spacious drawing-rooms, at the piano, sat Marcia Grant, surrounded by a crowd of eager listeners; and while she was drifting away into a quiet sea of melody, where gentle zephyrs whispered, and soft moonlight paved a glittering path to heaven, Allen Brent was out upon the lawn, moving in a sort of mad delirium, to the passionate cadence of a waltz, with one arm encircling the slender waist of Rose Stanley, while her

golden head rested against his wildly-throbbing heart, and her dreamy, violet eyes smiled up into his.

The honeyed draught doth not endure forever; so the hours, freighted with youthful hopes and happiness, crept away to the sound of the music-thraps, until house and grounds were left to silence and shadows. Lieutenant Brent escorted his betrothed to Shady Nook; but while she slept, with his dear name parting her crimson lips, he was gazing out upon the night, recalling each look and tone of the beautiful Rose Stanley.

Time passed; and anon people began to whisper that the bright, dancing curls and soft azure eyes of the pretty belle of Grove Park had enticed another victim into her already long train; but there were some who shook their heads—disappointed ones, it may be—and guessed that the lure was yellow gold, instead of yellow hair.

In the meantime, not a syllable of this reached Marcia Grant. It is true, that she wondered occasionally at the business that detained Allen from her side at such long intervals; but she would as soon have thought of doubting the brightness of the sun, as to question the truth and honor of him to whom she had given her love. There came a day, however, when she awoke to the bitter knowledge that *Perfidy* knows no particular climate or people, but is a plant of domestic as well as foreign growth. Heaven help her! I would fain draw a veil over the shuddering pain with which this fact came home to her soul. It was no rumor! She would have turned from all those with proud contempt. Alas! her own sight and hearing furnished the terrible proof; and in that hour, it seemed as if Faith and Hope laid their cold faces against her aching heart, and died without a wail.

It happened in this way: She had been to brighten a sick room with her calm, sweet face and tender, loving voice, one morning, about a fortnight after the fete, and was returning home, when some violets, with their velvet crowns, tempted her from the path into the fragrant woods. On she wandered, the happiness in her heart leaping to her lips in a gush of glad song, when presently the joyous sounds were strangled by a sudden agony, and the beautiful scarlet mouth grew white with more than mortal pain; for there, upon the opposite bank, hand clasped in hand, sat Allen Brent and Rose Stanley.

"My little golden-haired queen! my own

precious one!" he was saying, in that rich, thrilling voice that Marcia knew so well—"Is this bliss, this happiness indeed for me? Are you really willing to become a soldier's bride, my dainty darling?"

The low answer was not wafted to her ear, but that it was favorable was attested by the graceful bending of the ringletted head to meet the clasp of his encircling arm, and by the passionate kisses that were pressed upon the red, pouting lips.

Marcia's brain reeled.

"My God! my God! was it needful that I should drain this bitter, bitter cup?" her soul cried out in its agony. Then a darkness as of the grave crushed her in its sable folds, and as she felt that her consciousness was fast forsaking her, the wild prayer floated up from her stricken heart, that she might never awake again. But at that moment Rose, looking up, observed her, and with a start of surprise, involuntarily murmured her name. That sound recalled her wandering senses, and stung her into life. What! should she give them an opportunity to exult over her sufferings? Should it be said, that a faithless lover had caused the proud head of Marcia Grant to droop and her pulse to stand still? Never! So the hot, indignant blood coursed once more through her veins, leaping into the white cheeks, kindling a fire in the eyes, curling the crimson lip, and rendering firm the trembling step. She heard Allen's voice calling to her in a tone of entreaty, but she never turned that stately head or paused in her rapid walk. At last, she was at home. Home! the word seemed like a mockery. All places were alike to her, now that the shining future had slipped forever from her grasp. What a change a few hours had wrought. She had gone forth from Shady Nook, that morning, with a face that reflected all the brightness of the dawn; she came back with a look born of despair, an expression that told of the wrenching away of hopes such as snap the heartstrings. But she did not die—this heroine of mine. Death comes not so easy in real life, as in the pages of a romance.

Weeks passed; and July drifted into the embrace of August. Then came September, striking her lute to the music of golden days and purple nights, and anon the dying glory of the summer reddened the green woods, and then the news of a great battle laid its awful hand on the trembling hearts of the people.

Hark! in that sad hour how lips, pale with apprehension, sobbed forth the agonized

prayer that the blood of their loved ones might not be dripping on Southern plains, that the wing of the destroyer might not be waving in triumph over their prostrate forms.

Ah! in the day of sacrifice we are apt to gather our treasures in our arms, and with blanched faces, cry:

"Not these, O Lord! not these!"

A week went by with its even step, and one evening a letter was handed to Marcia. It ran as follows:

"Washington, Amory Square Hospital, Sept. 20.

"MISS GRANT:—It becomes my painful duty to announce to you, that Lieutenant Brent was seriously if not fatally wounded during the recent engagement. He fell while making a most gallant charge, and his men infuriated at the sight rushed on to avenge him. Afterwards upon searching the field, he was discovered to be still among the living. The bullet, however, has not yet been found, and internal hemorrhage is feared. He is now delirious. Knowing the relation that he bore to you, I have taken the liberty to write these lines. May He, who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb, comfort and sustain you in this trying hour, and if the dread summons has indeed gone forth that is to deprive you of your loved one, let the blessed thought, that he has given his life for his country, come to you with the balm of healing. I can say no more—and let these words not seem like idle words, for he was more to me than a brother. Respectfully,

"ROLFE CAMERON."

Her face grew very white, as she scanned the terrible lines. She had thought that she had drained her cup of agony to the last drop, but here was another draught prepared for her, more bitter than any that had preceded it.

"Sick—dying—and I may not go to him," she murmured. "O, Allen! Allen! why did you dedicate to another the right to watch over you in this hour? O, Death! strike the breath from these lips, and be content to take your icy fingers from his."

For half an hour she paced the floor like one bereft of reason. At last tears came to her relief, and then the troubled waters ceased their surge, and a holy calm—like the peace that passeth understanding—settled down upon her pallid face. Five minutes later, leaving the house, she entered the street, and walked rapidly in the direction of Grove Park. Arriving at the mansion, she mounted the

flight of handsome stone steps, that led to the verandah, and was about to ring the bell, when the door swung noiselessly on its hinges, and Rose Stanley, attired in a riding habit, stood before her. Both started at this unexpected meeting, for they had not seen each other since that memorable day in the woods; but while the surprise was painting the cheeks of the younger lady, Marcia had regained her composure, and drawing forth her letter laid it in the girl's hand, saying, in a low even voice that betrayed no emotion whatever:

"This note belongs to you. The writer was not aware that such was the case, however, and therefore sent it to me."

Rose took the missive with a puzzled look, opened it, and by the light of the hall lamp, glanced her eye over its contents.

"It is really very sad tidings," she said, after a pause, the color leaving her face as suddenly as it had entered it.

"And you will go to him, will you not?" cried her companion, clasping her hands, and bending eagerly forward.

Astonishment crept into the great violet eyes.

"Go to him! Indeed I can't. In the first place, I do not think it would be proper, and then again the sight of blood always makes me sick. It requires a person of much stronger nerve than I, even to think of such a thing."

"Then you will leave him to the tender mercy of strangers, when your presence and touch might save him, or at least cheer his last moments?" inquired Marcia, beating back the hot, indignant words that rushed to her lips.

"Really, Miss Grant!" was the somewhat impatient response, "he is probably with those who understand their profession, and will do everything for him that can be done; besides, I am not a bit of a nurse and should only be in the way."

Her visitor regarded her fiercely. This, then, was the woman who had supplanted her in Allen's affections? The thought was gall and wormwood to her proud spirit. I think that, if the soul encased in that fair exterior had possessed the ring of true metal, she would have loved her for his sake; but to be sacrificed to one so much inferior to herself was too humiliating. Alas! is it not a common occurrence in this world of ours?

As the two women stood silently surveying each other, a gentleman seated upon a coal black horse came riding up the avenue, fol-

lowed by a groom leading another steed upon which was a lady's saddle.

"Excuse me for a moment, Cousin Everard. I shall be disengaged presently," said Rose, with a smile, and a wave of the hand.

It was Marcia's turn now to be astonished, and her white eyelids drooped over smouldering fires, as she exclaimed:

"Miss Stanley, it is surely not your intention to ride out—at least in that manner on this evening of all evenings?"

"Why not?" toying carelessly with her glove. "It is beautiful moonlight; besides, I promised Mr. Lee several weeks ago that I would certainly go to-night, and the poor fellow will be terribly disappointed, if I fail to keep my engagement."

"But," expostulated Marcia, "do you suppose that Lieutenant Brent," her voice faltering a little over the name—"will be pleased to learn that you were accepting the attentions of another, while he lay in such a critical situation?"

"Really, I cannot perceive that it will ever make the slightest difference to him, if the contents of that note are true."

Miss Grant staggered like one who had received a mortal blow. Then she seized the girl's wrist and gasped out:

"Rose Stanley! if you have ever told the truth in your life, tell it now. Have you a particle of love for Allen Brent?"

A shade of fear crept into the violet eyes now, and it was a nervous laugh, that floated out upon the still air, as she replied:

"I like him well enough as a friend, but I can't say that I ever wish him to assume any nearer relation. The fact is, he appeared to be so very much devoted to you, that—I well I was tempted to try my power; but when I had him at my feet I had no intention of proceeding any further, but he is so impulsive that he quite carried me away; and finally I was engaged to him before I even dreamed of such a thing. There! I have been very candid, and now I hope, that if I have answered all your questions satisfactorily, you will be good enough to excuse me, as Everard is no doubt becoming extremely impatient at my long delay."

Marcia Grant turned away without a word, but came back almost immediately, saying with white, quivering lips:

"Yes, Rose Stanley! you have satisfied me of one thing, that you are that strange creature, a woman without a heart. Like a beautiful serpent you entered my Eden, and when

I least expected it, you shut its gates forever behind me. God may forgive you for that act, but alas! I fear that *I never can*," and the next instant she was gone.

When the morning kissed the hilltops, Marcia Grant was on her way to Washington.

"I am glad that you have come," said the surgeon, when she presented herself at the hospital; "for a woman's presence sometimes works wonders, and then again he calls for you continually."

At those last words the pale haggard face blossomed into a sudden beauty. Five minutes later she stood by the bedside of Lieutenant Brent; and as she laid her hand upon his brow, she reeled and would have fallen had not one of the attendants caught her, for the soft, gray eyes, now wild with delirium had looked into hers, and the white lips had parted to pronounce the name of—Rose!

O, the agony of the days that followed. Only once did he speak of her, who would have given her life for his.

"Your touch is cool and soft like Marcia's, my little pearl! my queen of flowers!" he said, one afternoon, smiling fondly up into her face. She turned away her head to hide the tears that rushed unbidden to her eyes. At last the icy waters of death surged over him, and he let go her hand, to grasp the beckoning fingers of the angels.

"He knows now, what my love was and is," thought Marcia, as she kissed the clay cold lips, and turned away.

In an academy in Eastern New York, a child wept bitter tears over the letter that contained the news of a brother's death. She resides at Shady Nook now, and its pale, gentle mistress is at once sister and teacher.

HUMAN LIFE.

Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweeter at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

ONE EXCEPTION.—An old gentleman, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor: "Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making."

THE RETREAT.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

The battle was over. The broken ranks fled
From the field covered o'er with the dying and dead,
Where mimic streams ran, a sickening red,
To flood the pure brook of the valley.

Through the wrecks of the terrible engines of war,
For safety, for life, fled the vanquished afar,
From where bravely they fought for each stripe and each star,
In the depths of the valley.

O'er the ground thickly strewn with shot and with shell,
That their mission of death had performed all too well,
Through the sulphurous smoke, that like curtains of hell,
Hung dense o'er the valley:

Through the barricades broken, the sharp stakes uporn,
With unconquered banners, though trailing and worn,
With trappings all faded, that had shone in the morn,
They rushed through the valley.

In the pride of their strength they had fallen—a snare
To batteries ambushed—the foe's dark lair—
And, though hurled back by numbers, no cry of despair
Stained their lips as they passed through the valley.

Firm grasping their weapons as when strife begun,
For, though checked at the moment, the war was not done
Till a great wrong was righted—a victory won,
Far beyond the dark valley.

Cannon lips kissing cannon, the fierce thunders roared,
Rifle muzzle to rifle, the sharp bullets poured,
With the keen ringing steel of the sword against sword,
Had resounded the valley.

Up the hillside they pressed, through the coarse, reedy sedge,
With hand aiding foot up the steep, rocky ledge,
Till checked their career by the bayonet hedge
That guarded the valley.

Hemmed in—trampled down—how they fought—how they died,
Ask of thicket, of rock, and of stubborn hillside,
The corpse-cumbered brooklet that swept its blood tide,
Through the desolate valley.

But with all of hope lost they had turned from the fight,
Unequal, to struggle again into light,
To cut their way out of death's lowering night,
That hung o'er the valley.

A handful, their charge was resisted in vain—
Like a swath cut by reaper through overripe grain,
Their path, dearly won, till they rested again,
Far, far from the valley.

No stain on their banner—no blot on their name—
 Though defeated, they wear not the willow of shame,
 But plucked a bright branch from the laurel of Fame,
 In the depths of the valley.

None braver e'er battled for Freedom and Right,
 No bolder names flash in letters of light;
 And victory never crowned nobler fight,
 Than that of the valley.

THE EARL'S SECRET

BY L. AUGUSTA BEALE.

CHAPTER I.

PRIDE OF BIRTH.

"Love is a pearl of purest hue,
 But stormy waves are round it;
 And dearly may a woman rue
 The hour when first she found it."

THE young moon hung her crescent horn low over the dark walls of Hargrave Manor, and the shadows grew darker and ghostlier in its dim light among the hedgerows and woods that graced with solemn state the Hargrave domain.

Through the open windows of the drawing-room the light streamed out over the fountain, lighting into weird pallor the group of laughing Nalads that the falling shower laved. Through the open casement stole the low, sweet notes of the harp-strings, struck by the fair, patrician fingers of Lady Gertrude de Vere, while the strain of some time-worn ballad mingled, like a fit harmony, with the peaceful scene.

There were gay visitors at the hall to-night; there had been mirth and music and wine. The ladies had withdrawn from the dinner-table, Sir Jasper and the earl were still talking politics, Lord Geoffrey, the eldest son, sauntered down the turf walk to cool his fevered head before he ventured to join the ladies and bask in the presence of the peerless Lady Gertrude. He was a proud-looking man, tall and lithe, with an eye of fiery depth, and a mouth of sternness and self-will; quite "to the manor born" in physique and address, and his air, as he strode down the garden glades, told well the conscious lord.

Suddenly he stopped, startled from his reverie by a white-robed apparition seated under a drooping sycamore. He drew nearer, and

the strange figure, in the sweetest tone in the world, murmured, "Papa?"

"Ah, so it is my lovely Mary!" exclaimed the young man, coming nearer. "I'm glad to find you here," sitting down beside her; "you seldom come to the Hall."

"No, my lord; I was only waiting for papa. He said he would come early, and the night was so fine," rising to go.

"Stay, Mary. You did not shun me once, but since you have grown so beautiful you seem to grudge me a look at you. Do you dislike me so much? We used to be such good friends, Mary."

"Yes, my lord; but now—"

"But now we are older, 'tis no reason we should not speak to each other. Sit down by me, Mary, as you used to do. I've something to say to you."

She obeyed timidly.

"Mary, I must see you more. I cannot have so sweet a flower growing in my garden and I not taste its sweetness. Mary, I love you fondly, madly—you must love me in return!"

She shrank a little from his passionate gesture, and her voice was not firm in reply.

"But noblemen of your high rank never stoop to wed with obscure maidens like me?"

"Not to wed, perhaps; but to love them fondly and deathlessly. Mary—Mary!"

She turned from the proffered caress with a quick, instinctive movement, but not too quick to escape his ardent embrace, and in her sudden fright she uttered a startled cry:

"Papa, papa!"

An iron hand was laid upon the collar of the intruder, a pistol glittered in the moonlight, and two men glared at each other.

"Norman!"

"Geoffrey! I did not think 'twas you." The fires of wrath had not died from the brother's eye.

"Nor did I suspect that I was encroaching upon your ground," with supreme sarcasm.

The pistol was involuntarily raised, but the girl sprang forward with the pleading cry:

"Norman, Norman!"

Her hand was laid on his, the thrill brought peace and forgiveness and love. He whispered:

"For your sake, Mary," then turned towards his frowning, moody brother: "Forgive me, Geoffrey; I did not know 'twas you."

"No; and pardon me for so unwittingly disturbing your appointment. Good-evening, Miss Percival."

He disappeared among the shadows, and Norman turned and wound his arms about the trembling form of his tutor's daughter.

"O, Norman, Norman! what have you done?"

"Nothing, darling, but saved you from him."

"But your father?"

"Is kind, and he always loved you. It will all be right, love. Trust me."

"I do, I do! But your proud spirit is not omnipotent. We cannot tell, Norman, what to-morrow may bring to us."

"It shall bring happiness and peace and content—as sure as the earth stands, it shall!"

"There is papa's step—we must part—good night."

"God keep you, my own!"

An imperative summons came to Norman in the morning to present himself before his father in the library. The young man felt that a fateful hour of his life had come, and he paused to gather strength and coolness. The weakness soon passed, and the pride of the Lenoxes sat upon his brow and in his compressed and haughty lip, as he bowed a stately but filial good morning to the earl.

There was a moment of silence.

"You sent for me," said the youth—"upon urgent business?"

"Well, yes; sit down."

Another silence. At length the earl resumed:

"I have heard that you have a weakness for your tutor's daughter."

"Scarcely a weakness—she is lovely as an angel—"

"Humph! and meet her, in a sentimental way, by moonlight?"

"Since you ask—yes, occasionally."

"I would simply inquire if such conduct is becoming a gentleman?"

"Would you ask such a question with reference to Lady Gertrude?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that Mary Percival is the peer of Lady Gertrude du Vere in all but the accident of birth."

"Moonstruck, by Jove!"

"Perhaps so."

"I suppose I must deal plainly with you. I had not supposed the affair was so serious. Frankly, I had hoped that the innocent loveliness of Mary Percival might be of itself a shield against your baseness, but—"

"Father!"

"Hear me. Since you are using artifice to lure her—"

"'Tis false! By heaven, 'tis false! I love Mary Percival with a love as pure as—as hers. I only wait your consent to make her my wife."

"Lunatic! You well know that the day that sees you wedded to such obscurity, sees you banished from the walls of Hargrave a penniless beggar!"

"This is your answer?"

"Disinherited and disowned."

"But she should be my wife, if love is not an insane falsehood."

"The greater pity for her—the greater shame for you. But she can go away—to New Zealand, India, the Barbadoes, or America. Heavens! to think a son of mine could be so base. Marry her! Transcendental donkey!"

The earl paced the floor in a transport of rage. At length he paused before the dismayed but still haughty youth, and said:

"I will settle this affair. Dare not attempt to see the girl again. In the meantime endeavor to correct your habits of life."

Norman bit his lip with anger.

"The day may come, father, when you may see these things differently; but God knows."

"Well, no more ecstasies. The day may come when you will be older than you are now. Men at nineteen and fifty are apt to view such matters differently. I will see that the girl is taken care of as long as you have sense enough to leave her alone; but marry her, and you may both go to the poor-house. There was never such a stain upon the Hargrave escutcheon, and if I can help it, there never shall be!"

He waved the young man away imperious-

ly, but the hauteur and sternness upon the father's face was strongly reflected in the son's, and he left the room.

But wherefore that tenderness of heart in the breast of a Lennox, that could raise a wayside flower into courtly rank and the halls of princes?

The old household servants used to tell long tales of the saintly goodness of Lady Hargrave—lifting the corner of an apron to their eyes. She seemed to have been one of those delicate blossoms that could not bear the frost of pride and the rude winds of society. Loving and unloved, she had spent her life in silent deeds of charity and kindness, and died young, when Norman was too young to remember her. But they said her spirit had fallen upon him; for while Geoffrey had never an emotion of gentleness and kindness, Norman united his mother's loving nature with all the pride and fire of the earl.

When the tutor came that morning, the Earl of Hargrave told him in an insolent way of the passion of his son, and plainly intimated that they must part. He would send them to America, and settle upon them a life pension generous enough for all their needs.

The old man went out from the hall silent and pallid, and the servants remarked his feeble and faltering steps as he went down the lawn. Some hours after he was found sitting under the same old sycamore, cold and dead.

Then the earl called Mary to him, after her father was buried; he spoke as kindly as he could, for there was a sweet modesty in the young girl's face that won kindness from every one. He told her how impossible it was for her to wed with his son, and so he would send her with Lady Stanford to America.

The poor girl fainted. She had hoped it might not be so—but the worst had fallen.

In spite of all care and watching, the night before they sailed Norman went to Mary's cottage, and the gray dawn had come into the east before he bade her farewell. Then he clasped her more closely in the agony of parting, and said:

"We will live in hope, Mary. If you can bear this heavy cross, it may all be right again some day."

"I can bear it, Norman." But her face was white as the face of the dead.

"I would brave all and go with you, but I cannot bring you to want. And perhaps in a few years—O, it is dreadful to wish a father dead, but this is terrible!"

"You must go."

"Yes; but all the world shall not prevent my writing to you, darling; and be sure to take care of the casket."

"I will, for what should I do without it?"

"And you will keep the secret from all but Lady Stanford. She is good and true; it will be safe with her."

"Yes, I should die if I could not tell her."

Once more he kissed her beautiful lips, and walked with an unsteady step towards the hall.

CHAPTER II.

"I have heard, I know not where, of the wonderful beauty of Maud;

I played with the girl when a child; she promised then to be fair."

DARTMOUTH lies by the sea, in a fair, slumbering beauty of its own. You can see its white, embowered cottages from the harbor, and hear the echoes of the guns through its woods when the English mail-ships steam into Halifax.

Here, remote from other dwellings, close down by the pebbly shore, stood a small cottage, built in a quaint, English style, with low, projecting eaves, lattice-windows, and a portico hung with roses and honeysuckle. Here lived a mother and daughter—strange people, to be sure, Mrs. Lennox and Maud.

The people of Halifax of Lady Stanford's set, remembered that there came with her from England a white-faced, drooping creature, clad in black, who never went into society, and who was known as Mrs. Lennox. Soon a daughter was born to her. Lady Stanford treated Mrs. Lennox with great affection, and they lived together five years, until Lady Stanford died. Then the silent and beautiful widow, as she was called, went to live in Dartmouth, close by the sea-shore. She was a constant and consistent communicant of the church, and was beloved and respected by all, and her society much sought after by the good people of Dartmouth.

Little Maud was too fair to be called beautiful. Her pale yellow curls and white alabaster complexion were too colorless for beauty, yet there was a halo of sweetness about her fairy figure, a loving depth in her heaven-blue eyes, and in the scarlet lines of her rosebud lips, that won all hearts to love her; and as she grew to womanhood an atmosphere of goodwill and affection moulded her lovely nature into a rare type of sweetness and beauty.

And still, as she came forth from the rose-

bad loveliness of her childhood into the full-blossomed perfectness of a rare and radiant womanhood, and the peach-bloom tinted her rounded cheek, and her delicate form grew into a rich development of maiden charms—when her hair grew brown and golden, and the warm light of shy and beautiful fancies danced in her sensitive eyes, there could scarcely be found a lovelier daughter of British blood within all her majesty's wide-spread dominions.

Living in sweet seclusion, she had never known a sorrow that her mother's devotion could not banish with sympathy and love.

Maud Lennox was sixteen when Grant Morison came to Dartmouth from Massachusetts to teach their school. He was a poor orphan, struggling, as Americans only can, for an education. It is only the free-born citizens of republican America that can look up to the highest and proudest of the land, and say, "Smile on; scoff at my low birth and lower purse; yet in spite of all things I may one day be as great as you!" It is this democracy that opens the avenues of honor and wealth to the humblest as well as the proudest, which has made our land the Koh-i-noor of the nations.

So when Grant Morison went to Dartmouth he carried with him all his native dignity of character and pride of birth, deeming himself as good and great as "My lord" this or "the Honorable Mr." that, as long as he knew as much and kept as clear a conscience.

Only in these United States does the opinion popularly prevail that

"The mind's the standard of the man."

Grant Morison had been but a few weeks in Dartmouth before he felt the influence of the depressing state of society in its universal acknowledgment of pride of birth. But he sustained himself by a natural hauteur of address, and unpretentious and dignified modesty and reserve. He had a noble character, generous, true and honorable, and became to be respected even by scions of the peerage and the nabob merchants.

Among his pupils were our English violet and a blooming exotic of the South, Georgia Lisson, a dark-eyed beauty, whose father, once a planter in South Carolina, was now a rich merchant here. The one fond ambition of the Lissons was the hope that their only child might captivate some English lord, and have a name among the titled aristocracy—for wealth on British soil is commonplace and

vulgar without a title. Rank is the beatific vision of England.

Georgia Lisson had her own way in everything; so when she knew that a handsome young Yankee was about to open a school in Dartmouth, she saw a new opening for her coquetties, and determined to dismiss private tutors and go to the school.

Her piquant ways and brilliant beauty quite captivated the young man at first—for who can be insensible to the wiles of a pleasing and beautiful woman?—but it was the gentle sweetness, the loving eyes, and shy modesty of Maud Lennox that crept into his heart with a new and holy emotion. He thought he was captive to the dimples, and roses, and smiles of Georgia, but he woke one day to find that his heart bowed down before the shrine of the saintly Maud.

She was too young and gulleless to know that she loved him. She only knew that he was more noble and manly than all others, and that the sun shone brighter and the flowers were sweeter where he was, though she could not tell why her heart should flutter so at his approach, or why she could not look boldly into his deep, earnest eyes.

Her heaven-blue eyes had haunted him all day. Twice he spoke to her for no reason but to get a look at them, and to see them droop again under their long, silken fringes.

One evening, while the sun was sinking, he went out to walk, and some unaccountable influence drew him in the direction of the cottage by the seashore. The dark old pines rustled dreamily and breathed forth their resinous perfume, the fresh sea breeze blew in from the ocean, the air grew purple in the sunset, and the young teacher thought he had never seen such a glorious evening. It was only the glamour of love, for he had seen hundreds of evenings quite as beautiful.

He came out to the open seashore. Here he found what he was unconsciously seeking—the darling Maud. She was sitting on a rock, twining a garland of rosebuds and cypress. He came softly to her side, he felt the tumult her artless beauty was making in his breast, but his voice was so quiet and calm.

"Maud?"

Such a quick start of surprise—such a beautiful flush of modesty, joy and love as tinted her very brow and beamed from her eyes. If he had doubted before, he must see now that his presence was very sweet to her.

"May I?" sitting beside her.

"O, yes. Isn't it pretty?" holding up the wreath.

He clasped his fingers about the soft, white wrist, while he looked at it till he felt her pulse flutter under his hand.

"Very pretty," he said, as if thinking only of the flowers; "but why do you twine cypress with your roses? That is a sad omen."

"O, mother says that sorrow and joy always go together. You know the cypress grows beside the rose."

"May you never learn this lesson by experience, Maud."

She raised her eyes to his, and saw by the solemn, tender look that he was in earnest.

"No, I never knew a sorrow," she said, musingly, "except when my canary died, and my little white kitten was lost."

The young man smiled.

"Wont you care when the school is done, and I go home, never to come back again?"

It was a cruel experiment; he would have regretted it if he had not known his power to heal the grief he made. Her face grew white with the thought, and she looked up beseechingly.

"Never to come back?"

"Would you care, Maud?"

"O, yes; it has been such a little while—I have never thought of your going away."

She burst into a passion of tears.

"Maud, O, Maud!" He drew her nearer to him, and she leaned her head lightly against his shoulder and sobbed bitterly. His heart was beating as wildly as her own. "Why do you care, Maud?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I feel so strange and nervous. I never thought of your going away. Let me go to mama. I am so weak."

"Not yet, Maud. Lean on me. Do you know why you feel so sad at the thought of our parting?"

"O, it has been so pleasant!" with a sob.

"Let me tell you why," in a whisper, his lips touching her golden curls—"you love me, Maud!"

O, the agony of that look! as if an arrow had pierced her very soul. It was a cruel, cruel thing to teach her the lesson of love so rudely. She turned like a frightened deer, but could not escape from his clasp. His plaintive entreaty, "Do not leave me," partly reassured her, though she was weeping bitterly.

"Will you not tell me that you love me, Maud?"

"I never thought of such a thing before," Mr. Morison.

"I know it—I know it; but I want you to be calmer, and ask your own heart if it makes you happy when I tell you that I love you as I do my own life—yes, better; for I would die for you, Maud! Do you want me to love you so?"

"Do you?"

"God knows I do!"

There was no need of words, as she nestled into his clasping arms, her cup of bliss overflowing with this rare-ripe, ruby wine of life. Neither wished for heaven then. That moment was sweeter far than all the glories of the Celestial City.

Good people tell us how wrong it is to trust in earthly love—to make idols. It may be; yet God made us so. If it is, partings, and estrangement, and deceit are punishment enough for such sin. One could not bear a life of such communion, for who could be willing to die?

"Such bliss would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet."

CHAPTER III.

ALONE.

"How shall the ritual then be read! The requiem how be sung!

By you, by yours the evil eye, by yours the slanderous tongue,

That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?"

If matches are made in heaven, there never could have been a more judicious one concocted in all the celestial regions. They were entirely worthy of each other, Maud and Grant Morison—she, with her childlike innocence, and beauty, and gentle, loving instincts, he, with sterling integrity and manliness. A few moments they sat thus, in the bewildering intoxication of a first, holy, mutual love; then he gently raised her head to look into those liquid eyes that shunned his no longer, in whose azure depths a new and sacred fire was burning—a vestal fire before his shrine. The happiness lay in a tender smile upon his lips as he said:

"Shall we go to your mother, dear?"

She twined her white arms impulsively about his neck again, and in his heart he thanked God for such a guileless and perfect devotion as hers, while he caressingly smoothed the golden hair on her pure brow. It was well he was worthy of her sweet, sinless soul!

He led her to her mother, into the little parlor perfumed with roses and honeysuckle. The pale, loving mother welcomed them in her usual gentle manner; but when Graft, in a brief, manly way, told her he had come for her treasure, a deathlike paleness came upon her face, and she clasped her hands convulsively and only gasped:

"Great Heaven! has it come to this?"

Maud's arms were about her in an instant.

"Mama, I shall not love you less," she cried.

"I could not help loving him, indeed mama I could not!"

"Go to the well, Maud, and bring me some water."

Grant sprang to his feet.

"Let Maud go," the mother said.

When the girl was gone, the woman spoke rapidly, almost wildly:

"I see that Maud loves you—I cannot break her heart, for in my own sacred soul I feel that with some hearts love is the mightiest of all human passions—oftener with woman than man—yet I cannot give my Maud's happiness into the keeping of any man without telling him what has never yet passed my lips—"

She paused, as if for breath, and feebly moaned—"The cross is greater than I can bear!" then, with an effort, went on:

"There is a heavy shadow hanging over the name and birth of my darling child, a cloud that I had hoped might be lifted ere it came to this. I cannot tell you more—if it was sin, God knows the penance is a fearful one. Think of this carefully, and then say if you can take her, shrouded in such mystery."

The face of the young man was marble white as the mother's, but the truth and dignity of his soul spoke in his answer:

"Whatever of shadow, or mystery, or sin may have gathered round her birth, she is guileless as the angels, and I can never love her less."

Maud returned, and he embraced her more tenderly than before, with the whispered endearment:

"Maud—my bride!"

He even respected the broken-hearted woman, who had reared so patiently and so well this sweet flower for him to wear upon his bosom.

"Come to school just the same in the morning, darling," he said, kissing her good night. "No one need know but ourselves, and I want you where I can see you all the time."

So she went to school just the same; and they thought no one could know their delight-

ful secret. But how could he hide the proud feeling of ownership and love, when he looked upon the sweet face of his betrothed?—and who could help seeing the trust and fondness in her gentle eyes as they were lifted to his, and hear in the tender cadences of their voices the notes of affection?

Georgia Lisson saw it, and the fire of her tropical nature burned with the white-heat of passion. To be slighted for that pink and white English baby! Who was she, to rival a Lisson? A nameless wail—a nobody—with a mystery about her life that should bar her from society.

It was a wicked thing, but Georgia Lisson dared to do it.

The sanctity and kindness of her unblemished life had been the passport of Mrs. Lennox into the confidence of her neighbors, and though there had been curiosity to know her early history, there had been no tongue in all Dartmouth evil enough to raise the breeze of slander against her until now.

It was a little cloud in the horizon, scarcely as large as a man's hand, but gathering tempest and blackness, till it rolled in pitiless fury over the soul of the guileless Maud. A coldness, scarcely felt at first, but growing more and more obvious, until one day Maud said to her mother:

"Why do you suppose I have not had an invitation to Mrs. Blane's party? Georgia and Helen were invited—how strange it is!"

"The Saviour was 'despised and rejected of men.' Can you walk in his footsteps, Maud?" the mother replied, with much emotion.

"O, I don't mind it, mama; only they have always been so kind to me."

But the cloud grew darker and darker, and one day at school Maud received a villanous, anonymous note, which ran thus:

"Respectable members of society will not suffer their children to associate in the same school with one *without a name!*"

She found the note upon her desk. Only one could have been desperate enough to do it. For a moment she was puzzled and perplexed, and as the true meaning stole over her mind, and she remembered that in all her life she had never heard a father's name, her reason faltered, and she fell in a deadly swoon.

Grant Morison was frightened into an ashy paleness when he found he could not restore her, and she was borne to her mother, who, upon unlacing her bodice, found the cruel weapon that had slain the peace of her child.

O, that fatal secret, that she must still lock

in her breast! She could have borne her cross alone, but her child! How earnestly she prayed that this bitter cup might be taken from her lips.

Maud rallied at length, but the blighting horror had taken strong hold of her sensitive nature. It colored her whole life with its blackness. Once only she spoke to her mother in an appealing way, and the mother had said, trembling in every nerve:

"It is a fearful secret, Maud, but I cannot tell you now. I hoped that it might all be made plain before this, but God's ways are not our ways. I have borne it long—and cannot you bear it till I die? Lest I should die suddenly, as my father did, let me charge you solemnly to-day to take care of this casket. Here is the key—take it and keep it—never part with the casket, Maud; and when I am gone, you may open it and know all, but not before. The secret is not mine to breathe, even to my child."

Maud listened as in a dream, and turned wearily away.

When her lover came she refused to see him, but he came to her and pleaded that she would lean upon his strength and love, and wear his name for the sake of his deathless affection, which no breath of slander or infamy could undermine.

She made no reply, gave no response to his caresses—neither looked nor spoke.

In the morning she was gone, none knew whither. They felt that she had fled in a fit of insanity, but no trace of her could be found. They searched everywhere. One little fishing-boat was missed from its mooring, but was found upon the Halifax shore; it might have been unloosed by her hands, and it might have slipped away itself—no one could tell.

Two weeks after, the body of a female was picked up among the rocks on the coast, but too disfigured to be recognized; yet they felt that it was Maud—so they buried her, and the mother went to the grave leaning upon the arm of Grant Morison.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MARTYR.

"Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the Ever and the Never,
I shall be soon;—
Lord, tarry not, but come."

SHE had borne her cross bravely and well, that patient, loving woman. It may be heaven-

ly grace sustained her—the soul ripens in the Sun of Righteousness for the better land; but the mighty power of human love sustains the mortal life, cheers the heart, and sustains it through all things. So the mother-love had kept the pulses of this patient, waiting woman aglow with life and health. Now the last tie was severed.

There was nothing now, for which to lift her shadowy hands—nothing to live for now. If she had sinned, her sweet and saintly life had atoned for that sin—and now she was dying.

Grant Morison had come to stay at the cottage by the seashore. Christian hearts were near with kindly ministrations to make her last days peaceful.

There was another who came often here, clad in the white raiments of love and religion, and none could see beneath this snowy veil of heaven the black heart of the author of all this tragedy.

Daily Georgia Lisson bent over the couch of this drooping, childless mother, smoothing her faded locks, and breathing low, loving words of comfort and sympathy. Grant Morison, in the depth of his appalling sorrow, saw, felt, and loved this gentle sister of charity, as she mingled her tears with his over the nameless grave.

Did she think to wed him—this poor son of New England, without rank or wealth, a student, toiling for an education? She was young, wilful and passionate, yet she was proud and vain. No; she would barter her soul's most sacred affections for wealth and station. It came to her.

The October breezes sighed quivering in the pines, and rustled the gold and scarlet leaves of the maple. The window-shade was drawn up, and the lady of the seaside cottage looked dreamily into the amber west, which seemed an image of the golden gates toward which she was hastening. So fair, and white, and spiritual—yet there was a radiance on her face, a heavenly halo of the inner glory, that made the wan martyr beautiful, even while passing away.

Georgia Lisson had made her evening call, and was tucking up her skirts to walk home.

"Can I do anything more for you, Mrs. Lennox? Would you taste this orange?"

"Nothing, dear. What was that gun?"

"I think it must be the London steamer."

"Please ask Mr. Morison to go over to

Halifax for letters. There may be some."

"To-night?"

"Yes. That is all."

She turned wearily on her pillow and murmured:

"O, God! that it might be!"

Miss Liason met Grant Morison in the garden.

"Let me walk home with you," he said.

"Thank you."

They went away together, walking some time in silence. Then Grant drew her arm through his.

"I miss her, Georgia."

Her hand nestled in his.

"She would have been so glad of my great good fortune to-day. Now it scarcely gives me gladness."

"If you would tell me."

"You have been a great comfort to me, Georgia; I cannot forget it. I shall miss you when I am gone."

"You—going?" with the faintest, quivering sigh.

"Yes; but I have not told you. My uncle has died, childless and intestate, and I am heir to a large and rich interest in the cotton manufactures in L—. He was a hard, miserly man, Georgia. I would have begged my bread sooner than ask him for aid, and now his wealth is all mine. I must go on to look after it. Georgia, would you be glad to see me again some day?"

"Always."

"Would you go with me some time? I have none to care for me now."

The small hand in his gave back an answering pressure.

He did not love her—O, no! He longed for rest and sympathy. He scarcely realized that he had virtually asked Miss Liason to be his wife. He did not even kiss her good night as he always did the beautiful lips of his lost one. It was sacrilege to profane that memory thus!

Grant Morison rowed leisurely over to Halifax. An unusual crowd was gathered upon the steamship wharf. He moored his little boat and mingled with the throng. Military dress prevailed, and petty officers, armed with much authority, talked loudly, while those of higher rank stood in solemn stateliness, too exalted to speak at all.

"What's the news? Ireland seceded, or a royal wedding?" he asked of a genuine, imported Cockney.

"'Ave ye not 'eard? Hits ha great day, sir. The new gavenor 'as harrived."

"The new governor? What do you call him in regular British titles?"

"Call him? Why, hits 'is Hexelleney, the Hearl of 'Argrave. You're not han Hinglish-man?"

"I hope not, to murder the king's English that way," he laughed, smoothing his words with a complacent bow of thanks.

As he moved away, he observed a knot of superior officers gathered about a regal looking man, who was speaking earnestly.

"Suppress all popular demonstrations to-night, if you please, Sir Philip. I must go immediately to Dartmouth, quickly and privately. Could you procure me a speedy conveyance?"

"The quickest route, my lord, is by the ferry, if you will wait a moment—"

"I have no time to lose. If you could get a boat—anything—anybody—"

Morison approached.

"If you are desirous of going to Dartmouth, and would accept a seat in my boat, I would be happy—"

"Yes, yes—immediately."

"This way, sir." And before Sir Philip Grover had been able to find a ferryman, Grant Morison was rowing the Earl of Hargrave towards Dartmouth.

"Do you know a lady called Mrs. Lennox?" inquired the earl.

"Yes; I am stopping at her house."

"Is she well?"

"O, no; she has been falling since she lost her daughter."

"Her daughter—dead?"

"Died two months since." His voice was hard, his words laconic. The wound had been deep.

"Take me there as soon as possible."

The British earl vouchsafed no further conversation with his conductor until they reached the door.

"Tell your mistress a gentleman would see her," he said.

"My mistress? I am not her servant, but her friend, Grant Morison, from Massachusetts."

"Excuse me, Mr. Morison, excuse me. I beg your pardon. I am the Earl of Hargrave. Please announce me to Mrs. Lennox."

"Mrs. Lennox," said Grant, tenderly, "could you see a gentleman to-night?"

"Were there any letters, Grant?"

"The mails were not opened. I will see."

"A gentleman—who?"

"A passenger from the steamer—the new governor from England, the Earl of Hargrave."

"O Heaven! no, not him! What can he want with me? I have never troubled him. Perhaps he has relented. Yes, I will see him."

The earl entered. The lamp shone dimly on the soft robes and faintly flushed cheek of the invalid. He came alone—came close to her side, and knelt by her chair.

"Mary?"

"Norman, Norman!"

She did not swoon, though she lay long and helpless on his breast, and he only looked into her faded, grief-stricken face with a pale and agonized countenance.

"Tell me all, Norman."

"In a few words, my beloved. You cannot bear much now. My brother married Lady Gertrude de Vere—it was a childless union. He was a reckless man, and but three months ago, while out on the chase, he got a fall from his horse, and fell on his own hunting-knife, killing him instantly. He was my father's idol, you know; and this sudden blow prostrated him with paralysis, from which he has but just died, and I am now Earl of Hargrave, and appointed governor of Nova Scotia. You must brighten up now, for the Countess of Hargrave should be happy and blooming."

"But if God has called me, dear?"

"O, I cannot spare you now, Mary. Live for me. I have loved you so long, and so prayed for this hour. Mary, you must not die!"

There were great festivities at Government House on the morrow; but those who looked upon the stern countenance of the governor, and marked the pride and dignity of his demeanor, little dreamed of this episode at Dartmouth.

And the good people of Dartmouth little thought why the cottage by the seaside was deserted, and Mrs. Lennox went to live at Government House. Some shook their heads in silent disapproval, as if to say, it was for no good.

Grant Morison went there often, but as he continued his school, in a grave and reticent manner, no one presumed to question him.

Georgia often stormed with passion in the solitude of her own room, at the coldness and neglect of her lover, but as he was kind to her, she still hoped that patience might win its reward. It did.

At length Morison went away from Dart-

mouth to look after his estate. Let us go before him.

The cotton mills which had come into the possession of Grant Morison, looked into the waters of the Merrimac. There was an air of wealth and enterprise in their new brick walls and well painted surroundings. But within—were you ever in one? If you are not predisposed to insanity, you should try it. One might shout to you with the voice of a Stenator, in the weaving-rooms, where the thud of the looms drowns the voice of God's own thunder, and you would open your eyes and say "what?" The carding-rooms are thick with the flying cotton, and you turn sick with the heat and the whirl of the spindles, while at regular intervals, among looms and card-frames, to keep them going, stand automaton figures, once sprightly girls, the pride of some loving home circle, now dignified by the name of "hands," because, forsooth, only their hands are of any value in this sublime institution—ergo: hands have no souls, no sensibility, no joys nor sorrows, no feeling of any kind; they are but parts of the great machinery, and must weary and wear out only when the reeds, and shuttles, and harnesses do.

To-day there was extra bustle and life among these wheels, and spindles, and automations. The overseers and second-hands were everywhere, anxious and busy, and driving the girls to work harder. The new proprietor was coming to inspect the mills. But suddenly the overseer of the upper room observed a set of looms standing still. His brow knit, and he bit his lips with vexation. In an instant he was there. Something had given out. The automaton had sunk down upon a bobbin-box.

"What's the matter here?" he thundered, above the roar of the machinery.

A shudder went through the drooping figure, and a fair-haired girl looked up and struggled to her feet. He saw by the movement of her pale lips that she said:

"I was faint."

"Can't help that, you know. The work must keep running, and if you can't do it, I must get somebody who can. We can't have hands sick to-day, you see." He mended a broken thread of the warp, started the looms and turned away.

The dainty hands threaded the shuttles, the white face looked agonized with the fear of losing her situation. It was no use—she would go out to the stairs and breathe a moment while the overseer was out—she must

work. She sank down faint and breathless upon the stairs. A murmured prayer went from her lips—such a prayer as “operatives” often pray:

“Father, let me die!”

There were steps and voices on the staircase. She started up, but her strength failed her, and she sank back and covered her face. It was the overseer, who laid his hand rudely upon her shoulder.

“Good Heaven! this is too much! Who’s running your looms, Miss Delicate? I’ve borne all I shall from you, I assure you! You can go as soon as you like.”

“But I am so sick—perhaps I will be well soon—in a day or two—”

“No use, no use! ‘Looms must be kept running,’ is my first law, and you know it—”

“Is the young lady sick?” asked the new proprietor, mildly, for he was looking over the mills.

“Yes, sir; hands do get sick sometimes. Girls are uncertain, but I manage to keep all my work running.”

That was his duty, his ruling moral principle. He was hired to keep the work running. He did it.

She made another effort to go back to her work, that life-weary girl, whose only hope of subsistence was the work of those little, puny hands. She raised her head, smoothed back her hair, looked up, and then the light went out of her eyes, the last, fluttering shade of life from her lips, and she fainted.

But why did Grant Morison’s face grow ashen? Why did he spring forward and take that shadowy, childlike form in his arms and cry in tones of anguish:

“For Heaven’s sake bring water!” Then gazing upon the death-pale face that lay against his breast, he murmured:

“O, Maud, Maud! to find you thus! It is some fearful dream—a nightmare. If some one would only wake me. Maud, my Maud!”

The eyes feebly unclosed at the words, then wearily drooped again, but a smile of heavenly sweetness lay upon her lips.

It was no dream, and he bore her to the hotel. It was many days before she recovered from the illness and delirium which followed, to listen to his strange story. And when it was told, she shook her head and turned away.

“There is no evidence,” she said, “there is no proof of all this, Grant. No, I cannot be your wife.”

“But the casket, Maud—where is that?”

“At the boarding-house. But I am not to open it till mother dies.”

“I heard her say she would have given the world if she had shown you its contents. Open it, Maud.”

He sent for her trunk, and she soon had the little ebony casket in her hand. Still she shrank.

“She said there was such a fatal secret—”

“And she regretted that you had not known it. It is right, dear.”

Trembling, she opened it. Old letters. She opened one. The first words were, “My own dear wife.”

“Could it have been that she was really a wife?” she gasped.

Further on it read:

“You must guard my secret well, dear Mary. If my father should ever know, you would be without a home,—I should be disinherited. For our child’s sake, bear this yet a little longer.”

“O, what can it mean, Grant? It is all so strange. It could not be they were married. O, no!”

A picture of a face, young, proud and ardent. Maud gazed long, and tears came on her lashes.

“It is my father! He must have been good and noble—O, he must!” she said passionately. “But I don’t know anything about this, Grant—it’s a law-paper—some deed, or something.”

“What! Maud! God grant—give it to me! O, Maud, my poor, suffering darling, it is all over now—be happy!”

He was so excited. He caught her convulsively in his arms, and nearly frightened the faint life out of her frail little heart.

“What is it? Tell me, quick.”

“Why, the marriage certificate, my precious one! To think you should have suffered so.”

She clung to him in bewildered bliss, half dead with wonder and happiness. He roused her by whispering;

“Lady Maud?”

“No, no; not that—only your own Maud.”

“But I never aspired to the hand of an earl’s daughter.”

“I should have died if you had not found me, Grant. You will not leave me now?”

“With your father’s permission, never. But I little thought when you told me you would not wed me, that you would one day plead for my love.”

“How cruel!” hiding her blushes in the most natural place in the world.

A paper fluttered to the floor. He picked

it up, and recognizing the handwriting, said:
 "So you have kept the little notes of Georgia? May I?"

"O, that is not Georgia's. It is the terrible letter that first told me that wretched story."

He read it, and wrath gathered on his brow.

"O, that fiend! vampyre! Hecate of the lowest pit!—Georgia Lisson!"

Maud did not know why he was so overcome. He had not learned how much of sin the human heart could hide.

He took Maud back to Government House where she was greeted as one from the dead. But that meeting was a sacred thing; let no hand draw the veil.

It was soon known everywhere how the earl was married in early life, and how their secret had been kept through all things by the patient, loving wife, and would have been, even unto death. They had their reward. Their life-lesson had taught the earl how sacred are the heart's affections. So the romance-loving public were not so greatly startled when the governor's daughter was united to an unknown American.

Grant Morison wrote a long letter to Georgia Lisson. None knew its contents; but the Lissons left Dartmouth very suddenly and quietly. No one knew where they went, but supposed they must have returned to the South.

BROKEN-HEARTED.

BY ABBIE M. FOLLANSBEE.

Come to me to-night, my darling,
 Press thy warm lips close to mine;
 Let thine arms once more enfold me,
 To that warm, strong heart of thine.
 Lay thy hand, in fond caressing,
 Once more on my throbbing brow;
 Breathe my name in tender accents,
 For my heart is breaking now.

I have heard the angels calling,
 All this long bright summer day;
 And I know they're waiting near me,
 And will bear my soul away;
 Bear it upward, through the azure,
 To the unknown thither shore,
 Where we know, for Jesus told us,
 Earthly sorrows come no more.

Never, never quite forget me,
 For I've loved thee O how well—
 Let my lost life, and the anguished
 Heart that's breaking for thee tell.
 Olden memories crowd around me,
 From the shadowy past, to-night;
 But they only come to mock me
 With their tender, changeful light.

And I see among those memories
 Thy dear form, but not alone
 Comes the vision forth to meet me—
 There's another, all thine own,
 Who in perfect trust has blended
 With thine own, her pure, sweet life,
 And I, gazing, murmur "angel!"
 But your proud heart calls her wife.

Do not tell her why I'm dying,
 Let no shadow cloud her brow;
 And in heaven I'll pray our Father
 Keep her young life pure as now.
 I was not to blame for loving,
 For I knew not she was thine;
 But with knowledge comes repentance—
 Never deeper one than mine.

Now the angels who have called me
 All this long bright summer day,
 Bend with shadowy forms above me,
 Wait to bear my soul away.
 Tenderly they'll bear it upward,
 To the rest which God has given;
 Whispering, though earth's blossoms wither,
 There's endless bloom in heaven.

AN EPITAPH.

One evening Douglas Jerrold was at a party where several other literary men and publishers were assembled, and the conversation turned upon epitaphs. Jerrold gave his opinion that an epitaph should not consist of more than one or two words, including the name.

When the laugh had subsided, for no one dreamed he was in earnest, Charles Knight, who was present, handed a piece of paper and a pencil to Jerrold, and begged him to write his (Knight's) epitaph. Jerrold took the paper and instantly wrote down two simple words, "Good night!"

LORA LEE.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

*"Und dies hat die Lurelei gethan."**

"AND so you like my Latakia?"

"It is ~~at~~ to have been filled into the chibouque of Haroun el Raschid by the henna-tipped fingers of Zobeide herself."

"The spell works. I felt that I was bringing home a fragment of the Orient when I saw old Mustapha enclose my purchase in its many wrappers, each more gaudy and more useless than the other. He was the specimen Turk, my medico, with turban, flowing beard, and all that. He cheated me out of a plastre and a half in making change, and did it so magnificently I did not dream of expostulating."

"Pity so gorgeous an institution as Turkdom is doomed," said the doctor, reflectively, as he sent rings of vapory smoke floating upward high above his head.

"Doomed! Everything graceful and beautiful in this world is doomed. Earth has outlived childhood and youth, and now, coming to middle age, she tosses toys and fairy tales into the corner, and devotes herself in ugly earnest to work and money-making."

"Thank Heaven that didn't send me into the world a century later. Thank Heaven, too, that the appointed days of man are but threescore and ten, and I have well nigh half lived out my term. I shall hit just about right,—the last frigate, the last Turk, and I will go down together."

"Frigate! You don't admire the race of Monitors, then?"

* The Lurelei, according to popular German superstition, is a beautiful syren who frequents a dangerous pass of the Rhine, and seated upon a rock in the midst of the rapids, sings to her golden harp songs of such alluring sweetness, that he who dares to listen soon finds it impossible to resist her invitations, and plunging into the tide meets instant death among the cruel rocks and whirlpools. There are several songs common in Germany, especially among the students of the universities, turning upon this tradition, and one of the most popular has for a refrain at the end of each verse the words:

"Und dies hat die Lurelei gethan."

And this hath the Lurelei done.

The word Lurelei in the German pronunciation sounds not unlike the name Lora Lee.

"Murder-machines they should be called, unless Monitor means that they are sent to admonish men of the death of chivalry and individual courage. All very well for you bustling utilitarians of the new world, but for my part I have lived long enough in the East to prefer handicraft to machinery, whether in wearing shawls and muslins, or in killing men. By the way, I have a shawl for your wife when my traps come ashore. I bought it the day I heard of the marriage—chose it out of a bale just unloaded from the back of a camel, who had borne it over many a mile of desert sand. I saw the caravan come in, and didn't lose sight of it till it reached the bazaar."

"It was like you, Fritz, and Fanny shall give you a kiss of acknowledgment. But I hope you chose another for your own wife—who is to be."

"No, for I can allow her to please her own fancy in the selection, she being upon the spot. When I marry, medico, I shall buy my wife in the slave market of Stamboul—and at the same time I will invest in a duenna to watch her day and night. Even then she will cheat me sooner or later, but it will be no great shock, having made up my mind to it from the beginning. Not to be compared with the blow one gets who trusts a woman of civilization, for they have learned to feign so well, one perpetually cheats himself into the belief that they have souls."

"And have they none?" asked Doctor Gray, stealing a smiling glance at Fanny's portrait beaming down upon him from the wall over his friend's head.

"Not they, more than kittens, or birds, or those lovely little green snakes we used to kill in Georgia,—those living emeralds, whose form was beauty, and whose touch was death."

"Fritz, what has happened to you to curdle the milk of human kindness so completely in the direction of womankind at last?"

"Life, my boy; that's all."

"Then you've taken hold of life the wrong way," asserted the young husband, stoutly. "Poor Varney used to say, that some day you and the world would fall out with each other, because you lived in the Ideal, and the world is terribly Real."

"But you forget; he finally acknowledged that the truest Real is the Ideal, and whatever opposes it is the mere perversity of humanity."

"He was full of quaint conceits, poor, dear old fellow," sighed the doctor.

"Poor! He is the richest man I know. All heaven and earth lie within the grasp of his fancy, though often enough he has not one sou to rattle against another in the pockets of his artist's blouse."

"That doesn't matter to him now. He's dead, Fritz."

"Dead! Jasper Varney dead!"

A cloud from the fragrant Latakia veiled the face of the traveller for a moment or two, and then he asked, hoarsely:

"How, and when?"

"He fell at 'Seven Pines,' with the thrust of a rebel bayonet in his heart—but it was broken before that."

"The noblest heart earth ever saw—pierced by man, and broken,—tell me, was it not a woman broke it?"

"A woman? An evil spirit in the garb of one," said the doctor, bitterly. "A creature as fair and fatal as those green reptiles of whom you spoke but now."

"No, I will not have even the Circassian, but resolutely turn my back upon all works of the devil, be they never so fair. Tell me, Gray, tell me the story."

"Ned, I am going to dress. You promised to go with us, cousin Fritz."

It was the doctor's wife who put her pretty head in at the study door, and having delivered her hint with an expostulatory little cough (she couldn't be expected to appreciate Latakia), withdrew it, and ran singing up the stairs.

"Fanny means it is time for us to break up our conclave, and get ourselves into evening trim," said the doctor, shaking the ashes from his meerschaum with a laugh.

"Gray, I would never have come home from the East, but for three reasons. You were one, Varney another—"

"And the third?" asked the doctor.

"The third—well, I suppose it will baulk me as the other two have done. I'll not tell it; at least, not now."

"The other two, Fritz? Have I disappointed you?"

"Varney is dead," mused the traveller, pursuing his own thoughts, unheeding the other's expostulation, "and you are grown prosperous, and have leagued yourself with the enemy."

"With the devil, do you mean? Doctor Schippenhof said so, when I cured the patient he had given over."

"No," said Fritz, coolly, "I don't mean the devil, but the subtlest of his temptations—a woman."

"Your cousin will be highly gratified by the character you give her sex," retorted the doctor, drily.

The mysogonist made no reply, and the momentary displeasure of his friend evaporated as he marked more attentively than he yet had done, the changes that seven years of absence had wrought upon Fritz Fielding's handsome face.

The dark eyes that he remembered so frank and joyous, now were habitually haggard and gloomy. Upon the temples, left bare by the thinning hair, sorrow had written her story in hieroglyph as pregnant, and as undecipherable as the archives of the Pharaohs. The magnificent Eastern beard, almost hiding the cynical lips, was thickly sown with silver, and the voice, of old so hearty and full of mirth, had deepened in tone, and taken on a weary and bitter strain, not so obvious in the first hours of reunion, as now that the conversation had assumed a more personal tone.

Doctor Gray, as his friend had said, was a prosperous man; more than that, he was a happy man—two conditions well adapted for developing the selfishness inherent in human nature; but also he was a kindly-tempered and warm-hearted man, and as his eyes now scanned with a new appreciation the altered face before him, and mentally compared it with that of the youth who had grown into manhood beside him, and had ever been the dearest friend of those joyous years, his conscience smote him that he had not sooner perceived the change and proffered the sympathy whose need as he now began to suspect, had brought home from the antipodes the weary, way-worn man before him.

"I say, old fellow, what is it, any way?"

The tone, the words, no longer those of the fashionable physician, but ringing with the boyish heartiness of old student days, struck a chord in the traveller's heart that in the last four-and-twenty hours he had bitterly told himself was forever silenced.

He looked up suddenly and held out his hand.

"I beg your pardon, Ned."

"My pardon, Fritz—for what?"

"My thoughts. I fancied you were—"

"No matter what," hastily interposed the

other. "Like enough you'll think so again to-morrow, and I'd rather not know, though I can guess. You forget, Fritz, that we men of the West never are at a standstill, like everybody and everything in the dead East. Seven years, I see it now, has changed the face of everything here, and I dare say you thought to find us all just as you left us. But the heart is the same, Fritz, if only you will be satisfied to see it under another form. You believe that, old fellow."

"I see, I see, Ned. I was a fool, as I have been all my life, that's all."

"Not a fool, but an idealist, as Varney said."

A knock at the door.

"Well!"

"Mrs. Gray sent me to tell you, sir, that it is after ten, and the carriage will be here in half an hour."

"Very well, I shall be ready. Come, Fritz; I know you don't fancy it, but it's far better for you to go to this pow wow than to stay moping here. Besides, Fanny won't let us off if we wanted it. So go and get into your toggery."

"O, I've no notion of backing out," said Fielding, re-assuming without apparent effort the indifferent and cynical air of the cosmopolitan, now become familiar to him. "One gets a little spoony talking over these old times, but I'm all right now, Ned."

The doctor glanced at him with professional keenness as he turned down the gas, and smiled a little incredulously while saying:

"I'm glad you don't mind going to Mrs. Decatur's. If you need anything more than you've brought ashore, my wardrobe is as much at your service now, as yours used to be at mine, in the old student time. Those were jolly days in the *Quartier Latin*, Fritz."

"I've seen none since to match them," responded the traveller, with a laugh, and they separated to dress.

Eleven o'clock tinkled the drawing-room *pendule*, and a Parisian grisette issuing from Mrs. Gray's bedchamber followed down the stairs a jaunty *debardeur*, who a moment before had left the doctor's dressing-room.

Entering the drawing-room they were encountered by the stately figure of a Turk with flowing robes and jewelled turban, who gravely salaamed at their approach.

"Bismillah, alla il alla, on your head be it, and all the rest," exclaimed the *debardeur*. "Upon my word I never should have guessed at your identity, friend Mustapha, or whatever your name may be."

"Nor I," chimed the pretty grisette with a merry little laugh. "But it is so absurd for you men to accuse us women of coquetry and vanity. As if Fritz didn't know how becoming that turban is, and as for you, Ned, you never would have done admiring yourself, if I had not come and fairly pulled you away from the looking-glass."

"Yes, so as to get a chance at it yourself," retorted the doctor, and the three, in joyous mood, went down the stairs, to the waiting carriage.

"Goodness, what a crowd!" murmured the grisette, as clinging to the arm of the *debardeur*, she timidly essayed to penetrate the vortex of strange figures pushing in and pushing out of the door of the reception-room.

"There is Mrs. Decatur, but how ever are we to reach her? Come, Fritz."

"Leave me behind, Fanchette, just now. I'll pay my respects by-and-by, but I must have time to get up my courage a little before taking the fatal plunge."

Then was no time for expostulation, as Robin Hood with *Mald Marian* on his arm had already replaced the Turk at Fanny's side, and all her attention and activity were soon engrossed in the effort to keep herself from being entirely torn to atoms by the crowd, in whom the partial loss of identity involved in assuming a fancy dress, had apparently aroused a still more savage recklessness of the rights and comfort of other persons, than usually characterizes a fashionable mob.

An hour later, Doctor Gray after diligent search found his friend in a corner of the music-room, leaning wearily against the wall, and listening to the nonsense of a gay party gathered around the piano with such a look of intense scorn and disgust upon the small portion of his face left uncovered by beard and turban, as might well befit an Oriental, witnessing for the first time the follies and extravagances of a modern fashionable assembly.

"Good heavens, Fritz, how bored you look!" ejaculated the doctor, in a low voice.

"Bored! It's worse than that, Ned. Girls and boys weren't such fools ten years ago, were they?"

"Just the same thing, only then we were in it, and now we're out," retorted the doctor, coolly. "What you say now, I suppose the oldsters said then; of us, and by-and-by, these young folk will say it of the next set. But

come with me. I've been looking for you to show you a person that's here."

"A person? Don't introduce me then, I'm too sulky to-night to be civil."

"You needn't be afraid. I'd no notion of introducing you. I hope she hasn't moved."

"She!" exclaimed the Turk, pausing contemptuously. "I won't come. I've seen women enough to-night to last me till I can get on board ship again, and put the Atlantic, at least, between me and them."

"I dare say, but nevertheless you must come and look at this one, to oblige me. You'll want to see her when I have told you about Varney"

"O, if it is that one, I should like to see her."

And the friends slowly made their way through the long suite of apartments to the conservatory. This, as Mrs. Decatur was an eager florist, was an unusually large and well filled building, with a wide promenade between the pyramidal flower-stand in the centre and the stagings at the side. Behind these again, was a narrow passage next the glass, intended for the convenience of the gardener, and seldom entered by visitors, as nothing was to be seen, except empty pots, water tanks, sponges, heaps of mould, moss, and the usual litter of a greenhouse.

Into this narrow alley, however, the waterman now led the way, closely followed by the Turk. Arriving at the angle, formed by the long side and narrow end of the parallelogram, Doctor Gray paused behind the woodwork of the staging, and quietly motioned his friend to pass before him, and look down the transverse alley.

The space between the back of the flower-stands and the glass had at this end been nearly filled with some large japonicas and other shrubs which the gardener had put out of the way until they should be in bloom and ready for exhibition. It was sheltered by these, and through the interstices of their branches, Fritz gazed, himself unseen, at the solitary figure of a girl who stood at the other angle of the conservatory, leaning lightly against the corner of the flower-stand; every wave of her golden hair, and line of her draperies rendered distinctly visible by the light of the full moon, whose cold, calm radiance made a strange and blessed contrast with the feverish glare, that had for the last hour oppressed the eyes and brain of the unconventional traveller.

She seemed a creature of the moonlight.

Tall beyond the wont of her sex, and very slender, her graceful form was draped in a robe of shadowy sea green gauze, whence arose her milk white neck and shoulders like a mermaid rising through the waves. The graceful head, with its loosely flowing golden hair, swayed lightly forward, but the large hazel eyes were raised and fixed upon the moon, with a pleading anguish in their depths akin to that which curved the line of the faultless lips. Even the rounded arms hanging so straight before her, with the slender fingers nervously entwined, spoke of sadness, bitter sorrow, nay, despair. At her feet lay a small antique harp, and water lilies crowned her head, and drooped from her slender waist.

At first, Fielding's artist eye taking in the whole scene with its fantastic details, expressed only unemotional admiration, as if that quiet figure had indeed been no more than the statue of a sea nymph longing for the immortality she might never grasp.

But as his eye, returning from the slender, tight clasped hands, dwelt with more minute scrutiny upon the pale, pure profile and the lifted eye, the traveller murmured a name—a name that had not crossed those cynical lips for seven long years, though never a day had shone, never a night had darkened in all those years bringing forgetfulness to Fritz Fielding of that name, and all that it implied.

His eyes grew dark and glittering, and had the girl turned suddenly and beheld them shining at her through the dark green leaves, she might have fancied some evil thing lay hidden there, watching and waiting till he should make her his prey.

But her own sad thoughts filled all the sea nymph's consciousness, and still she stood motionless, her wistful, yearning gaze fixed on the un pitying moon, while as unswervingly the baleful eyes of the woman-hater shone from amid the glossy japonica leaves, bearing in their glances such scorn, and hate, and withering pity, as the men of old may have fixed upon a beautiful sorceress justly condemned to die the death.

And from the halls beyond, came sweeping fitfully the minor measure of the dance music, rising and falling in cadence of wildest melody, the soul of all sadness sobbing beneath the harmony the inmost secret of the artist's heart; and near at hand, the heavy blossoms, conscious of the night exhaling their drowsy incense, till the air was burdened with the intoxicating perfume. And through the tinkle

of the waterfall, came the far off ripple of girlish laughter, and the hum of many voices, vague as the wind that stirs the summer leaves.

Years of suffering, years whose passage had left a burning brand on heart and brain, a withering grasp on form and feature, had fled away, and the world-worn man again was tasting the boy's delight, yet with a bitter, underlying consciousness that the dream was *but* a dream, and the waking close at hand, when an impatient hand plucked at his sleeve, and beckoned him to follow. Impatiently enough he obeyed.

"Come away. If you look at her any longer before you know her story, she will have you swayed like all the rest, and you'd better buy the most soulless doll in Constantinople than to give yourself up to this enchantress."

These words spoke Edward Gray half-lightly and half-angrily, as he led the way to a deserted alcove of the library, and seated himself therein.

"Tell me about Varney."

The words were stern, even peremptory in their tone, but the doctor, busy with his own thoughts and purpose, did not notice more than their import.

"So I am intending," said he. "And that is why I took you to see that girl. Fritz, I tell you that lovely as you saw her there, bewitching as you would find her voice, her manner, her motion, and the thousand graces with which she lures her prey, no fiend can have a heart more cruel, a will more determined, a mission more diabolical. She is accursed. Everything that loves her perishes, or creeps away with all the sunshine stricken from its life."

"You have loved her," said Fritz, coldly.

"I? Do you know—. Well, yes, Fritz, I loved her for a month, and then she threw me by with all the purpose of my life drained out of me—a worthless husk, as I then thought, was all that remained for me; but, Fritz, you know it, I dare say, and I know it, too, for she told it me in so many words. I am not 'a man of large heart, or delicate organization enough, to long cherish a hopeless love,' so she says. So, after a while, I got through it—after a sort. But that was all I ever shall know of love. Dear little Fanny—I am as fond of her as possible—but it's not the same thing, you see."

"I see, yes. Go on."

"Her mother died when she was born.

Her brother, who worshipped her as I have heard, died while she was a child. At school if she fixed her love upon one of the many girls who admired her grace, wit and beauty, that girl fell ill, or met with misfortune, or suffered the penalty of her friend's misdeeds."

"She left school suddenly, on account of her health, and went away into the country to her grandmother. A year after, the grandmother died. But in the meantime, she had tried her wiles upon a lad, a country boy, who lucklessly fell in her way. He used to meet her in her walks, and bring her flowers and bird's eggs and such like rustic treasures. She, I suppose, would talk in her low voice, and smile, and sigh, and glance, and murmur words whose meaning was to be guessed, not sworn to—O, I have seen it all, Fritz."

The doctor paused, and wiped his brow, moved beyond his wont. The other, looking at him with hard, cold eyes, neither spoke nor moved.

"Then she used—she told me this herself—to find him in the woodland paths, lying upon the ground, and kissing the earth her feet had trod. She dropped a handkerchief, no accident I'll be sworn, and going back to look for it, found this lad kissing and fondling it, as it had been herself. Then she showed the other side of her nature, and haughtily reproved him for the presumption she herself had fostered.

"He writhed upon the earth at her feet, begging for one kind word, or token, or even look. She laughed, and left him there. The next morning they found him floating in the river, and none but herself guessed at the secret of his death.

"She told it to me herself, I say; and told it as coldly and calmly as if it had been a tale she had heard, but whose characters had never crossed her path. Then she came here to live with her father, who, caring for nothing but his money, has escaped the doom of those who love his daughter.

"She was nineteen then, a beauty, and an heiress. Of course the world threw itself at her feet, and of course she first cajoled, then spurned it. I believe I was the first victim, and few have escaped as well. Others have died, have gone mad, have fled to the ends of the earth, or have turned misanthropes and worldlings—in fact, Fritz, there is hardly a variety of despair and woe, that has not overtaken the victims of this beautiful fiend in the course of the last six years. And no one will be warned.

"Varney was the last. She went to him to have her picture painted. I was in the studio, and caught a chance to beg him to refuse. He stared at me, and accepted, joyfully, I saw then how it would be, and though I spoke to him that very night, and told him everything, begging him for God's sake not to lose his heart to her, though I saw that his head was already gone, it was all of no use.

"For months she played with him as a kitten does with a mouse. Luring him on, snaring him deeper and deeper, letting him believe what he would, and even while saying nothing, keeping him at her feet between hope and despair, till the moment came when she tired of the sport, and then she let him speak, and when he had coined his very heart into words to tell his love, she crushed him with her cruel scorn.

"That was her favorite way. She has a trick of repelling, even while she allures, so that no man dares overstep the limits she is pleased to fix, until the moment comes for the *coup-de-grace*, and then the poor fool blindly rushes on to the end.

"It was too much for Varney. He, at least, was 'a man of large heart and delicate organization enough to cherish a hopeless passion' till it killed him. He went from her house and enlisted in a company recruiting to join a regiment then in the advance. The same night he came to bid me good-by, and if ever I saw a fellow doomed to die, he was. I never shall forget—no, not if I live a hundred years, the horrible sobe that shook him from head to foot, as he tried to repeat the words she said. I never saw a man suffer so in my life, Fritz, and I have seen all degrees of pain and misery, both mental and physical. I declare to you, I was glad when I heard, a month later, that he lay dead at Seven Pines. The same hour that I heard the news, I went to carry it to her. I told it as bluntly and directly as I could with words, and she—she looked me straight in the face, and said:

"O, yes, I remember. The young man whom I employed to paint my picture. What other news have you this morning?"

"If it had not been that her lips turned as white as her teeth, her nonchalance would fairly have forced me to believe that poor Varney had lost his wits, and fancied all he told me. But no, he lies there in a bloody grave, and it is she who has placed him there."

"Und dies hat die Lurette gethan!" murmured Fielding.

"Eh, what? Lora Lee do you say? I didn't remember mentioning her name. I hate her so I never do when I can help it."

"No, Ned, I was only repeating a line from a German ballad, brought to my mind by your story. Of the story itself, I do not now wish to speak. The third person whom I came home to see, is here, and I want to get the interview over. Supper is announced I hear. Don't look for me, I'll take care of myself."

Hastily returning to the conservatory, Fielding found it, as well as the adjacent rooms, deserted by the supper-thronging crowd, and so utter was the silence that at first he feared the Undine had vanished also.

Making his way down the alley silently opposite to that he had taken before, he came suddenly upon her, still, in the same place, still holding unconsciously that attitude of mute despair, while now great tears rolled silently down, sprinkling the water lilies at her waist with sparkling dew, as she mutely invoked Heaven's pity, or perhaps its wrath so it might cut short her woeful life.

The noiseless step of the Turk brought him to her side, and it was not till the moonbeams flashed upon his gorgeous dress, that she perceived her solitude had been invaded. With haughty grace, and instant self-possession, she silently made a movement as if to pass him, but disregarding it, the Oriental quietly stood, closing up the narrow path, while he mockingly asked:

"Do the Lurellies draw their enchantments from the moon? The magicians of my native land turn rather to the stars."

"I will pass, sir, if you please."

"Nay, be not in such haste. I bring you a message from beyond the seas, as in the old ballads the palmers gray were wont to greet the fair, false dame of the absent knight."

"A message? And from whom?"

"From one who loved you with a boy's fervor, and a man's persistency. He said you would know that I came from him by this token."

From his breast the Turk drew forth a small and curiously carved India box of sandal wood, and as he opened it the subtle perfume, breathing of all the Orient floated out upon the midnight air. Within, upon a lining of blue silk, lay a many-coiled ringlet of yellow hair, tied with a bit of blue ribbon embroidered at one end with the initials "L. L.," and at the other, "F. F."

Taking the box into her own hand, Miss Lee minutely examined its contents. Then

returning it, while a slight shudder ran through her frame, forcing her to lean for support against the flower-stand, she said, unsteadily:

"And what message did the person who gave you that token send to me?"

The Turk moved slightly, so that the moon-light, falling aslant, cast the shadow of his turban across his face, and answered, slowly:

"I hardly know, he bid me say so much. He charged me in the beginning, to recall him to your memory as he was when you first met him, hunting among the hills of the Chateau-gay; that summer, when, you at eighteen, and he at five-and-twenty, roamed the forest happy and innocent as two children, he telling you tales of the great world beyond the seas whence he had but then returned, and you shilly hoping for the time when you should visit those fair scenes with him. Do you remember this, sweet?"

"Go on."

"Nay, but do you remember? I was bid to make sure step by step, that followed me."

"I remember."

"That is well. Next I was to ask, do you remember when the time came that he must leave you for a few brief weeks, how you hung weeping upon his neck, and vowed that without his presence life were more a curse than a blessing, how you vowed again and again that he, and only he, should be your love, your lord, the master of your destiny? Do you remember this?"

"O shame! He never bid you speak such words—never. Let me pass, I will not listen."

"Will you not hear the message I have come so far to speak? It is a strange one, I promise you."

"Say it now, then. What matter these reminiscences?"

"It is not of me you should ask that; I am but the messenger, and I will do my errand in its due order, or not at all. Do you remember that parting scene?"

"Yes, yes; I remember it."

"I see that you do. Next, do you remember another day, a month; mind you, but four little weeks later, when your lover returning unexpectedly, leaving affairs that demanded his presence, because he could no longer be parted from you, hoping to give you a sweet surprise? Faith, you were too cunning for him then, Lurette. It was he who was surprised and shamed, not you, when he found you seated beneath the very tree where you had kept many a tryst with him, and

listening complacently to the clownish adoration of a plough-boy. Do you remember this?"

"No," answered the lady, quickly and haughtily.

"No? A pity then that I have crossed the seas for nought. I may not do the message unless all these incidents live in your mind as clearly as in his to whom you gave this token."

He turned as if to go, but in a sharp, clear voice, she bade him stay.

"I remember the scene, but it was too harshly interpreted. That boy—"

"Nay, lady, I ask no explanation. I am but an ambassador. You remember, that is enough."

"Next, I recall to your mind, through the weeks following the return of him you had so passionately vowed to love through all time, you made of the devotion he had so freely offered you, an instrument of torture and a subject of your merry scorn. Because he revolted at your allowing that rustic admirer to haunt your steps, you took him into your most familiar companionship, listened to his ignorant folly, as it had been the wisdom of a god, admired his boy beauty openly in his absence, by unmistakable *inuendo* in his presence. Well, I see that you remember this, too, and I will not dwell upon it, though I might recall many a bitter scene of those last days, as they have been narrated to me, by him I need not name."

"I pass to the end. The day when, worn out, exasperated, maddened by his sufferings, this man came to you, and bid you make an end of your summer's sport; to give him in honest words your purpose regarding him; to choose once for all between the honest, manly love he still could give you, or—he would not say that clown, he did not insult you by supposing that more than your vanity bound you to one in every way your inferior, but the love of coquetry. He tried to touch your heart, he tried to rouse your pride, he recalled the vows you so joyfully had made to him, so short a while before. He exhausted himself in the effort to wake your better nature, and when he was silent, you stung him with your taunting laugh, and said,—do you remember, Lurette, the answer you made to the man, whose whole life hung in the balance waiting for your decision? Do you remember?"

"Yes," whispered the white lips.

"You can correct me then if my memory should fail. I think that what you said was,

that if your power over one man was as great as you now perceived, it would be a wonderful amusement for you to try the same spell upon others of the species; that he to whom you spoke, had served right well for a summer's pastime, but that in truth you had long been weary of him, and was quite ready to say good-by, especially now that he was forgetting his place, and assuming to control instead of obeying you, as was his duty. That as to the rustic of whom he spoke so disparagingly, you did not know—you had not resolved—you liked him better than you had at first intended. At any rate he whom his own words had just set free, had no longer liberty to question, or remark upon your course.

"Then you mockingly held out your hand in ceremonious leave-taking, and followed him to the door with a pleasant remark upon the autumn weather. These details are correct, are they not?"

The strength to hold herself upright had failed her, and as he spoke she sunk down almost at his feet, a shapeless heap, unmindful, in her great remorseful agony of pride, of form, and the cold reticence of years. She, who in all those years had never shed a tear till that night, sobbed at last.

No sound, save those moaning sobs, the tinkle of the waterfall, and from the dancing hall, the low notes of a flute fingered by some amateur, lingering behind the rest. No sight, but the weeping woman, crouching at his feet, the moonlight glinting on her golden hair, and soft white neck and arms, while the crushed water lilies gave out their dying breath, to mingle with the sandal perfume of the casket still open in his hand.

At last it was in his grasp. The revenge that he had longed for, dreamed of, crossed the world to seek; he had it now, and richer, fuller, fairer, than he had ever dared to picture even in his fervid fancy. At his feet, his very feet, and sobbing her soul away, while he stood stern and calm.

Sweet and full revenge for all those years of wasted life and purpose, and even as he shaped the thought within his mind, he could have groaned with rage, to see how mean, and small, and pitiful, it had turned, even in the moment of fruition. More than he had ever hoped, and yet so very small, and already returning to gnaw at his own heart!

Again! was ever he to spend himself in pursuit of a vain ideal, and grasp only a disillusionizing Real? was there no true-seeming

thing beneath the sun? The very disappointment wrought in his heart new bitterness. At least he would gather all the fruit of his pitiful harvest. Was it not after all her fault that he suffered this fresh humiliation?

So he said yet more sternly:

"You do not speak. Are my words true?"

"They are true. But O, have mercy—"

"Mercy! What is the meaning of that word?" he slowly asked. "Is it what drove the man of whom we speak from friends, and home, and hope, and even his own identity, and sent him to live at the antipodes, under a feigned name, and an individuality not his own? Is that the mercy you crave? Well, perhaps it is here in the message, you so patiently have waited for.

"He bid me say to you that on the accursed day he first met you, he was young, both in soul and body. Full of faith in God, and love to his fellow-man; full of generous impulses, and vigorous determination; full of hope, and confidence, and strength.

"And what is he now? A man old before his time, embittered, warped, stunted in moral and intellectual growth, indifferent alike to himself and others—no, for he holds most men in hatred, all women in contempt; the ruined outline of a noble plan, the miserable failure of what should have been a triumphant success. A man whose abilities either idly rust, or turn to ignoble ends; who has only abstained from vice because it failed to retain his apathetic fancy; a man without faith, or hope, or trust in his own soul, or belief in the honor of any man, the worth of any woman. And on you, Lora Lee, on your heart, and conscience, and memory, he lays the weight of this terrible destruction, this death in life, that has fallen upon him from your hand. And this is the message I have brought you from over the seas, and justified out of your own memories."

The crowd pouring out of the supper-room, encountered a strange, rude man, wrapped in a cloak, and wearing a turban upon his head, who with fixed eyes and uncompromising directness, jostled his way through their midst, with small regard to crushed dresses and aggrieved head-gear, till, reaching the hall-door he made an unceremonious exit.

"Very odd!" and, "very disagreeable!" and, "what a brute!" and, "who is he?" "Nobody knows," were the various comments that accompanied and followed him, and then the crowd, swarming up stairs again, dispers-

ed themselves through the rooms, and presently two or three of her admirers found Miss Lee sitting on the marble bench in the conservatory, watching the play of the fountain, and of course took the opportunity to make many complimentary allusions to water nymphs and Undines, and one young fellow, fresh from a German college, took her little golden harp into his hand, and to a mimic accompaniment sang the song of the Lurelei with much applause, especially for the fair lady who bore the character.

Then, protesting that she had not seen half her friends, she accepted one of the proffered escorts, and promenaded all the rooms, pausing here and there for a light word, a sparkling jest, a graceful recognition, or a brief tilt of *badinage*, among her numerous friends.

The world agreed that Miss Lee had never appeared to better advantage than on this occasion, and that none of the younger belles could in the least rival the peculiar fascination of her manner.

So when she had made sure of her impression, the woman of society gave herself time to rest, and pleading fatigue and a headache, sent for her chaperone and her carriage, and went home, but not to sleep.

"Well, sir Turk, that was a scurvy trick you played us last night," remarked Doctor Gray, as his guest appeared at the late breakfast-table of next morning.

"Probably you were shocked at seeing so many unvelled women," suggested Fanny, as she prepared a cup of Mocha.

"That was it. Will you wear a yashmak if I will show you how? I believe I have a woman's dress among my gear."

"O, certainly. It will be no great sacrifice for an aged matron like me, but I'm afraid you won't persuade the pretty girls to put them on."

"I shan't have time for the experiment, my dear Fanny. I shall return in the Golden Horn."

"Return! Why, Fritz, you are but just here. I thought you would stay a year, at least—or till you had outlived this absurd desire to expatriate yourself."

"As for sailing in the Golden Horn, old fellow, that's all nonsense, you know," interposed the doctor. "She'll be off in a week, and as for you, you don't stir out of this house, for, as Fanny says, a year, at least."

"I have no right to such a welcome. I am, and shall be for many a day the happier for

your kind words; but, I must go, and go at once."

"Nonsense, I say, Fritz," roared the doctor. "I say you sha'n't go, and no sane man disobeys his medical adviser. You're blue this morning, from dissipation, that's all. You don't have fancy parties in Constantinople, I take it, do you?"

"No, nor many other institutions of civilization far more agreeable to a son of New England, than even fancy parties," returned Fielding, trying to shake off the deep sadness that oppressed him.

"Then why in the name of all that's queer, should you talk of deserting them, and us?" persisted the host.

"I see a hand you cannot see,
That beckons me away;
I hear a voice you cannot hear,
That says I must not stay,"

repeated Fielding, laughingly; "but meantime I will thank you, my fair cousin, for another cup of your excellent coffee. It is strange, but in seven years experience I have not learned to prefer the Eastern mode of preparing the national beverage. *Café-au-creme* is my idea of the nectar poured for the gods."

"I think you might be civil enough to add, that I am your idea of the Hebe that poured it," pouted Fanny.

"That was a truth that I only withheld because the obvious implication would be that Gray and myself were the gods to whom you served it, and though I believe Mercury dabbled a little in the healing art, I am pretty safe in denying any prototype of myself to have sat in that august circle."

The door opened, and the servant appeared with a letter.

"For me, James?"

"No, sir; for Mr. Fielding."

"Any answer wanted?"

"No, sir. Here is the *Times*, sir."

"Yes, let me have it. Just ten minutes before my chaise comes round."

And the busy doctor plunged headlong into the army news, while Fanny, rising, said she must go to pay a morning visit to the nursery.

Left to himself, Fritz quietly took up the letter lying beside his plate, and approached the fire. He had recognized the handwriting instantly, and in the two minutes that the letter lay there, he had resolved upon a hundred conflicting courses with regard to it. The last, was to burn it unread, and leaning upon the mantel-piece, his back toward his

host, he swung it between his thumb and finger above the blazing coal. It was sealed. He drew it back to examine the device.

A dove with an olive branch in its beak. An emblem of peace. What! was she suing to him for peace, or was it a crowning sarcasm?

No matter, there was not, there could never be peace, between him and the woman who had so bitterly wronged him. Letter, and olive branch, and dove—all should burn together, and if he could destroy with them those haunting memories!—

"By Jove, that's splendid! Look here, Fritz, at this account of the last exploit of our fellows. A regular shindy, and we come off first best, of course. 'Battle of the Blackwater,' they call it—splendid name to put in the books by-and-by. Good luck to you, old fellow, I'm off. Behind time now, and shall hardly get round by dinner time."

As his friend spoke, Fielding slipped the hand still grasping the letter into his pocket, and turned to listen. Left alone, he stood moodily, looking down at the paper the doctor had thrown upon the table before him, but not caring to read it.

"Battle of the Blackwater!" was not a fiercer battle raging at that moment in his own heart, blackened by years of hoarded resentment, bitterness and vengeance? What cared he how many men had lost their lives in the struggle? Was not his own worse than lost?

Across the gloomy mood suddenly flashed a worn and sweet vision—a vague brightness, indefinite and evanescent, but inexpressibly soothing. A dream—nay, too formless for a dream—a hope, nay, hope and he had long been strangers. What was it? A premonition, a bright harbinger of some royal visitor hastening to greet him, the reflex of the silver wings of that pure dove, bearing the olive branch? Or was it that subtle fascination confessed in her by all on whom she once had cast her eyes, wrought magic on him through that letter now crushed with his grasp?

Who can tell? Who shall solve the riddle of Man? Riddle, for whose solution the Sphinx still waits, looking with melancholy, inscrutable eyes across the desert for the Edipus who shall never come!

Locking himself into his own room, with that strange glow still tingling at his heart, Fielding tore open the letter (avoiding tenderness to break the seal), and read:

"I knew you, Fritz, I knew you almost

from the first, and I thank you that you did not claim my direct recognition. I could not have spoken to you then, face to face, I could not now, and yet I must speak. I must express some of these burning thoughts that crowd my brain, or I shall go mad with them. Fritz, last night when you were gone and I came out among those people, I was mad. I kept it down, but I saw the glitter of my eyes in a mirror that I passed, and they told the secret. I longed to scream, and rave, and shriek out horrid laughter. When I was in the carriage I bit my arm to the very bone to keep down the maniac impulse that bid me fly at my unsuspecting companion and murder her with my naked hands.

"God knows how I have lived through these hours just past. God only knows how I shall live through the years to come. O, cruel and merciless that you are, why did you not smite me dead then at your feet, rather than to leave me thus? Death in life, did you say? What think you then of living with the torture that should wait till after death, gnawing at one's heart. Tell me, Fritz, did she, that girl of whom you spoke, make you suffer like this? No; you could never, for you are a man, and we women, O, we have capacities of misery, at which you never guessed.

"Have I blasted all your life? Have I stolen hope, and peace, and trust from out your heart? Have I ruined the bright promise of your youth? O woe, woe to me that ever I was born. Better had I died in my motherless babyhood, better had I died when your first kiss was pressed upon my lips. No other man has kissed me since, Fritz, not even my father—do you care to know it? No, for you hate and despise me now. You who loved me so—you said you had loved me, even amid those terrible words last night.

"And have I not suffered? O, Fritz, it was because my whole heart was one burning well of remorse, and longing for the joy forever passed away, that I have joyed to steal the love out of men's souls, and send them desolate away. How should they presume to be happy, when life to me was one long misery, and you—I know no more than that you were far away. I had tried to hope that you had forgotten, and were happy, till last year my cousin, visiting Constantinople saw you, and heard, by accident of your lonely and misanthropic (so he called it) life. Ah, me, in those few careless lines I read the story of your life since we had parted. I knew that the weight of my sin had fallen on you as

well as on myself. What could I do? I could not weep and pray, as other women do. Why should God listen to me, an unrepentant sinner? I became more reckless, more unrelenting in my vengeance on the careless crowd pursuing me, than ever. You will have heard from Doctor Gray of that poor artist whom he loved. I did not know, Fritz, till too late, that he had been your friend as well. Would I have spared him, had I known? I cannot tell—I cannot sound the wicked depths of my own heart. And yet I had been happy, not one of God's creatures could more delight in goodness. I feel the longing to stir within me sometimes even now, to repent and turn to better things, and conscience stings my guilty soul with a sharp new pang.

"But it is too late—all too late. This world holds no hope that I may claim—and the other! Fritz, I would long to die, but that then I never could receive your pardon. Give it me, that I may ask God to grant me this one boon of death.

"Fritz, I would have asked it then, crouching at your feet, had I dared, had I the power to form the words. Forgive me, O forgive me, that I go not despairing to my doom. Forgive me, that I may ask God to forgive me also. Forgive me, as you yourself need forgiveness of the Immortal. What shall I say to touch that iron heart, in what words shall I frame this agony of supplication, that could I express it, should move the very rocks to pity me?

"See, I will lay my woman's pride in the dust before you. I will tell you that I loved you then, and always, and now, most of all. That, last night, amid your pitiless reproaches,

I could have kissed the hem of your garments had I dared. That to gain back for one year, the love I have lost, I would live out the rest of my days in a prison, or a desert solitude. O, Fritz, I love you with my whole heart, and soul, and life, and this most secret treasure of my existence I lavish thus at your feet, that by it I may win that forgiveness without which I may neither live nor die."

"Doctor, can you recommend to me a good house somewhere in your vicinity?" inquired Mr. Fielding, twenty-four hours later of his friend as they lingered over a late breakfast.

"A house! Bless my soul, my dear fellow, what do you mean?"

"I mean a house to live in with my wife."

"Your wife!" chorused the doctor and Fanny.

"Certainly. I have given up my voyage and my Circassian at one blow, and concluded to settle down in the most commonplace manner.

"But who is she?" chorused both the doctor and Fanny.

"You will be astonished, perhaps half as much so as I should have been two days ago to have my present determination foretold to me, and yet it is nevertheless true that I am to marry my old and only love, Lora Lee, in two weeks from this time," said Fielding, slowly.

But this feeble pen may never hope to justly picture the lady's astonished delight, her sterner partner's disapproval, only gradually merged in faith that "Fielding after all can judge best for himself." And so the curtain falls somewhat suddenly, upon the tableau sketched but not developed.

YOUNG NORA.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

Young Nora sat gazing alone on the sea,
Far over the waves from her cot on the shore;
Her thoughts winged away to the "land of the free,"
And she wept as she sighed, "O, my Dermot
asthroe!

Think you now of poor Nora in sorrow and pain,
As she waits for thy coming, but watches in vain,
Though the winds are homeward blowing?

"This hapless day three years, my heart nearly
broke,

I stood here and saw you sail off to the west;
Your blessings at parting, the fond words you spoke,
Were light to my soul and a balm to my breast.

For your coming I pray, love, through all the long
day,

When my labor is over each eve watch and pray,
While the winds are freshly blowing."

A voice softly answered, "My darling, I'm here
To cheer thee, to bless thee, to guard and to love."
He clasped to his true heart his Nora so dear—

The moon sweetly glanced from the cloud-land
above.

"Heaven smiles on our meeting!" she said, with a
As his lips pressed the maiden's nose heard his
reply,

For the young night winds were blowing.

The Florist.

Language of Flowers.

The Primrose is, in the floral language, the emblem of neglected worth. The Red Pink, of genius and talent. The Violet, of modesty. The Jasmine, of amiability and grace. The Lily, of purity. The Evergreen Myrtle, of love. The Lilac, of bloom and joy. The Rose, of beauty and taste—by Nature and the Graces dragt. The Pansy, "That's for Thoughts," (as poor Ophelia says) being a corruption of the French word "*pensee*," thought. It has, however, various other names, as "Hearts-ease," "Forget-me-not," and "Love-in-Idleness," under which latter name it is noticed by Shakspeare in his celebrated compliments to Queen Elizabeth. See "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," Act II, Scene 2.

The Wallflower stands as the emblem of fidelity in misfortune, because it attaches itself to the desolate, to falling towers and monastic ruins. During the Reign of Terror in France, the misguided populace, not satisfied with destroying royalty, attacked its very monuments, and scattered to the winds the ashes of sovereigns, which had been deposited under them in the sacred Abbey of St. Denis. Some years after this spot was visited by the poet Fren-euil, who found the sculptured fragments which had been thus defaced and thrown aside, covered over with fragrant wallflowers. See "*Flora Historica* and *Tombeaux de Saint Denis*."

The Heath is an emblem of Solitude. The Daisy, or "Day's Eye" as it used to be called, because it went to bed and got up with the sun, has been an especial favorite with our poets, and is celebrated by Chancer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Burns, Wordsworth and Montgomery, in strains that will not die. It is an emblem of contented innocence. The Gorse, with its yellow stars, blossoms throughout the year, and is the emblem of cheerfulness under vicissitudes. The Oak is the emblem of courage and humanity.

Most worthy of the oak's wreath,
The ancients him esteemed,
Who, in the battle, had from death
Some men of worth redeemed.—*Drayton*.

The Hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unehanging blue.
—*Burns*.

Floramore, Flour Amore, Three Colored Amaranth, has been sometimes made to represent love and friendship. "Its leaves," says Gerald, "resemble in colors the most faire and beautiful feathers of a parrot, especially those that are mixed with most sundrie colors, as a stripe of red, and a line of yellow, and a ribbe of green, which I cannot with words set feorth, such is the sundrie mixture of colors, that Nature hath bestowed in his greatest solitie upon the flower."

The Cowslip is the symbol of pensive melancholy.

The cowslip was that hangs her pensive head.—*Milton*.
The love-sick cowslip her head inclines
To hide a bleeding heart.—*Hardis*.

This last line alludes to the red marks, to "the crimson drops in the bottom of the cowslip," which Shakspeare speaks of. The Hawthorn or May-flower:

The Hawthorn's early blooms appear
Like youthful hope upon life's year.—*Drayton*.

The Hawthorn has been made the emblem of hope, because the Athenian maidens brought branches of its white flowers to decorate the brows, and formed flambeaux of its wood to light the chambers of their newly-wedded friends; and also, because the Troglodites were in the habit of binding boughs of this shrub around the bodies, and strewing blossoms of it over the graves of their departed comrades. The Poppy is the symbol of forgetfulness or consolation. The ancients, who regarded sleep as the great physician and restorer of human nature, were accustomed to crown their gods with a wreath of poppies. The Woodbine or Honeysuckle represents true love or steadfastness of affection. It is described by Chancer as

Never
To love untrue, in word, in thought, in deed,
But aye steadfast.

Mode of drying Flowers.

A chest with a sliding lid is fitted with a wire gauze immediately under the lid, and the bottom is removed. The box is placed with the cover down, and a layer of sand, which has been freed from dust, washed, and heated with one-half per cent. stearine—being kept constantly agitated during the time—is scattered on the sieve. The sand must have been well saturated with the stearine, but must not contain too much of it, as at the subsequent heating the excess would separate and injure the flowers, etc. The latter are to be carefully placed on the sand, after which so much sand is to be added as will keep them and the twigs to which they are attached in their proper positions, and prevent them from touching each other. When the box is filled, it is to be put for forty-eight hours in a hot place—a baker's oven will answer well for the purpose. After this, the cover is drawn cautiously back, and the sand is allowed to run through the wire gauze into a vessel beneath. If any grains of it remain attached to crevices in the flowers, leaves, etc., they are removed by gently tapping the box. The flowers, etc., are perfectly dried, but retain their colors so perfectly that they are well fitted to form bouquets, etc.

The Housewife.

Oyster Soup.

Take a shin of veal; put it in a pot with three quarts of water, two carrots and two onions cut up, pepper and salt; boil it three hours; then strain it all through a sieve; add three quarters of a pound of butter braided in three table-spoonfuls of flour; stir it in, and give it one boil; have ready, washed out of the liquor, one gallon of oysters; strain the liquor into the soup; let it boil up; then put in the oysters, and a tumbler and a half of white wine; give it one boil, and send it to the table very hot.

Calf's Head Soup, Brown.

Strain the liquor the head was boiled in, and set it away until next day; take off all the fat; fry an onion in a little butter (in the soup-pot); dredge in a little flour; stir until brown; cut up two carrots, two onions, two turnips, and whatever is left of the head, in inch pieces; put them in with the stock, a dozen cloves, pepper and salt; boil it about two hours; braid up a little flour and butter; stir it into the soup, and boil about ten minutes; add half a tumbler of red wine; serve hot.

Fried Smelts.

Split them just far enough to clean them; lay them in salt and water, and let them remain an hour; then wash them clean, and wipe them dry; have ready two eggs beat up in a plate, and some cracker-crumbs in another plate; put about two pounds of lard into the frying-pan, set it on the fire until it is very hot, dip the smelts into the egg, roll them in the crumbs, and put them into the boiling fat; fry them a light brown; serve them hot, with drawn butter.

Tomato Soup.

Boil a shin of veal three hours, or take some soup stock. Cut up two onions, two carrots, and two turnips, and put with it; also pepper, salt, and one dozen tomatoes. Boil this two hours, and strain it through a sieve. Toast some pieces of bread a light brown, cut them in dice form, and put them into the tureen. The soup should be turned on to the toast just before it is taken to the table, as soaking long spoils it.

Fried Cod and Haddock.

Cut the fish in pieces about the size to help at table; wash and wipe them dry; roll them in Indian meal. Fry some pieces of salt pork; take out the pork, and put into the frying-pan some lard; when it is quite hot, put in the fish, and fry it a light brown; dish it with the fried pork; serve with drawn butter in a sauce tureen.

Edge-Bone of Beef,

Weighing ten pounds, should be boiled three hours, as this piece should be a little rare.

Brisket of Beef stuffed.

A piece weighing eight pounds, requires about five or six hours to boil. Make a dressing of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, sweet herbs, a little mace, and one onion chopped fine and mixed with an egg. Put the dressing in between the fat and lean of the beef, and sew it up tight; flour the cloth; pin the beef up very tight in it; boil it five or six hours. When it is done, take the cloth off, and press it until it is cold. This is to be cut in thin slices, and eaten cold.

Tripe.

Be sure the tripe is well boiled, that is, very tender; if not, boil it until it is so; then cut it in pieces about four inches square; let it be quite cold; roll the pieces cornerwise; tie them with a thread; dredge them with a little salt and mace; roll them in egg and crumbs; fry in fat a nice brown; serve with a gravy of drawn butter, with a little lemon and tomato catsup boiled in.

Roast Leg of Mutton.

A leg of mutton weighing ten pounds should be roasted two hours. When half done, turn the fat out of the roaster; then baste the meat with the drippings. Make the gravy the same as for roast beef, or add a few spoonfuls of currant jelly and a cup of red wine. Ten minutes more should be allowed for every extra pound of mutton.

Mutton Chops.

Cut the saddle of mutton, separating each bone; trim off the thin fat; rub them over with yolk of egg and bread-crumbs; broil or fry them. Serve with gravy as for other chops.

Saltpetered Tongue

Requires five or six hours to boil. When done, lay it into cold water three minutes; peel off the skin, beginning at the tip end of the tongue, as it comes off much easier.

Roast Saddle of Mutton.

A saddle of mutton, weighing eight pounds, requires three-quarters of an hour to cook. The gravy is made the same as for a leg of mutton.

Smoked Tongue.

Smoked tongue should be laid in cold water over night; then put into cold water, and boiled four hours.

Vermicelli Soup.

Put a shin of veal, one onion, two carrots, two turnips, and a little salt, into four quarts of water. Boil this three hours; add two cups of vermicelli, and boil it an hour and a half longer. Before serving, take out the bone and vegetables.

Curious Matters.

Invention of the Telescope.

Testimony as to the discovery of this instrument is somewhat conflicting. The general opinion appears to be, however, that the invention is due to Jansen, a spectacle-maker, of Middleburgh, in Holland, about 1590. The discovery is said to have been made in the following curious manner: The children of Jansen, while playing in his shop, casually placed a concave and a convex glass in such a position, that, by looking through them at the weathercock, it appeared much larger and nearer than usual. Their exclamations of surprise excited the attention of their father, who profited by the discovery, and soon obtained great credit for it. The celebrated Galileo, having, in 1609, heard of this new optical instrument, made several improvements in it, and first employed it for astronomical observations. Sir Isaac Newton effected still further improvements in 1663, and Dr. Hooke, Herschel, and the Earl of Rosse, have each contributed something towards the attainment of its present wonderful powers.

Curious Means of distinguishing Death.

The different effect produced on living and on dead bodies by fire, is applied to this purpose. If the end of a finger or toe, for example, of a corpse, is exposed for a few seconds to flame, the skin will rise up in a mass, and form a very large blister, which will ultimately burst. The fluids of the body are changed to vapor by the heat—which never can occur during life, since they would be driven off by the vital force—and will continue to ooze out, at least until the surface is reduced to the condition of a coal. It is often very difficult to ascertain with certainty whether or not death has taken place, and persons have been buried alive through mistake. This method is considered to leave no doubt on the subject.

Gloves.

Although some authors assert that gloves were used by the Chaldeans of old, yet the first distinct and reliable mention of them is made by Xenophon. He tells us that the Persians, not content with protecting their heads and feet against the cold, also covered their hands with thick gloves. When speaking of Laertes, Homer relates that "he wore the gloves on his hands to secure them from the thorns." Varro, in his "De Re Rustica," remarks that "olives, when gathered by the naked hand, are better than those gathered with gloves." The learned grammarian, Athenæus, writing in the third century, speaks of a celebrated *bon vivant* who made a point of coming to table in gloves, so as to handle and eat meat while quite hot, thereby gaining the advantage of devouring more than the rest of the company.

Earthenware.

The invention of earthenware is of very ancient origin, for it is certain that, both in China and Japan, earthenware and porcelain of excellent quality were made long before the commencement of the Christian era; and numerous specimens, in a perfect state, were found in the excavations of the cities destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius in the first year of the Emperor Titus. The art of making earthenware was introduced into England by the Romans, sufficient evidence of which was found in the establishment of the Staffordshire Potteries. China-ware was common in England in the reign of Elizabeth, and was imported by the East India Company in 1631. It was first manufactured in this country at Worcester, in 1751; and the method of transferring impressions from engraved copper-plates to the surface of the porcelain was there discovered.

Dancing.

It would be difficult to trace the exact origin of this art. It was practised at the solemn feasts of the Jews; and both the Greeks and Romans had their sacred and military dances. It was afterwards adopted by many Pagan nations; and Christians, ultimately, in Roman Catholic countries, celebrated certain festivals with dancing. England in the olden time was famous for its love of this amusement; the sport was usually kept up till midnight, and it was an invariable accompaniment of weddings. The well-known "Sailor's Hornpipe," or something like it, can be traced to the ancient Britons, probably before the invasion of Julius Cæsar. Italian dancing was first publicly performed in England in 1697.

Gas in the baking of Porcelain.

Experiments, which, during the last two years, have been made at large porcelain works in Bohemia, are considered to have proved satisfactorily that gas may be used effectually in the ovens in which porcelain and earthenware are baked and glazed. The heat obtained is found to be sufficiently intense, and, which is a great advantage, is thoroughly under control. No stains or discoloration is produced. The use of gas in this way is attended with a considerable saving.

Fairs.

Fairs were first occasioned by the resort of the people to the feasts of the dedication of churches; and therefore, in most places, the fairs, by old custom, were held on the same day with the wake or festival of the saint to whom the church was dedicated, and, for the same reason, were kept in the churchyard.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS FOR 1865!

With the present number, the DOLLAR MONTHLY enters upon its *twenty-first* volume. Never before has it enjoyed so large a circulation as at the present time. Although we were obliged to raise the price with the October number, yet its circulation has continued steadily to increase, and now we print nearly *fifteen thousand* copies more than we did one year ago.

The terms of subscription for the year 1865 will be \$1.50 A YEAR; SEVEN COPIES \$9.00; TWELVE COPIES \$15.00; and an *extra copy* for every club of twelve.

We will send THE AMERICAN UNION with the MAGAZINE one year for \$4.00. THE FLAG OF OUR UNION with the MAGAZINE one year for \$5.00. The NOVELETTE and MAGAZINE one year for \$3.75. The whole of the foregoing publications one year for \$9.50.

Each of these publications is distinct and separate, every article being expressly prepared for the publication in which it appears.

REMEMBER THE TERMS!

AMERICAN UNION and DOLLAR MONTHLY one year, for \$4.00.

FLAG OF OUR UNION and DOLLAR MONTHLY, one year, for \$5.00.

NOVELETTE and DOLLAR MONTHLY, one year, for \$3.75.

The whole of these publications, one year, for \$9.50.

FLAG OF OUR UNION.—This well known literary journal will commence the year 1865 in a new form, and nearly *double its present size*. It will be a SUPER-ROYAL QUARTO of sixteen pages, printed on elegant book paper, from new type, which will be of such a size as to give more matter than any other *ten cent* paper in the country. For terms, etc., see last page of cover.

REVIEW OF REMARKABLE EVENTS.

To the great relief of all parties the presidential election passed off without serious disturbances. The defeated portion of our citizens took the matter in a just light, and after one or two days' ruminating, were enabled to laugh at the returns as they came in. The victors were not so jubilant as they might have been, but in most instances treated their vanquished friends in a considerate and careful manner. Such a result, General Grant says, is worth more than a victory; and we suppose that the gallant warrior knows what he says when he makes such a statement. The peaceable result of such an election must have its effect on the people of the Southern States, as well as Europe, and prove to both that the North is in earnest in never consenting that the country shall be divided, much as some of our foreign friends may desire it. In speaking of separation, we notice that Mr. Foote in the Confederate Congress is in favor of a union, offensive and defensive, with the North, so that the French may be driven from Mexico, Louis Napoleon humiliated, and Great Britain disappointed in seeing this country ruined, as Mr. Foote declares England is most anxious for the sight of such a calamity. To spite John Bull, he is willing that some such treaty should be made with the Yankees, showing most conclusively that he loves us more than he does our amiable cousins who live across the water and cry shame after reading the account of a battle in which gallantry was displayed on both sides. The people of the North might be willing to entertain some such proposition, Mr. Foote, after they find that it is impossible to conquer the South and restore the Union. At the present time the residents of the free States have signified in a most unmistakable manner their intention to continue the war for another four years, unless peace should come sooner. By that time both sections would be ready for most anything that would stop the flow of blood and allow the country to recruit its ex-

hausted strength. We all, however, want immediate peace, provided it can be obtained on such terms as our rulers have laid down. We pray for peace, and God will give it to us in his own good time.—Our finances are in a better condition than they were six months since, yet the price of gold is higher than our necessities warrant. Mr. Fessenden having depended upon loans, instead of issuing currency, did much towards restoring the confidence of the country, and were we not cursed with an army of gold speculators, all of whom should be in the ranks and subjected to the hottest fire that the enemy's sharpshooters could bring to bear upon them, we should see the precious metal quoted at about 150, which would stop importations in a measure, stimulate home industry, and prevent the prices of all kinds of provisions from being carried to an outrageous point. But laws are unable to reach the wretches who dabble in gold, so we must endure all, and rejoice when some sharper is ruined by the rise or fall of the precious metal. May the time soon come when a greenback will be worth its face in gold.—We don't think that Brazil will be inclined to make much fuss about the seizure of the Florida in one of her ports, because the Emperor of Brazil and most of his officers have been friends to us, and have spoken many kind words in our favor, during the past three years. We had no more right to seize the Florida, while lying in port, than the English had to destroy our vessels while under the guns of the forts in Fayal and Valparaiso, and a dozen other places, during our wars with Great Britain. But if it was a breach of international law, it was a glorious act, and we thank the gallant sailors who performed it. We would apologize to Brazil in a sincere manner, but still—hold on to the Florida. Diplomacy may settle the matter, and thus keep the fingers of foreign nations out of the dish. We notice that John Bull has already put on his judicial frown and is indignant, as a matter of course, for no government must follow in his footsteps and destroy vipers wherever found. John is not on good terms with Brazil, so will have but little influence at the court of the emperor, but France may have a word to say, and we may be assured that it will be a crafty one.—European affairs are not in a settled state, and at any time we should not be surprised to hear that war had commenced. The Franco-Italian treaty gives Austria much uneasiness, and a general European restlessness

is the result. The Poles have turned barn-burners, like those illustrious gentlemen who created so much sensation in New York, some few years since. The insurrection has been put down, trampled upon with fire and sword, while the flow of blood has been like small rivulets of water. Russia has no sympathy with rebels in arms. A volley or a rope soon puts troublesome revolutionary spirits at ease, in truth, sleeping so quiet that they will not awaken till the last trumpet is sounded. The empire is peace.—The Danish question is not yet settled. In fact, Prussia and Austria seem to be waiting to see which can make the most out of the gallant little nation, betrayed into a war and its present humiliating condition through the aid of England, which promised assistance and then declined rendering it because France refused to join in the struggle. The Danes have no reason to love England after such a cruel desertion.—The Southern heart is fired at the present time at the proposition before the Confederate Congress to arm the slaves. Most of the papers oppose the project and contend that it will come to no good, even hinting that it would be the means of compelling our government to call for more men. Mr. Davis, in his message, recommends arming a portion of the blacks and holding them in reserve, but he does not think it worth while, when so many white men are outside of the army, to force blacks into it, evidently fearing to trust them. He recommends that editors and printers be placed in the ranks, and O, what a cry has gone up from those vallant men who have sat in their sanctums, and urged the shedding of blood and an undying resistance to the tyrants who have invaded their country. The fact of it is, the Confederate editors are willing that all the Southern Confederacy should fight, but they don't care to be included. Success to Davis's scheme. Put them into the ranks and let them know the hardships of a soldier's life. The "fired hearts" would soon grow cold, and whiskey would fall in price.

BAD LUCK.—The Lewiston Journal says a man went into a restaurant there, ate his dinner, fumbled about his pockets a long time for something to pay for it with, and at last, looking into the proprietor's face, he said: "Well, 'tis always my darned luck to be out of money when I want some!" and turned on his heel and left.

BEES AND THEIR HABITS.

During the last summer much attention has been directed to the culture of bees. Farmers who never cared to meddle with the industrious little insects, looking upon them in the light of unprofitable pests, dangerous to have around the house, have had occasion to alter their opinion, and are now studying the most reliable of methods for taking care of hives during the winter, so that the swarms will come out in the spring in good condition, and prove a source of profit to their owners next summer. The high price of honey and butter has been instrumental in causing this change, and as it is one that we have long desired, we give a few hints relative to the habits of bees, selected from the writings of one who professes to know all about the honey-making insects. He says: There are three classes of bees in a hive: the queen bee, the drones or males, and the workers, which are of neither gender, with a few occasional exceptions, arising from causes which will be mentioned presently. The queen bee may be readily distinguished from the other members of the hive by her size, she being about twice as large as the commoners. Without venturing to say positively that this depends solely on the size of the cell in which the egg is deposited, and to the larva issuing from it being fed on a different kind of food, it is almost certain that this is the case. The royal cells are placed in a different position to the other cells, are considerably larger, and built near the centre of the hive. The worms hatched from these eggs are attended by the other bees with especial care, are more abundantly fed, and with a food which is said to be better in quality from that supplied to the other larvae. When the time arrives for them to spin their cocoons, the entrance to the cells is closed with peculiar care. The transformation having been complete, the royal occupant proceeds to cut her way out, an operation she is not long in completing. Supposing, as does occasionally happen, that two queens issue from their respective cells at the same time, their first act, as soon as they have had a little breathing-time, is to attack each other. The war is to the knife. There is no compromise, no surrender; the least fortunate, or the weaker, invariably receives her death-wound. During this contest the workers assemble round them, and, while observing a rigid impartiality between the combatants, effectually prevent either of them from escaping from the ring until one has achieved the victory, whom

they forthwith accept as their future sovereign. On no account will they tolerate the presence of more than one queen in a hive at the same time. A close observer says that the queen selects her husband from among the drones, and flies away with him to spend their brief honeymoon among the flowers. This is a pretty assumption, but hardly capable of proof; it is more probable that polyandry is practised among bees on a very extensive scale. At the end of the summer, when the functions of the drones, whatever they may be, are at an end, they either receive an intimation to quit the hive, or some instinct tells them that mischief is brewing against them, for they assemble in groups and await their fate with the numbness of despair, or from a vague feeling that they can offer something like an effectual resistance if they are associated in a body; probably the latter is the case; for, otherwise there is nothing to prevent them from abandoning the hive. As they have no stings, of course they have not the shadow of a chance when the contest begins, and they therefore fall easy victims to the workers, though they do sometimes offer a determined resistance; preferring apparently to die in defence of their right to a domicile, to becoming homeless vagabonds, whose inevitable fate is to perish of cold.

After swarming, and when securely hived, the bees first satisfy themselves that their queen is with them. Then they lose no time in making the hive air and water tight. With a viscous substance called propolis which they collect from the leaves of willow, lime, and other trees, they coat the interior of it in the most perfect manner. One of the bees, who may be considered the architect, next lays the foundation of the plates. These are arranged vertically, and extend downwards from the roof of the hive, and from side to side. To economize space, one plate serves as the base for two sets of cells, which are, of course, built at right angles to it. The shape of these cells is that which our reason enables us to perceive allows the very largest number to be crowded into a given space. The royal cells—that is to say those which are intended for the reception of the eggs from one of which the future queen is to come—are, besides being larger, different in shape; and, instead of being built on the plate like the other cells, are attached to the cells themselves. As by this arrangement the mouths of several cells are closed and rendered useless, the royal cells are no sooner abandoned than they are cleared away

and common cells built on the spot. The desire to economise space is exceedingly strong in the bee; not only are the cells of the form best calculated to gratify this instinct, but the walls, though very tough, are wonderfully thin.

When five days old, the queen begins to lay eggs, an operation which is performed with considerable caremony. Her majesty, attended by as many workers as can conveniently witness her proceedings, first examines the interior of every cell, to ascertain that it is in proper order, and having satisfied herself on this head, she turns round and backs into it, her attendants ranging themselves before the entrance, and waiting her exit with respectful immobility; though Wildman, whose opportunities of observing bees have been very great, says they bow the head before her, and caress her with their feet and trunks while she is engaged in this interesting duty. The number of eggs which she deposits on one day differs from another; but, assuming that she enters on the average two hundred cells a day, it will be seen that she pays dearly for the honors accorded her; and, barring accidents, this duty is continued from the commencement of the warm weather until the end of August.

A little attention to the habits of bees will enable most any one to understand them. We intended to speak of saving the honey, but this article is already too long, and we must reserve some facts for another paper.

LIFE IN FLORIDA.

A correspondent, who claims that his lungs are weak, and who fears the effect of our winter months, asks us a few questions respecting "Life in Florida" at the present time. We should have supposed he could have gained all the information that he desired from the stories of correspondents in the daily papers, and the tenor of those letters has been, for months past, to the effect that the Union forces, stationed at St. Augustine and one or two other places, made a raid towards the interior of the State, met the Confederates, were defeated, and retreated with honor and some loss.

But we imagine that our correspondent is more anxious to learn if life in Florida will be the means of saving a life than to hear of raids and battles. As far as our information extends, we believe that the winter months passed in certain parts of Florida, like St.

Augustine, are conducive to health, and that those who suffer with weak lungs will find benefit from the mild air of the State.

Before the rebellion, the inhabitants of Florida used to enjoy life in a peculiar manner. A family, or several families, with their attendants, a supply of food and other essentials, provided themselves with tents, and formed a little social encampment on the banks of some inviting stream or lake, where they lived for a week or two, amusing themselves with hunting or fishing, and growing fat upon the fruits of their sport; luxuriating in the purest of baths, and reposing amidst the loveliest scenes that nature can provide. The one great drawback to their perfect felicity was the danger of being in their turn devoured by insects, but the inhabitants either got used to the insects, or the insects to them; and as their purpose was enjoyment rather than occupation, the dolce far niente was greatly interrupted by the necessity of perpetual fanning in self-defence.

We would not recommend consumptives to undertake such a course of enjoyment, for they might find it dangerous on account of guerrillas and straggling Union soldiers. The best course to pursue, if a visit to Florida is determined upon, is to obtain the consent of government, so that a landing can be effected at some of our ports, and then pay strict attention to the regulations prescribed by the physician.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Windows are kept free from ice, by painting the glass with alcohol, with a brush or sponge. Odors from boiling ham, cabbage, etc., are prevented by throwing red pepper-pods, or a few pieces of charcoal into the pot. Percussion caps are found to poison children, if swallowed. Pigeons are hatched in eighteen days; chickens, twenty-one; turkeys, twenty-six; ducks and geese, thirty. A cement which is a good protection against weather, water, and fire, to a certain extent, is made by mixing a gallon of water with two gallons of brine, then stir in two and a half pounds of brown sugar, and three pounds of common salt; put it on with a brush like paint. Put potatoes of equal size into water while boiling; when done, pour off the water, scatter in some salt, cover the pot with a coarse cloth, and return it to the fire for five minutes, when they are ready for the table; even watery potatoes are thus made mealy.

Facts and Fancies.

THE SAILOR AND HIS LOVE.

A sailor who goes down to the sea (on the Ohio river), on board a gunboat, recently became enamored of a fair young damsel, who superintends a sewing-machine in a certain dress-making establishment in Cincinnati. How shall we describe the youthful pair? Perhaps it would be as well to do it with a lead pencil. The sailor he was tall, and exposure to the Southern Confederacy and plug tobacco had given an Olivia tinge to his cuticle. (Rather *cute* to call the face by that name, isn't it?) He donned his suit of blue with becoming grace, and wore his cowhide boots thick upon him. The third day comes a frost—but let us not anticipate. As the young lady was not wrapped up in the sailor to any alarming extent, in short didn't love him, a description of her is scarcely necessary to our story. We will say, however, that she was exceedingly intellectual with that sewing machine, and had an engaging way in doing general housework.

The sailor loved her and he didn't know it. She never told her love—nor anybody else—what her feelings were towards the sailor, till one autumnal afternoon in the fall, during the fore part of October, when—but we anticipate again.

One day, while her maiden meditations were fancy freeing to the hum of her machine (she was to hum there), a billet-doux, enclosed in a government envelope, was placed before her. It came from her love, who is a sailor boy, and notified her to be in readiness, for on the coming afternoon she might expect him to "call for her." Anticipating a visit to the matinee at Pike's, or a street railroad excursion at the least, she paid a little more attention to her personal appearance on the afternoon named, and when the tall, tanned, timid, trembling tar appeared, she was resplendent in new harness, with all her perfections on her head. The tar had a shipmate with him—had she caught a tar-tar?—and was accompanied by a third person spoken of, who proved to be a justice of the peace.

Explanations set in. Her sailor boy had come to marry her; that's what he meant by calling for her. He wanted her to be the sharer of his shares and the jawer of his joys. She shrieked, tore the basting out of a dress

waist that had been cut bias, laughed hysterically, and said she couldn't see it. The sailor implored. Her attention was respectfully solicited to several packages of postal currency, two dollars and a half in a package, the savings of six months' gunboating. She gazed upon them with undazzled eye. He assumed a despairing look, and darkly hinted at the facilities, always within the reach of gunboat-ers, for washing off this mortal coil. She was inexorable still. The sailor, finding his matrimonial scheme a failure, fled from the destroyer of his peace, and was last seen burying his woes (also his nose) in a tumbler. The maiden, happy and free, still continues to paddle her own sewing machine.

A BLACK SURPRISE.

Some months since, when Lucretia Borgia was being done with slow murder at the Howard, the deathlike silence which prevailed was suddenly interrupted by the sobbings of some tender-hearted female whose sympathetic soul was keenly alive to the unfortunate condition of the aforesaid victims. A modest young man began to be interested in discovering the female whose heart, like his own, was so susceptible to human feeling. While the young Romeo was looking round from the parquette and scanning the countenances of the fair ones, he thought he experienced a sensation as if something was upon his head. Raising his hand, he found to his delight, that some young lady had accidentally dropped her cambric handkerchief from the box directly above him.

Our young Romeo soon began to discover there was an opportunity for him to display his gallantry; he arose, and after privately pressing the cambric to his lips, extended it, delicately secured between the tips of his fingers, for the fair claimant to take possession of. At this moment a head protruded over the gallery above, and cried in a low but distinct tone, "Chuck it up, sah!" The young man suddenly raised his eyes, and beheld the blackest wench that ever white man looked upon. It is needless to add, that he dropped almost lifeless into his seat, and a favored few who chanced to witness this ludicrous scene, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

A BRACE OF PUNS.

Dr. Barton, warden of Merton College, was the oddity of his time. Of the puns belonging to Dr. Barton, we believe that the following is little known. As he was a man of very remarkable insensibility, people told him everything that happened. A gentleman coming one day into his room, told him that Dr. Vowel was dead.

"What," said he, "Vowel dead? Thank God, it is neither u nor i."

Dr. Everleigh, who with his family was some years ago at Weymouth, gave occasion to old Lee, the last punster of the old school, and the master of Balliol College, Oxford, for more than half a century, to make his dying pun. Dr. Everleigh had recovered from some consumptive disorder by the use of egg diet, and had soon after married. Wetheral, the master of University College, went to Dr. Lee, then sick in bed, resolved to discharge a pun which he had made.

"Well, sir," said he, "Dr. Everleigh has been egged on to matrimony."

"Has he?" said Lee; "why, then, I hope the yoke will set easy."

In a few hours afterwards Dr. Lee died. The yoke did set easy on Dr. Everleigh, for he had a most amiable wife.

A TERRIBLE FAULT.

The bright orb of day had just sunk to rest beneath the western horizon, in all the glorioussness of that delightful season of the year known as Indian summer. A few rich, mellow tints of its departing beams still lingered as if not willing to leave the fair scene, and gave to it such an air of beauty as to make it seem equal in splendor and magnificence to some of those wondrous fairy tales of the beautiful sunsets that make glad the heart of those that rove in the vale of the Enchanted Isles.

It was Saturday night, and the labors of the week were ended. The holy hour of twilight came on apace, and darkness began to overshadow the land. At this time, could you have been in the parlor of a neat and modest little cottage half hidden by shrubbery, you would have beheld a scene of such surpassing loveliness as would have made this earth seem like heaven.

A young bride, about whose pathway had bloomed the flowers of scarce eighteen summers, was reclining upon a luxuriant ottoman which yielded to the touch as the light quivering leaf of the aspen yields to the perfume-

bearing breezes that are exhaled from the midst of the bowers of the sunny southland. She was lovely even beyond her sex, her dark raven tresses fell over a neck as white as the drifted snow. The winds of summer had not been permitted to visit her too rudely, and she seemed to be one in whom was to be realized all our ideas of loveliness and perfection.

By her side sat her husband, a noble-looking young man, and one well worthy of such a bride. His brow bore the impress of thought and even then wore a careworn and thoughtful expression. He arose and paced the room to and fro, like one who is suffering from the gnawings of a mind diseased. His fair wife looked on with feelings of fear and surprise, and essayed in vain to speak words of comfort and encouragement to his troubled spirit, or to find out the occasion of his sorrow. But her suspense was not of long duration. A sorrow such as he felt is like a volcanic fire, which, though it may slumber long, must find vent. Confronting his wife, he finally gave a broken utterance to the feelings of his heart. "Labelinda," said he, while his frame seemed swayed by struggling emotions, "a true and faithful wife have you been to me, but now, alas, you have provided for me no clean shirt for Sunday."

A TOUGH STEAK.

A genius, with his castor knowingly cocked to one side of his bullet-head, a leer in his eye, and a devil-may-care contour generally, came into a cheap eating-house down town the other day, and bawled out:

"Sa-a-a-a, look a-here?"

"What'll you have, sir?" quoth a white-aproned chap, rushing at the customer.

"What ye got?"

"Most everything, sir—ham, eggs, codfish, chicken, goose, turkey, roast beef, and—"

"Well, look a-here, old feller—"

"Sir?"

"Look a-here; you got any pork steak or fried taters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fried oysters and lobster salad?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, look a-here, how about steaks, eh?"

"Good beef steaks, sir."

"Good?"

"First rate."

"Well, look a-here, old feller, you just bring that steak I had here last Monday—rale gutta percha; broke two front teeth on it first bite; but I've got my molar steel set and sharpened

now, and I'm going to walk into that old steak like a saw-mill. Fetch it on, why don't yer, sa-a-a-y!"

How it came on we didn't stop to see.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

A loafer whose unspeakables exhibited undeniable marks of the encroachments of time and the want of good housewifery, lately called at one of our dailies and inquired:

"How much do you charge to put an advertisement in your paper?"

"One dollar, sir," was the answer.

"I want to advertise my wife, and I thought as I should have considerable of that business to do, I would call and see if I could get it done cheaper."

"Ah! you have several women to advertise?"

"No, but I'm going to apply for a divorce, and that will have to be advertised, you know."

"Yes, but how long has your wife been gone?"

"Ever since last May."

"But it requires *wifful absence* for three years to sustain a petition for a divorce."

"Does it?" said the fellow, and his lip dropped; he crammed his hands into his trousers, shook his head and muttered:

"How's that, mister?" said he. "Did you say *total abstinence* for three years?"

"Exactly."

"Well, then I guess I'll wait a spell."

And he left to take a drink.

THE GOAT AND THE MIRROR.

A few days since, a thrifty citizen of West Troy, desirous to please his better half and properly adorn his palatial residence, purchased a twenty-five dollar mirror, which was cheap and just suited her. The purchaser concluded to carry the mirror home himself, and not to trust the transmission thence to the perils of a porter. With tired muscle and pouring sweat, he arrived at the St. Charles Hotel corner. The ferry boat was on "tether side of Jordan," and the owner of the precious mirror was thirsty; therefore the mirror was stood up against the hotel stoop on the sidewalk, and a small boy bidden to watch it, while its owner stepped into the St. Charles bar to get "suthing to cool hisself with." At this unlucky moment a large billy goat that enjoys the freedom of the city, and is familiar to all the residents in that vicinity for his famous "bucking" powers, came leisurely

walking down the sidewalk. The small boy in charge of the mirror fled on the double quick, in serious apprehension of being bucked. The goat kept on his career until he caught sight of another goat reflected in the polished surface of the glass. Then he stepped back some dozen feet, reared aloft his caudal appendage, gave three or four preliminary shakes of the head, and rushed on his shadowy adversary with a power of buck, which of all the creatures of the animal kingdom goats alone possess. The glass was shattered in a spray of fragments, and the goat went through the back of the mirror up to his head and shoulders. Whether the goat was more astonished at the utter demolition of his opponent, or the owner of the mirror at his unexpected loss, is one of the problems yet unsolved.

PROMPT REPLY.

The rise of the O'Relllys in Spain forms an interesting anecdote. At the close of the Seven Years' War (1762), forming, as it were, an episode of the great contest, hostilities commenced between Spain and Portugal. In the regiment of Ultonia, which fought on the Spanish side, was an Irish officer, whom on being left for dead on the field of battle, the followers of the camp were, as usual, about to despoil, when he cried out that he was the Duc d'Arcos. The hope of a reward in the shape of ransom saved his life; but on his return to Madrid, he was ordered into the presence of the duke's widow, and interrogated why he had presumed to usurp her husband's name. "Madame," replied he, "if I had known a more illustrious one, I would have sought its protection." The presence of mind evinced, both in assuming the name in the hour of danger, and in his apt reply to the haughty countess, ensured him this lady's special favor, and her influence secured his rapid advancement in public life.

A COOL JOKE.

Brown and Jones were looking at a block of ice brought from America without melting, and exhibited in a shop window in London. "I thought water was a solvent," said Brown, "but this is clearly insolvent." "Easily explained," said Jones. "The ice comes from Pennsylvania, and therefore wont liquidate." "Much indebted!" exclaimed Brown, making his friend a low bow. Very cool, upon my word!

The Humors of a Political Campaign.



Mr. Saleratus, an opulent grocer, in a public speech, announces his intention of running for Congress. The audience exhibit tokens of delight.



Mr. Saleratus receives a few of his constituents at his home.



A number of elderly ladies require Mr. Saleratus to express his opinion on certain points in the Constitution.



Mr. Saleratus is serenaded, and after the musicians and company have paid due attention to the whiskey, they have a quiet fight in front of the house.



Mr. Saleratus is charged with buying votes, and pursued by those who would like to find a customer.



The day after the election, Mr. Saleratus finds that defeat and campaign bills come together.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Betting Husband to Young Man.—“Here she is, my boy. I bet my wife—you’ve won her. Take her. Bless you both. My wager is paid.”



Betting Father to Childless Couple.—“Here’s the young ones, old boy. You won them handsomely. Do well by ’em, you’ll find them handy in the house.”



Single Young Lady to her Lover.—“Now, Fred, don’t mope. I’ve lost—you’ve won. Take me.”



Wife of his Bosom.—“You know, dear, you said if ——— was elected, I should have a new set of furs, and I should like them so much!”



Dog Fancier.—“Your man has won ’em, mum, and where shall I leave ’em? In the parlor, mum?”



Young Hopeful.—“Look a here, granny, I won this on the ’lection. Now mind yer eye, or there’ll be trouble in this house.”

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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CALCUTTA AND ITS INHABITANTS.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND TREASURY, CALCUTTA.

There is no place in the Eastern world that excites more interest in the mind of an American than the city of Calcutta, where the representatives of all nations assemble for the purpose of traffic, where immense fortunes have been made, and are being made by irritable old gentlemen, destitute of livers and as yellow as the gold which they prize so much. In our stories, dramas and romances, do not the rich old uncles suddenly make their appearance, freighted with treasure and bamboo canes, just from Calcutta?—noted for a hundred things, amongst others its “Black Hole,” where, in 1757, after the capture of the city by the Newaub of Bengal, Soorajoodowlah, (heavens, what a name to deliberately pro-

nounce!) many Englishmen were confined and smothered before morning. In the same year Colonel Clive, afterwards Lord Clive, recaptured the city and carried fire and sword into the heart of the country, annexing provinces, dispersing tribes, collecting tribute, and adding to the power of Great Britain and the renown of his own name. But most of this is familiar to our readers, so we will confine ourselves to a description of Calcutta and its inhabitants at the present time.

The city of Calcutta is located on a level tract of land on the east bank of the Hooghly, a branch of the Ganges, and is 100 miles from the sea. It is about five miles in length, along the course of the river, and about two miles

broad in the centre. Beyond these limits, however, there are numerous suburbs, villages, and detached residences. A spacious way, called Circular Road, encompasses it on the land side, following the line of the ancient entrenchment called the Mahratta ditch; and marks the boundary of the liberties of the city, and of the administration of English law. On the west side, or that next the river, is an extensive quay, or breast-work, about two miles long, called the Strand, 40 feet above low-water mark, and having landing places or *ghauts*, at intervals throughout its entire length. The river, opposite the city, varies in breadth, from about two furlongs at the narrowest part, to about three-quarters of a mile at the broadest. The approach to the capital of British India, by the Hooghly, is thus described by Davidson: "On arriving at Garden Reach, the stranger may begin to imagine, that, not wholly without reason, Calcutta has acquired the title of the 'city of palaces.' From the lower part of this Reach, on the right, the river bank is laid out in large gardens, each with a handsome mansion in its centre; and the whole scene speaks of opulence and splendor. On approaching the head of Garden Reach, the stranger all at once beholds Fort William, and the town of Calcutta spread out before him, and a splendid view it is. Should he arrive in the month of November or December, he will behold, perhaps, the finest fleet of merchant shipping the world could produce."

Calcutta is divided into two distinct portions, the one, the north portion, is occupied by natives; the other, the south, by Europeans. In the former, the streets are narrow and dingy, the shops and warehouses mean-looking. The lower parts of the houses contain the bazaars, and the upper the dwelling-houses. This department of the city is crowded with a low and heterogeneous population; many being half naked, numbers entirely so, while others are bedizened in tawdry and fantastic garments; discordant noises of all sorts, and most offensive smells complete the repulsive character of this portion of Calcutta. It is different with the south, or European portion. Here the streets are spacious; the houses, most of them detached, large and handsome, built of brick, and stuccoed, which gives them the appearance of marble palaces.

Chowringhee, which lies east of the fort, is the fashionable and favorite quarter of the town, being apart from the quarter of trade

and commerce. The streets there are wide, the houses handsome, and detached in their own grounds. Both the Episcopalian and Presbyterian burying-grounds are in this quarter of the city.

The suburbs of Calcutta are extensive; and Garden Reach, about three miles south of the town, is the most striking as to architectural and park-like features, which are seen and admired from on board the ships, while sailing up the river. The houses are occupied by Europeans. The grounds are extensive, and laid out with fine trees, and parterres of shrubs interspersed with the bright colors of tropical plants, while the scene is enlivened by the ships constantly passing up and down. On the opposite bank are the botanical gardens, remarkable for their extent and beauty, and for the noble banyan and other trees which adorn them; and lower down is seen, on the same side of the river, the elegant Gothic structure of Bishop's College. Allipore and Ballygunge are other suburbs to the east, both healthy; and having also garden houses of Europeans, but without the river view. East of Calcutta lies the suburb of Entally, chiefly inhabited by Eurasians or half castes, and natives. Further towards the north are the populous suburbs of Sealdah and Simleah, running into other like suburbs, containing the houses of wealthy natives, and the huts of their poorer countrymen; showing—what is so common in Eastern cities—a commingling of the stately mansions of the wealthy with the wretched hovels of the poor.

The houses of British residents in Calcutta have the forecourt or garden surrounded by a wall; the dining-room on the ground floor; the middle story, surrounded by a verandah supported by pillars, occupied with the sitting-rooms of the family; and in the upper stories the bed-chambers. Bath-rooms are universally introduced; and all the apartments are supplied with a *punkah*, moving noiselessly by means of a silk cord led into an adjoining apartment. Europeans, early in the morning, take out-of-door exercise, the air being then cool. At nine o'clock, after bathing, they take breakfast; when, in the case of a family, they disperse for their several avocations. At the approach of sunset, every one seeks recreation on horseback or in carriages, till eight o'clock, when dinner is served; everything being conducted on the most splendid scale, and including every attainable luxury. The ice used is brought in large blocks from America, and is preserved in ice-houses. In

the cooler season, theatricals, concerts, balls, and horse-racing, give a variety to the social entertainments.

In Calcutta the want of expensive outward decorations of the shops, and the absence of all show of goods in their windows, must strike a stranger forcibly. But some improvements in these respects are now beginning to be made; and within, no disappointment will be met with, either as to the quality of the goods, or as to the skilfulness of the European tradesmen, by whom they are manufactured. Everything, in short, may be obtained here, which money can purchase, as readily, and as good in quality as in America.

There are silversmiths, watchmakers, cabinet-makers, carvers and gilders, fancy station-

handsome verandahs, supported by lofty columns. This is one of the healthiest localities in the city; it is also a favorite resort of the fashionable world, being the Central Park of the Indian capital. Another favorite promenade is the Strand, where both Europeans and Indians go to enjoy the cool of the evening; and where, on such occasions is to be seen an imposing display of handsome equipages, with crowds of ladies and gentlemen on horseback, all attended by a horse-keeper to each horse, called a *Syce*. After the government-house, the principal edifices worth noticing are the town hall, supreme court, government treasury, writers' buildings, the Metcalfe Hall, the mint, where it is said, 500,000 coins can be struck off in 24 hours, and in which nearly



BAZAAR ON THE CHITPORE ROAD, CALCUTTA.

ers, dealers in objects of *vertu*, booksellers and bookbinders, boot and shoemakers, tailors, mantau-makers, milliners, ironmongers, apothecaries, confectioners and pastry cooks, grocers, dealers in oilmen's stores, tea, wine, and spirit dealers, coach-makers, livery-stable keepers and horse-dealers, house-builders, ship-builders, iron-founders, and lastly undertakers; so it will be seen that most trades flourish.

On the Esplanade is the government house and treasury, the former the place of the governor-general, a magnificent pile, built by Marquis Wellesley. It has four wings, with a stupendous dome in the centre; and is surrounded by a colonnade of Ionic pillars. In a line with the government house, and fronting the Esplanade, are splendid mansions, with

300 workmen, chiefly natives, are employed; the Hindoo college, the Madrassa or Mahometan college, the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland's institution, the Free Church of Scotland's institution, the Bengal Club, the theatre, the medical college, the general hospital, the native hospital, the mechanics' institute, the orphan school, the ice-house, the Martiniere, the race-stand, the Asiatic Society's rooms, and the Ghaut, for burping the dead bodies of Hindoos.

But we must close, for we have already occupied too much space with Calcutta and its inhabitants; although the theme is far from being exhausted. India has ever been historically associated with stirring events, and Calcutta will ever be famous in modern expositions of East India life.

SCENES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

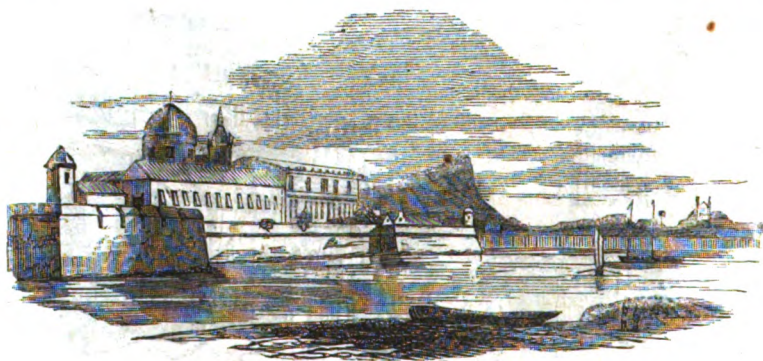
CARTAGENA, SOUTH AMERICA.

Cartagena, or Carthagena, is a seaport town in New Granada, made familiar to us since the discovery of gold in California, through the crowds who crossed the Isthmus. The port is magnificent, and is the only one on the coast fit for the repair of vessels. It also possesses excellent building docks. The bay, which is land-locked, and has smooth water, extends north to south seven miles, and affords excellent anchorage. The entrance to the port is rendered somewhat difficult by shallows. The town and suburbs are well laid out and well built. The houses are generally of stone, two stories high, with balconies and lattices of wood, which, in this climate, has the durability of iron; and the streets, though not very spacious, are straight, and well paved. Among the public buildings are numerous

quence of the rivalry of the ports of Santa Martha and Savanilla. The export trade is now almost confined to specie and bullion.

CHILI AND ITS PEOPLE.

The inhabitants of Chili (where they have not been corrupted by coming in contact with Europeans) are polite and hospitable, and live in one of the most pleasant climates in the world, producing the most delicious of grapes, white and black, large and sweet figs, oranges, peaches, apples (of a poor quality, handsome in appearance but tasteless), pears, several kinds of nuts, and other varieties of fruit. The climate is similar to that of California, having wet and dry seasons. In Chili the temperature near the sea coast is less subject to variations than in the interior. The months of January and February are the hottest in



CARTAGENA, SOUTH AMERICA.

churches and convents, some of them of great magnificence; a general and a military hospital, a town hall, a theatre, a circus, and a college, with an average attendance of 200 students. The spring water is bad, and the inhabitants are in consequence obliged to obtain supplies from immense cisterns, constructed for the purpose of collecting rain water. The weather, especially during the rainy season, is excessively hot, and thus both heat and damp combine to render the climate, particularly from May to November, most insalubrious. Leprosy is common, and yellow fever often makes fearful ravages. In recent years, owing partly to greater attention to cleanliness, mortality is said to have decreased. The chief manufactures are ropes and sailcloths. The trade of Cartagena, at one time considerable, has declined very much in conse-

the year, the thermometer frequently rising then to 90° and 95° Fah. in the shade; but after sunset, the air is cooled by a refreshing breeze, which continues during the night. Rains fall only in the winter months, June to September; and after they have occurred, the whole country, throughout the more favored regions, is decked with flowers. The rains often last several days, and are so excessively heavy, as to occasion a general suspension of all active operation; public offices are closed, shops and warehouses shut, and the streets deserted. In the interior parts of the Cordillera snow falls at intervals during the winter, and from June to November the more lofty ranges of hills, east of Santiago, are covered with it. It, however, generally disappears before December, although extensive patches may be met with in the deep gorges at more

advanced periods of the year. In the central parts of Chili, storms of hail, thunder, and lightning are frequent in the winter season.

Fences or inclosures are almost unknown, the boundaries of estates being marked by rivers or ridges of mountains. The surface of a cattle-farm generally consists of a series of heights, and of deep hollows and ravines, the first being studded with bushes, the intervals between which are covered with little flowers, herbaceous plants, and tuberose roots, which, after the first rains, produce a pleasing verdure, and afford a tolerable sustenance to the cattle. This show of verdure, however, lasts only for five months, or from May to October. In November the whole tract begins to assume a burnt-up appearance,

In the country schools and colleges have been established, and a desire to extend the benefits of education is evinced, having been of late one of the constant aims of the government. The Chilians, have few vices of a very flagrant character. Instances, however, of dissipation and profligacy are by no means rare; while cunning, and a propensity to pilfering, are pretty general amongst some classes. The Chilenos are represented, however, as possessing a considerable amount of activity, and to form an honorable exception to the indolence which generally characterizes the Spanish race. They are extremely fond of the dance called the Samacueca, which may be considered the national dance. It is performed on a kind of stage, under an open



CHILIAN COSTUMES.

and from December to May the country presents an aspect of extreme barrenness. Thus, though great numbers of cattle are raised, particularly in the south provinces, their supply of food is still inadequate, and the consequence is, that both the beef and mutton are very inferior, and the milk and wool equally indifferent. The implements of husbandry in use are of the most primitive description; the plough consisting of part of the trunk of a tree, with a crooked branch for a handle, and having a pointed flat-plate of iron nailed to the forepart of the trunk, which is wedge-shaped, for a coulter and share. The yoke is fastened, not to the shoulders, but to the horns of the oxen; and for a harrow, a heap of bushes loaded with stones is employed.

shed, and somewhat resembles the fandango. The higher classes of females have the name of being virtuous and estimable in their domestic circle. They dress their hair with great care and taste, leaving it to fall down in long tresses behind. Their feet are small, and they have a graceful carriage. The French fashion of dress prevails, with some not ungraceful modifications, as may be seen in the accompanying wood-cut; and they are just beginning to wear bonnets. The dress of the men consists of the poncho, black velvet trousers, sometimes reaching to the knee, and sometimes extending to the feet, fancy jackets, and a red scarf around the waist. They are accomplished horsemen and bold riders. The women of the better class are quite handsome.

GIPSEYS AND THEIR HABITS.

Much has been written on the "outlandish people, calling themselves gipseys," so described in a royal proclamation of Henry VIII., who are scattered almost all over the world, and are still pretty numerous in England. In Germany, Sweden, and Denmark, however, they have become rare, as likewise in the Low Countries and Switzerland. In Italy also their numbers are diminished. In Spain, it is said, there are 55,000 or 60,000 of them. In Transylvania they are most numerous; for in a population of 1,720,000 souls there are reckoned 109,000 gipseys. The gipsey population of Europe may be given, at nearly 1,000,000; in Africa they amount to 40,000; in India to 1,500,000; and there are about 2,000,000 in all the rest of Asia. We may consider the total number of gipseys to be about 4,000,000.

England and France in great numbers, and were commonly regarded as conjurors or magicians. They brought with them all the Eastern arts of palmistry—arts they have never forsaken; and to these they added, but too generally, the dishonesty of the lower caste of Asiatics, and the vagabondism they had acquired as a people since leaving their own land.

Severe enactments were made, both in England and France, against these wandering tribes, and those who should consort with them. In 1580 they were expelled from France on pain of death; and so late as the reign of Charles I., thirteen persons were executed in England for joining the gipseys. But in spite of the rigid laws made especially to drive them from England and the suspicion entertained of them by all classes, the gipseys



CHILIAN COSTUME .

The gipseys are commonly supposed to be the descendants of a great body of Egyptians who revolted against the Turkish yoke, and wandered away, seeking a home, but finding none. It is sometimes thought they are of Indian origin, and the identity, in some respects, of the Hindoo and native gipsey language bears out this supposition. The gipseys themselves, claim to be the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and to have migrated under a queen, a daughter of one of the Pharaohs.

Their first recorded appearance in Europe was in the year 1517. They first visited Bohemia—hence the name "Bohemians," given to them by the French—and soon spread over the rest of the Continent. They entered

are still numerous in England and Scotland. Wandering from place to place, rarely appearing in towns, they lead the nomadic life of Arabs, being dwellers in tents. On the outskirts of eastern London there died recently a gipsey queen nearly a century old. Three years ago there expired at Yetholm a gipsey king, aged eighty-six. Their wandering habits, their rough lodging, and rude fare, seem to produce no injurious effect on their health or longevity. Numbers of them attain a very advanced age, and sickness is rarely known among them.

The gipseys are frugal in their habits; their food is usually prepared in a caldron suspended over a wood fire. There is a popular idea among country folks—who are more exposed

to such depredations than townspeople—that the gipsy population supply themselves freely from the poultry-yard, and turnip-field, orchard, etc.; and while a gipsy encampment may help to lend interest to a landscape, it by no means render more secure the linen and the chickens in the neighborhood. They are declared by game-keepers to have no respect for the preserves, and to snare a hare or a pheasant with a dexterity superior to any common poacher. And it is asserted that they are by no means scrupulous about appropriating the “silvery spoil” of private fisheries. This is the character they have borne in England since Henry the Eighth was king, and this is the character they have borne everywhere—rightful or wrongful—since their first appearance in Europe.

There is much that is interesting about the gipsy race. Hawking a few cheap articles over the country, fortune-telling, and finding trifles that mayhap have never been lost, are seemingly almost their only occupations.

ECONOMY OF FOOD.

The question of the economy of food, always very interesting to the mass of the population, has recently acquired an interest no less painful than important, since so many of our fellow-workers in the cotton districts have, through adverse circumstances, been compelled to consider the problem—“Upon how small a quantity of food can life be sustained?”

But those who seek to alleviate the condition of suffering humanity have to take a more enlarged view of this vital question—viz., to consider what quantity of food is absolutely necessary, not only to sustain life merely, but also to maintain the human frame in a state of health and vigor; for nothing short of this result is consistent with humanity and a wise economy.

In order to fully appreciate the importance of the question under consideration, it is only necessary to observe the disastrous consequences resulting from an insufficient supply of food. These consequences are most painful to contemplate; and where the well-being of the helpless poor is duly regarded, no measures of relief will be thought too onerous or too lavish in order to avert them; for in the absence of a due supply of food, the human frame becomes not only weak and unfit for exertion, but is also liable to disease.

The quantity of food absolutely necessary to sustain the human frame in a complete

state of health and vigor varies with circumstances; being, apart from the quality, dependent on the conditions in which the individual is placed. It depends not only upon the amount of labor, bodily and mental, performed, but also upon the season of the year and the temperature of the place in which the individual habitually dwells. This involves the necessity of taking into consideration—along with the quantity of food necessary—the quantity of fuel and clothing available for the maintenance of an average temperature. For example, a person living in a state of complete inactivity, as when lying in bed, surrounded by a warm atmosphere, requires much less food to sustain life than another, who is walking abroad or working in the open air. A tailor, whose bodily activity is only partially exercised, in a warm atmosphere, can subsist upon much less food, and still maintain vigorous health, than an excavator working in a railway-cutting upon a cold, frosty day. There is, therefore, a constant balance to be struck between the amount of labor performed, the sufficiency of clothing, and the temperature of the atmosphere or apartment, before we can decide what is the quantity of food necessary to maintain life in a state of vigorous health.

Under various accidental circumstances, life has been sustained for an incredibly long period of time, upon very little food. But when wholly deprived of food and drink, the length of time during which a human being, previously in good health, can maintain life, is generally stated to be from eight to ten days. The period, however, varies with circumstances. Persons of mature age endure *starvation* better than those who are younger. Women, in consequence of the greater development of the fatty tissue, and the lesser activity of the muscular and nervous systems, support it better than men; but children—in whom all the functions of life are exceedingly active—worst of all. A damp atmosphere, which checks perspiration, a moderate temperature, and quiet of body, are favorable to the promulgation of life in such circumstances. A case is recorded of some workmen, buried in a damp quarry, who were extricated alive at the end of fourteen days; while the sufferers from the wreck of the frigate *Medusa*, exposed on a raft to a high temperature and constant exertion, although they had a little wine to support them, were so famished at the end of three days, that they commenced devouring the dead bodies of their companions.

CONVENT OF GREAT ST. BERNARD.

Hundreds of Americans have visited this celebrated convent and partaken of its hospitalities. It is on the mountain road leading from Martigny in Switzerland, to Aosta in Piedmont. It is supposed to be the highest inhabited spot in Europe, 8200 feet above the level of the sea. It is a massive stone building capable of accommodating seventy or eighty travellers with beds, and of sheltering 300. As many as 500 or 600 have received assistance in one day. It is situated on the highest point of the pass, exposed to tremendous storms from the northeast and southwest, and is tenanted by ten or twelve brethren of the order of St. Augustine, who have devoted themselves by vow to the aid of travellers

at St. Bernard, to assist the brethren in their humane labors are well known. In the museum of Bern, the skin of one called "Barry," is preserved, who is recorded to have saved the lives of fifteen human beings. In 1847, the revolutionary government of Valais laid the monastery under the heavy forced contribution of 120,000 francs (£4800), thereby much impairing the resources of the establishment, and, according to a letter of the prior, written at the time, rendering its continuance impossible. Subscriptions from various quarters have since been made, to enable the brethren to continue their benevolent labors. The pass of St. Bernard appears to have been known at a very early period; and a pagan temple formerly stood here, from which a Roman



CONVENT OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

crossing the mountains. The climate of this high region is necessarily rigorous. There is a lake on the summit, at a short distance from the Hospice, on which ice has frequently remained throughout the whole year. The severest cold recorded is 29° below zero, Fah., but it has often been 18° and 20° below zero; the greatest summer heat recorded is 68° Fah. From the difficulty of respiration in so elevated a locality, and the severity of the climate, few of the monks survive the time of their vow, fifteen years from the age of eighteen, when they are devoted to this service. They are driven, often with ruined health, to retire to the more genial climate of Martigny, where there is a branch establishment for the brethren who cannot live on the mountains. The dogs kept

road led down the Piedmontese side of the mountains. The remains of a massive pavement are still visible; and the cabinet of the Hospice contains votive tablets, bronze figures, and other antiquities, found in the vicinity. The Hospice was founded in 962, by Bernard de Menthon, a Savoyard nobleman, for the benefit of those who performed pilgrimages to Rome. In May 1800, Napoleon led an army of 30,000 men, with its artillery and cavalry, into Italy by this pass.

We increase our losses ourselves, and club with fortune to undo us, when with them we lose our patience, too; as infants, that being robbed of some of their baubles, throw away the rest in childish anger.

THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.



It was a cold December night;
The white stars flitted down the sky,
White went the snow-wreaths drifting by,
Through the out-shining cottage light.

Two little girls with golden hair,
Who made the sunshine of their home,
Pressed to the icy pane the bloom
Of soft young cheeks untouched by care.

A struggling form amid the drifts,
A feeble, bowed and weird-line form,
As of a spirit of the storm,
Marred the snow-plain with ragged rifts.

Nearer his weary feet he brought,
With stammering speech and merry laugh,
And lowered the bundle on his staff,
As one who finds a rest long sought.

But scarcely on the frozen step
The happy children saw him sink,
Than the blue eyes and cheeks of pink
Turned toward the birch-fire's ruddy leap.

"Papa," they cried beside his knee,
"The locust branches move like oars,
A poor old man is out of doors,
Where can his wife and children be?"

The father left his book behind,
The mother put her needle by,
And followed him each tender eye—
Rushed through the opened door the wind.

In tattered garb the stranger form
Sat by the glowing cottage hearth,
And with himself held childish mirth,
While harkening to the outer storm.

He ate, he drank the pleasant fare,
They set before him in his need;
But always kept with careful heed
The ragged bundle by his chair.

And the young sisters whispered—"See!
The garments are his only store,
The poor old man has nothing more,
So loves them—worthless though they be."

All night, warm-lying in his couch,
The beggar to his treasure clung,
Muttering to it with joyful tongue,
Stroking it with his bony touch.

When morning came the storm was o'er;
The strange guest went his way warm-clad,
They watched him go with visage glad,
And thought to hear of him no more.

The risen sun, magician like,
Turned all the snow to gold and gems,
And hung with kingly diadems
The elms beyond the meadow dikes.

The cottage mistress saw, and smiled,
Fields diamond-sown, boughs deeply bearded—
"How beautiful God makes his world!
I feel again a gladsome child."

'Twas what her kindly hands had done,
The practice of the Christian's art,
Come back in blessing on her heart,
Made brighter all beneath the sun.

Then thought recalled; and brought a tear,
One on whose knee she used to sit,
Listening to tales for childhood fit—
The uncle, as a father dear.

To London, to her sad regret,
He went, and though long years had flown,

The child to a ripe matron grown,
None ever knew the fate he met.

She rose to hear the latch uplift,
And now her word of welcome gave
Two girls with curious eyes and grave,
Seeming to bear a simple gift.

Young neighbor girls, with book and slate,
Whose way to school led down the hill,
Where stood the silent, frozen mill,
And past the pretty cottage gate.

"We met—I think it was a Jew,
Just sitting on a sunny spot,
Who bade us bring—and we have brought—
This casket here, and give it you."

She took the casket, raised the lid—
What did her wondering eyes behold!
A mass of real, shining gold,
And in the midst two pictures hid.

Two pictured faces that she knew;
Her honored uncle's and her own,
As they had looked in years bygone,
Before was said that long adieu.

Well guessed they now whom they had fed,
And what was in the precious pack;
But when they went to fetch him back
In haste—they found the miser dead.

LOADING COTTON ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

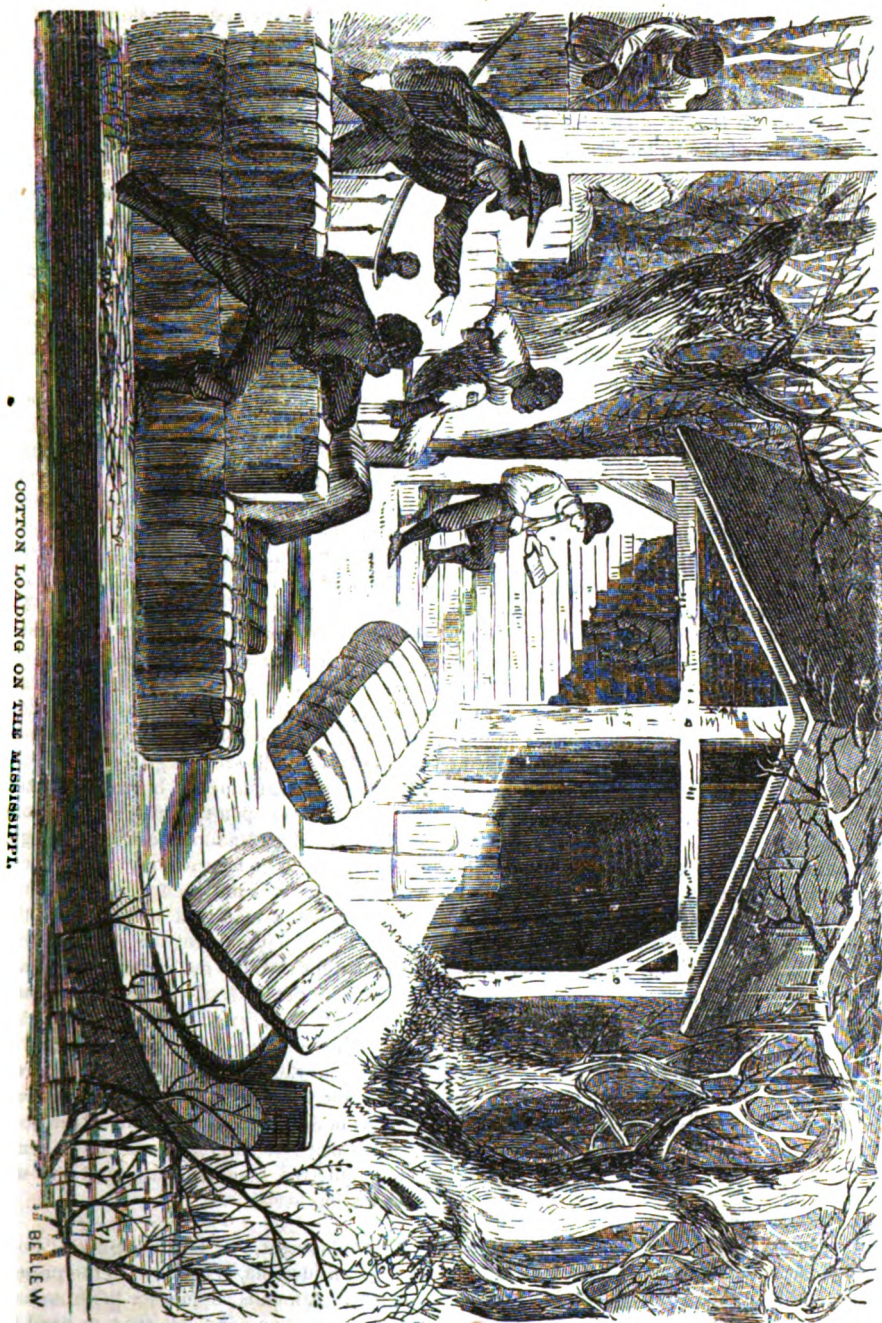
The occupation of a cotton speculator at the present time, on the Mississippi River, is one of great peril and uncertainty, for gangs of guerillas are continually prowling about the landings and banks of the river, ready to shoot the man who dares to risk his life and greenbacks in buying, and the planter who sells, the latter sometimes forced to encounter the peril for the sake of providing comforts for his family, who are often in a starving condition, owing to the escape of slaves to the Federal lines.

But where money can be made, great risks will be encountered by enterprising men. The high price of cotton in the North, and its comparative cheapness in the lines of the Confederacy has awakened all the shrewdness of the speculators, who are acquainted with the mysteries of the river and know just where to strike for the purpose of obtaining a hundred bales of middling, provided the guerillas keep out of the way. The engraving on page 99 represents a barge being loaded at one of the landing places. You can tell at a glance that

the white man, who has the direction of affairs, is somewhat excited, and that he is urging the negroes to renewed exertions, but they are rather suspicious of danger, and often leave their work to listen for the approach of their enemies. The scene is full of interest, and after looking at it one cannot wonder that cotton is so dear, for there is great danger in obtaining it.

LOVE THE NEAREST.

To embrace the whole creation with love, sounds beautiful; but we must begin with the individual—with the nearest. And he who cannot love that deeply, intensely, entirely, how should he be able to love that which is remote, and which throws but feeble rays upon him from a foreign star? How should he be able to love it with any feeling which deserves the name of love? The greatest cosmopolites are generally the neediest beggars; and they who embrace the entire universe with love, for the most part, love nothing but their narrow self.



DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION.

The view which we give on page 101, is an accurate representation of the large, elegant and commodious buildings at Jacksonville, Illinois, for the accommodation of the faculty and pupils of the Illinois Institution for the education of the Deaf and Dumb. It is a noble monument of the philanthropy and liberality of a great and flourishing State.

At this asylum, pupils of both sexes are received from the ages of ten to thirty; natives of Illinois being admitted gratuitously, furnished with tuition, board, books, washing, fuel, lights, etc., and only required to pay for their own travelling expenses. Pupils from other States can enjoy the same privilege by the payment of a small sum per annum in advance. It is estimated that there are from five hundred and thirty to five hundred and fifty mutes in the State. Every pupil of the institution is expected, when in health, to spend a portion of each day in some active occupation, so that all have an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of some handicraft, by which they can earn a living, on the completion of their education. Thus the female pupils are employed in the various branches of housewifery, the males employ their leisure in carpentry and cabinet-making, in making shoes, and cultivating the soil. With the assistance of a hired laborer, they have profitably cultivated ten or twelve acres of land, annually. The institution has made great progress since its first inception, nine years ago, and is destined rapidly to increase the sphere of its influence and usefulness as its purposes and management become better known. Indeed, institutions of this character are fast securing a hold on the sympathies and benevolent feelings of all our communities, and the deaf and dumb cannot be longer regarded as useless wails, cast upon us by the misfortunes of human nature, and having no especial claims on society, either for the promotion of their happiness, or for their intellectual and physical education.

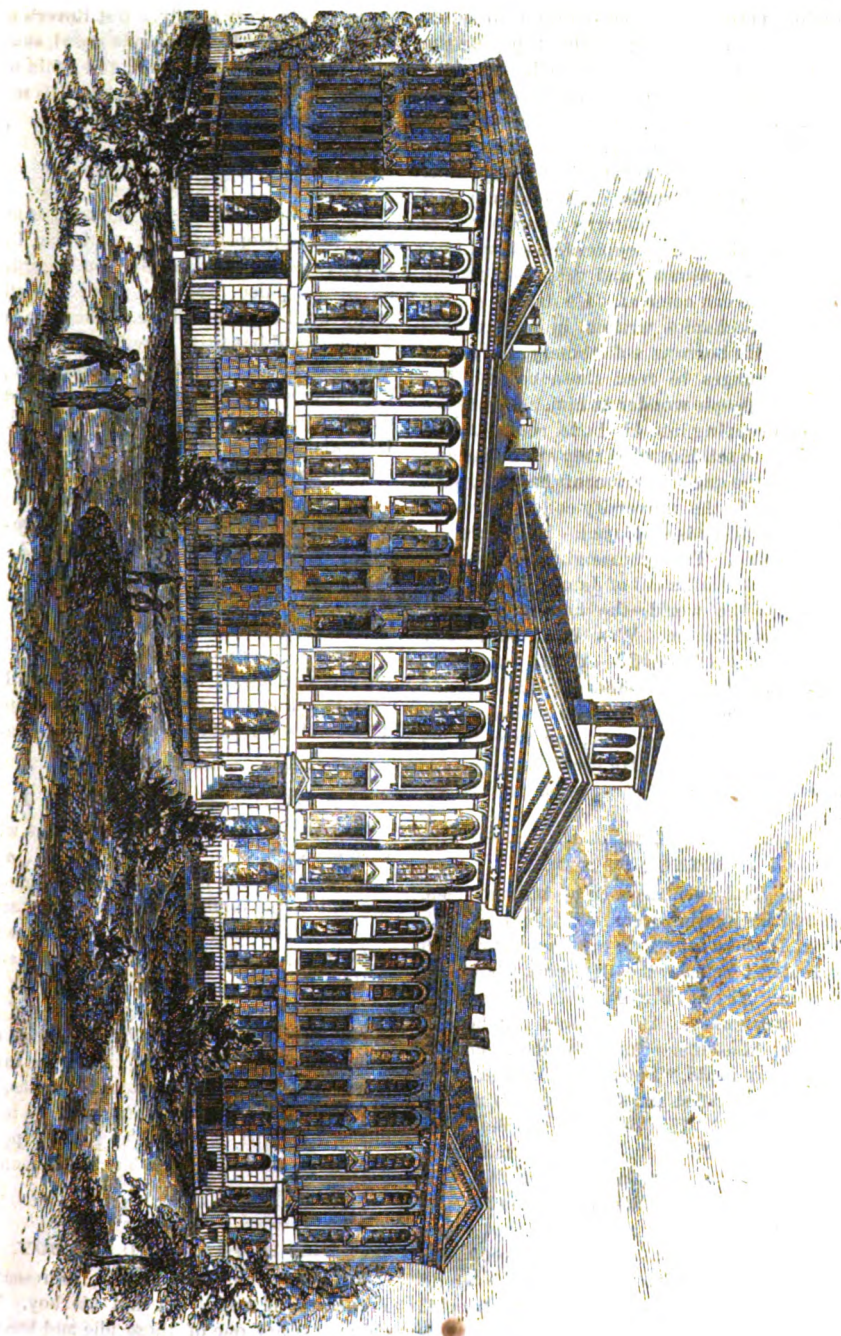
OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

A strange bridge it was, huge and massive, and seemingly of great antiquity. It had an arched back, like that of a hog, a high balustrade, and at either side, at intervals, were stone bowers, bulking over the river, but open on the other side, and furnished with a semi-circular bench. Though the bridge was wide—very wide—it was all too narrow for the

concourse upon it. Thousands of human beings (says a traveller) were pouring over the bridge; but what chiefly struck my attention was a double row of carts and wagons, mostly drawn by horses as large as elephants, each row striving hard in a different direction, and not unfrequently brought to a standstill. There was a wild hurly-burly upon the bridge, which nearly deafened me. But, if upon the bridge there was confusion, below there was a confusion ten times confounded. The tide, which was fast ebbing, obstructed by the immense piers of the old bridge, poured beneath the arches with a fall of several feet, forming in the river below as many whirlpools as there were arches. Truly tremendous was the roar of the descending waters and the bellow of the tremendous gulfs, which swallowed them for a time, and then cast them forth, foaming and frothing. Slowly advancing along the bridge, I came to the highest point. There I stood just above the principal arch, looking through the balustrade at the scene that presented itself—and such a scene! Toward the left bank of the river a forest of masts, thick and close as far as the eye could reach. To the right, another forest of masts and a maze of buildings, from which, here and there, shot up the sky-chimneys, taller than Cleopatra's needle. Immediately below the main whirlpool of the Thames—the maelstrom of the bulwarks of the middle arch—a grizzly pool, which, with its superabundance of horror, fascinated me. As I stood upon the bridge, gazing into the jaws of the pool, a small boat shot through, suddenly, the arch beneath my feet. There were three persons in it—an oarsman in the middle, whilst a man and woman sat at the stern. I shall never forget the thrill of horror that went through me at this sudden apparition. What! a boat—a small boat—passing beneath that arch into yonder roaring gulf? Presently the boat, which appeared to have the buoyancy of a feather, skipped over the threatening horror, and the next moment was out of danger; the boatman, a true boatman of Cockaigne, elevating one of his sculls in triumph; the man hallooing, and the woman waving her shawl.

“No enjoyment,” says Sydney Smith, “however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.”

DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM, JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS.



INVENTOR OF THE STEAM ENGINE.

A young man, wanting to sell spectacles in London, petitions the corporation to allow him to open a little shop without paying the fees of freedom, and he is refused. He goes to Glasgow, and the corporation refuse him there. He makes the acquaintance of some members of the university, who find him very intelligent, and who permit him to open his shop within their walls. He does not sell spectacles and magic lanterns enough to occupy all his time; he occupies himself at intervals in taking asunder and remaking all the machines he can come at. He finds there are books on mechanics written in foreign languages. He borrows a dictionary, and learns those languages to read those books. The university people wonder at him, and they are fond of dropping into his little room in the evenings, to tell him what they are doing, and to look at the queer instruments he constructs. A machine in the university collection wants repairing and he is employed. He makes it a new machine. The steam engine is constructed; and the giant mind of James Watt stands out before the world—the herald of a new force of civilization. Was Watt educated? Where was he educated? At his own workshop, and in the best manner. Watt learned Latin when he wanted it for his business. He learned French and German; but these things were tools, not ends. He used them to promote his engineering plans, as he used lathes and levers.

INSTINCT IN A DOG.

A dog had been accused of killing sheep. He and his master were very fond of each other. It was a long time ere the owner could be made to believe the ill report about his favorite. At last he was convinced that poor Rover was guilty. As he could not bear to kill him himself, he came into the room one morning and said, "Peter, you may take the dog after breakfast and shoot him. Mind and kill him dead." The dog was in the room and heard it. In an instant he darted out of the room and was off in a straight line. No calling or shouting could cause him to turn his head. Straight as an arrow he shot across the lots and went out of sight. Every hour they expected him back. At night he would certainly come. But no; he never returned! Many months after this, his master was riding on horseback in a wild, lonely place. Just as he came between the two banks through which the road had been cut, he saw poor

Rover standing on one of the banks. His heart yearned towards the old friend, and he spoke to him very kindly. But Rover's heart was hardened. He gave one growl, snapped his teeth at his old master, and again scampered off at the top of his speed. His master never saw him again!

DYEING.

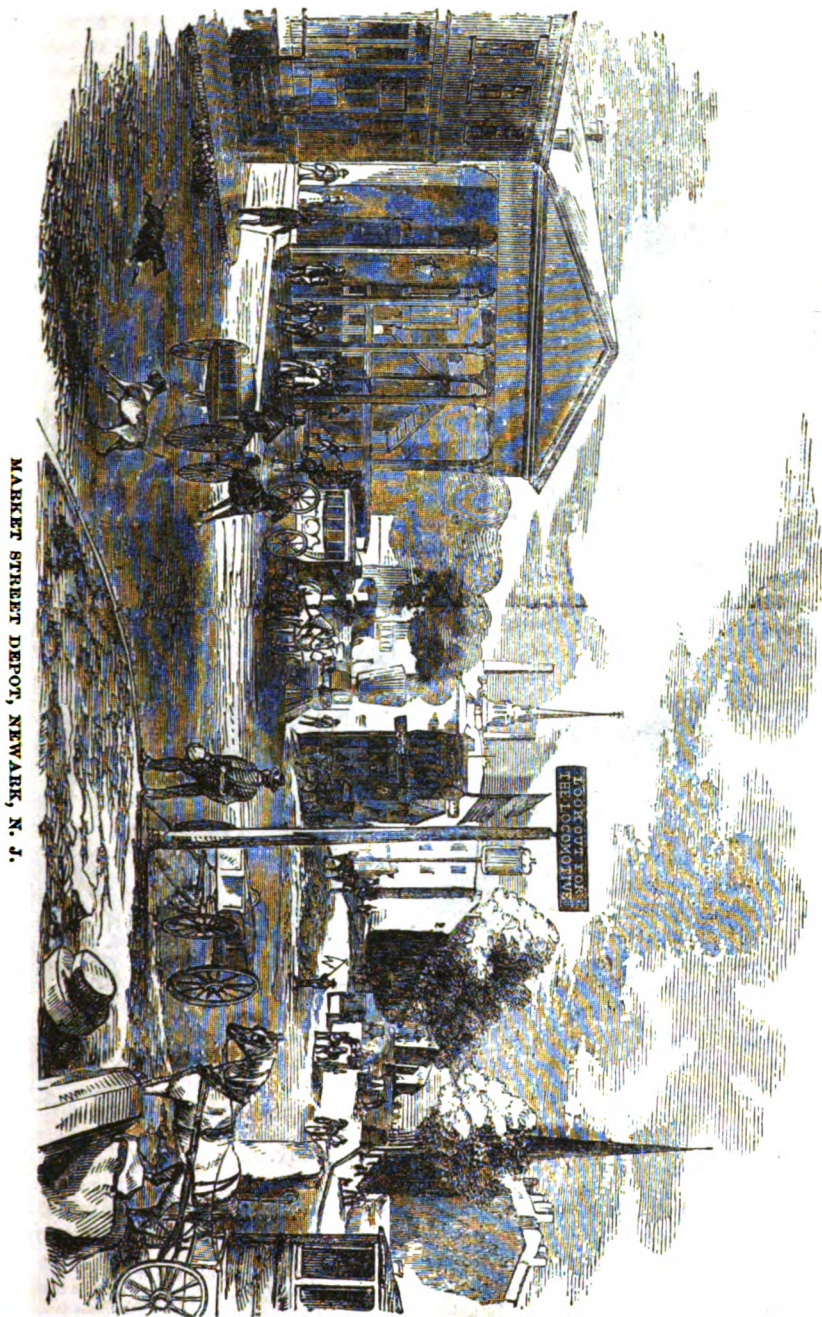
The discovery of the art of dyeing is attributed to the people of Tyre; and the Tyrian purple, the most ancient dye on record, was an animal juice produced from a shell-fish found on the coast of Tyre. The Greeks and Romans paid but little attention to this art. The Jews, in the middle ages, were the principal people who carried on the business of dyeing; and by them it was introduced into Italy and other parts of Europe. For many ages the art of dyeing was almost unknown in England; the practice was to plunge the cloth into colored liquor without any previous chemical process for fixing the dye. A large portion of English manufactures were sent white to Holland, and returned dyed for sale. The art of dyeing woolens was brought from the Low Countries in 1608; but so slow was the progress made, that it was not till the year 1780 that the changes produced were understood to be dependent on chemical affinities.

A SCENE IN NEWARK, N. J.

On page 103, we present our readers with a very pleasant scene in Newark, N. J., a city that reminds one of New Haven, Conn., on account of the immense elm trees that are to be seen in the streets, the branches of which unite, and form a cool and agreeable shade during the summer months. Newark is a pleasant city, contains a large number of rich inhabitants, and some handsome private residences. It is said that mosquitoes are rather busy there during the summer months, and that they pester the inhabitants of the town; but that may be slander. The Newark people deny such an insinuation, but the citizens of New York adhere to it.

THE BEGGAR AND HIS BOY.

The engraving on page 104, represents a French rustic mendicant and his boy. The old man is not one of those idle and knavish impostors, able, but too lazy, to work, who swarm the great cities of the continent. He is an aged peasant, whose time for labor has



MARKET STREET DEPOT, NEWARK, N. J.

gone by, and who has no resource but the charity of the rich and benevolent. There is no deception in his withered hands, his sunken chest, his attenuated frame; and misery has

stamped its signet on the prematurely aged countenance of the boy soliciting alms. The condition of the French peasant is a very unenviable one. Land in France is high, and is



THE BEGGAR AND HIS BOY.

so subdivided, its population so dense, that a family of peasants can only obtain the barest subsistence from the little lot of ground they occupy. Any of the ordinary calamities of life is sufficient to ruin them, and only a fortunate combination of circumstances can enable them to lay up anything against old age, though to secure an *avenir*—a future—is the untiring effort of every Frenchman and Frenchwoman. Failing in this, they must of

course resort to public charity or to mendicancy, or, as Burns philosophically says:

"The last o't, the warst o't
Is only just to beg."

In a few years the boy will enter the army, and end his days as a soldier. Such is the fate of a large number of the poor boys of France. Perhaps he may rise to the rank of a general, like many bold fellows before him.

ONE OF MY RELATIONS.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

EDWARD ARTHUR AUGUSTUS FITZCLARENCE, MORTIMER was my cousin. How he ever lived to grow up with such a name is a mystery, but he did, to the great misfortune of his unhappy relatives. For he was a detestable prig. To be sure he was my cousin, but then I didn't choose my relations.

If I had been allowed the liberty of choice, I assure you that one or two grandmothers, several uncles and aunts, and sundry cousins would have had the felicity of tormenting somebody else instead of me, and I would have made a delightful selection for myself, foraging among the households of my friends, and appropriating the truest and best without compunction.

Laura Evans's grandmother should have been mine—a dear, peaceful old lady, whose pure, saintly face is like a dream of heaven. And I would have had Cecil May's rich uncle for my own—who is just like the avuncular relative of the story books—fairly raining golden gifts upon her. And my cousins should all have been entirely charming, not a stupid, or an unamiable, or an odd person among them—or, if a disagreeable alloy of wickedness persisted in intruding itself, it should all be concentrated in some miserable specimen whom I could dislike with a clear conscience.

The main trouble with Edward Arthur Augustus Fitzclarence Mortimer, after all, was that besides being a detestable prig, he was, at the bottom, a very "good fellow," and indeed, this is the great fault of most people, as at present constituted—their having so much good mixed up with their wickedness. If you could hate them with all your heart it would be a relief, but in the midst of your just exasperation, when they have been more hateful or tyrannical than usual, a remembrance of something good and pleasant in them comes across you, and you stand self-reproached; it is you who are gully, they are the martyrs. And this was the reason that I could never quite ignore or disown Edward Arthur. I dare say he might have made himself endurable if he had liked, or had had the least discretion, which he had not. But he took pains to parade before me the things I particularly disliked.

Of all absurd people the man with one idea is the most absurd—unless it be the man

without any. Of course, Edward Arthur gloried in being a man with one idea. At one time it was Phrenology, then it was Animal Magnetism, then it was Spiritualism. After this he turned an intellectual somerset, and was understood to incline to the Roman persuasion, but presently he abandoned Rome and went over to the freethinkers. Then he turned philanthropist and became violently anti-slavery. Pretty soon he deserted this field and interested himself in man's physical renovation. Being in perfect health himself he undertook to prove that the invalided world could wash itself well; and to that end he made sunrise plunges into icy baths with the mercury in affectionate proximity to zero. I used to lie shivering among my blankets at the thought of it, but inwardly delighted to know how much it must hurt him—and when he would come to breakfast, miserably uncomfortable, blue under the nails, white around the mouth and shaky all over, I used to consider it a gratifying instance of poetical justice.

One day a letter came which I knew to be from Edward Arthur. It was on a Friday, and the Friday's mail is sure to make me wretched. It was dreadful to think of his invading the blissful quiet of my snugery in the country. Yet I could not doubt that such was his intention. I suffered agonies of anticipation before I broke the seal; when I did so, anticipation became certain knowledge.

"What's the matter, Lu? Anybody dead?" said Nellie Slater.

"Dear! No! I 'most wish there was," I said, pettishly.

"Why, you wicked elf!" Nellie opened her sweet, brown eyes wide in surprise.

Now you must know that Nellie was my special pet; a sweet, innocent creature, beautiful as a summer flower, and as pleasant company as sunshine, which is saying a great deal for anybody.

"Nellie, this letter is from Edward Arthur Augustus Fitzclarence Mortimer," I said, as if that explained everything.

"Poor fellow. Has he fallen down stairs and broken his name into half a dozen pieces?"

"Dear, no! He's just as good as new, name and all. Hear what he says:

"DEAR LU:—I am coming to pay my long promised visit to your snugery. I have got a new plan for the amelioration of the condition of the literary classes, and also an invention for the extinction of animal life without pain, which it is hoped may come into general use. I shall have the pleasure of expounding these things to you during my stay and, by-the-by, I trust you have not any young ladies staying with you. I think the women of our day are sadly degenerated, and no intelligent man can content himself in their society. I have given up all thoughts of marrying, though there is a Miss Hepzibah Willow here, who might tempt me if she were twenty years younger. She is a woman of great strength of intellect, and not given to the usual follies of her sex. I regard her with a truly warm esteem, and I am convinced that in such Platonic affections I shall find my best happiness, as well as freedom. Miss Willow says that no human laws have any right to bind immortal souls, and that marriage is an institution, which, however adapted to barbarous time and the partially developed man, is entirely unsuited to the present advanced state of society; as for herself she would never be shackled by matrimonial ties. I honor her independence. But more of this when we meet. Yours affectionately.

"MORTIMER."

"P. S. If you should have any young ladies staying with you, please write me and I will postpone my visit. Otherwise expect me on Saturday. M."

Nellie broke into a rippling laugh.

"Now, Lu, what are you going to do? Send me away?"

"Not by any means. Mr. Mortimer may retire to the shades first. I don't know what to do—the impertinent fellow!"

"I'd let him come," said Nellie, with decision. "I will show him that there is one young lady who can be insensible to his attractions, and who won't dream of interfering with his allegiance to Miss Hepzibah Willow."

"But, Nellie," I returned, doubtfully, "I must admit that he is a handsome fellow—most girls think very handsome,"—Nellie curved her pretty red lip—"and can be very agreeable if he tries. You might not find it easy to be cool and distant."

"Trust me, Lu. I will be ice and rock to him," and a dignified, reticent look came over the round, peachy face that was irresistibly comic.

"I must tell you, too, Nellie, that Master Edward has been fourscore times in love, and at least half a dozen times engaged—but to no purpose, because he discovered sooner or later, that he had not found his affinity."

"Insolent fellow! I wish some merciless coquette would take him in hand," said Nellie, indignantly.

I was in some doubt about Nellie, but I decided to run the risk. Accordingly on Saturday, Master Edward made his appearance. He wore an affectedly slouching hat, and patronized a South American poncho that he had picked up in his travels, and which had seen hard service. I wish I could say he was hideous in this garb, but the truth is he was handsomer than ever.

My heart quaked when, on presenting him to Nellie, I caught his glance of surprised admiration, and saw the pink roses creeping into her round cheeks. But I was reassured when Nellie just gave him the tips of her taper fingers and then withdrew, with an air of haughty reserve which became the little puss admirably.

"How did you leave Miss Willow?" I asked, while I served refreshments. Master Edward colored and stammered, and finally said the lady was well.

"But what's the matter with her?" I said, my suspicions aroused. Edward rose immediately, seized with an alarming cough. He drew out his handkerchief—a white envelop fell to the floor. I pounced upon it directly and discovered a pair of wedding cards.

"Dr. and Mrs. Paddleford. Miss Hepzibah Willow," I cried. I laughed in triumph, and Nellie in amusement.

"I suppose a woman has a right to change her mind if she chooses," said Master Edward, angrily.

"Certainly. There's no law against people's making fools of themselves, though perhaps it might be in better taste not to do so."

"Don't you think this Miss Slater is a very beautiful girl?" said Master Edward the next morning.

I scowled.

"No. Her nose is too large, and her chin is too small."

"Why, Lu! You must see strangely," returned Edward Arthur, indignantly. "Her nose is perfect and her chin is exquisite."

I faced around.

"Well, Edward, I admit that she might be thought pretty to look at, but she is hardly calculated to please a man of progressive

views—like yourself for instance. She isn't in the least strong-minded, and instead of having advanced opinions on the question of marriage, I dare say the foolish girl will be married herself sometime."

"Well! and if she is," suggested Edward, "I believe you used to think that wedlock was the happiest state—"

"Now, dear cousin, don't quote my crude opinions to me. I have been young and foolish, I admit, but now I am a convert to your doctrine. I agree with you that marriage is an institution of barbarism, and I hope we shall both be consistent in our belief. To be true, I am in hopes to convert Nellie to the same opinion. I read your letter to her—"

"The deuce, you did!"

"And she was quite overcome by its arguments. I shall do my best to persuade her to join the Anti-Matrimonial Society."

"I'll poison you if you do!" he muttered.

"What did you say?" I cried, pretending to be dreadfully deaf.

But just then Nellie came in from a morning walk—her hands full of violets, and herself looking as lovely as they. Edward Arthur offered to help her arrange them, and it did my heart good to hear her cold—"Thank you. I can suit myself best, if you please. I have peculiar ideas about bouquets," she added.

That was dangerous.

"Don't let him know you have any ideas," I whispered, while I pretended to pass her a vase of water.

That day Aunt Catherine fell down stairs. It was an experiment she had tried before, evidently in order to discover a new method of annihilating space. I never could think of any other reason, for the stairs were short, and low, and wide, and nobody else could have fallen down them if they had tried.

But Aunt Catherine did it just as easy as nothing. She was always falling down stairs, or spraining her ankle, or having the rheumatism, or the headache, or some outlandish disease.

She had a genius for fevers, and a perfect mania for influenzas. I was rather glad it was a fall down stairs this time, for that wasn't catching, and I was expecting an avalanche of company, who would be mortally offended to be put off; so I was forced to ask Nellie to play the hostess, and Edward Arthur to assist her.

The next day they came, and the next—a regular invasion. I had hoped I should soon

be able to be down stairs with them, but that was a futile expectation. Aunt Catherine was always preparing surprises for us.

What with wrapping herself in a bale of blankets, and then persisting in sitting in a draught, she coaxed on one of her old allies, and for three blessed weeks I was shut up in that fever-haunted room. Nellie made her nightly reports to me, and I was sure everything was going on charmingly.

"And Edward Arthur Augustus Fitzclarence Mortimer?" I said.

"Just as disagreeable as ever," said Nellie, with a pretty pout.

"All right," was my mental comment.

About a week afterward, Aunt Catherine decided that she might possibly spare me half an hour, if Susan was very attentive, and I went down and stood on the steps to take leave of my friends. They had a charming visit, they said, they missed me dreadfully, to be sure, but then Mr. Edward was so kind—and Miss Nellie, too.

They drove out of sight, and then, as I turned to go in, Edward Arthur's arm was around me, and he was saying insinuatingly:

"Now, Lu, we have something to tell you."

"We?"

I looked up at Nellie, who was blushing like any culprit.

"Nellie and I are engaged," said Edward Arthur, in the most matter-of-course manner in the world, and yet with a kind of triumph, for which I would have liked to shake him.

"Then, instead of everything being all right, it is all wrong."

"O, dear Lu! why should it be all wrong?" said Nellie, growing quite pale, and half-crying at my look of dismay. "Perhaps you don't quite understand Edward; perhaps we are better suited to each other than you think—"

"I must say, Lu, it is very uncousinly in you to try to prejudice Nellie against me," said Edward Arthur, reddening.

"It didn't do you any harm, it appears," I replied, drily.

"No, but it was not your fault."

I forgot my half-dozen sweet friends whose hearts he had fractured, more or less irremediably; and began to feel like a criminal.

"Now, Edward, you know I like you well enough, if you would only be sensible and get rid of flightiness—and if you would be true to Nellie, I wouldn't object to your engagement."

"I will be true to her, Heaven bless her,"

and he drew her close to him, looking so manly, and honest and handsome, the provoking fellow, that I was fairly routed, and had to surrender at discretion.

"Well," I sighed, "I congratulate you with all my heart."

Thereupon, Nellie put both her arms around my neck, and kissed me, and Edward Arthur went through a similar ceremony, and then I went up stairs to Aunt Catherine.

The next week Edward carried Nellie home, and so, the sunshine of my house being gone, I was left to nurse on the unsatisfactoriness of human plans, on the mutability of human principles in general, and those of Edward Arthur Augustus Fitzclarence Mortimer in particular.

The winter passed as most winters do—very unpleasant to contemplate, but quite endurable when it comes, and melting away as sand slipping through one's fingers.

Aunt Catherine had agreeably diversified my time with alternate influenzas and sore throats, and it was April before she had got through her first bilious attack.

It was soon after the opening of the fickle month that I was sitting, one sunny morning, watching the forlorn chickens picking their way through patches of snow, with which the yard was filled, and wondering why I did not have a letter from Nellie, who, from being the most punctual, had suddenly become the most tardy of correspondents.

Just then I saw Timmy Murphy going by. Timmy is a round-faced youngster, of Irish persuasion, as good as gold, and as honest—as if honesty were not the most rare of the virtues. Timmy does my errands; drives out the cows when they make a raid on the flower-garden; saddles my pony; hunts the woods for the dewy club mosses that make my Christmas wreaths, and makes himself otherwise useful.

But most of all is he valuable in his capacity of mail-carrier. He understands the worth of a letter—does Timmy, albeit he can neither read nor write, and when he sees me eagerly watching for him, he pulls the missive from his pocket, and waves it triumphantly; but if the post-office has been niggard, he shakes his head when he sees me—thus not keeping me in the agonies of suspense. So when I see Timmy I raise my window an inch, and cry, "Timmy!" last syllable crescendo.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Get my mail, will you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

And in a few minutes I am reading Nellie's letter.

"I do believe something is the matter with the child. It must be that Edward Arthur is vexing her."

"Vexing who?" said Aunt Catherine.

"Why, Nellie, of course. I do believe he is making her wretched. The poor, little dear writes such a short, spiritless letter—as unlike herself as possible. I was always afraid it would turn out badly."

"You don't speak properly of your relations, Lu," said Aunt Catherine, who believes that your relations must be praised and valued because they *are* your relations, which may be very true in theory, but according to my experience, is very difficult to practise. But I ignored Aunt Catherine.

"I am going to see her," I said, vehemently. "I am sure the dear girl is in trouble, and I am going to see her."

Aunt Catherine cried out in alarm:

"What are you thinking of, Lu—talking of going away when it's in the spring I have my cough—and the wind is east to-day, I am sure."

"Due west, Aunt Catherine, but any way I'm going."

"You are very unfeeling."

"I wonder what time the morning train goes now," I persisted.

I have always found that it's no use arguing with, or trying to persuade people; I am always vanquished, and now-a-days, I just assert my will, and carry it out as relentlessly as ever I can. I knew Susan would take the best of care of Aunt Catherine. So I looked up the paper, and then began to pack my trunk.

"O, Lu! dear Lu! Bless you for coming." She had thrown herself into my arms, and was trembling all over in a little, nervous spasm of pleasure. I took off my gloves and cloak, and watched her while she put them away; then I said—untying my bonnet strings:

"Now, my little darling, tell me, what has Edward Arthur—"

"O, stop, Lu, stop! You mustn't scold him, or make fun of him, because—I love him, you know," and she sat down by me, trying to hide the tears in the soft, brown eyes.

"I know! and that I suppose is the reason why you look so pale—why, your eyes are set in purple hollows, and why, there is that quivering about your lips—you poor child."

She dropped her face in her hands, and began to cry.

"But, Nellie, those are not the signs of happy love," I went on. "Now the best thing you can do is to confide in me. I apprehend that the rough place has come, which I always knew you would find if you loved Edward Arthur, and, instead of breaking your heart over it, I think there may be a means of smoothing it away entirely."

"But you don't appreciate Edward, Lu—you don't do justice to his abilities—"

"Yes I do, Nellie. I know his talents, and I know that for all practical purposes, he might as well be the veriest dolt—because he has no stability—he is like a ship at sea with nobody at the helm—drifting with the current, and at the mercy of every wind. I did hope you were to be the balance-wheel that was to keep him from flying off in ridiculous tangents—but, Nellie, you needn't expect me to keep quiet and see your roses turn to lilies, were Edward Arthur, and so forth, twenty times the man that he is. If your sunny spirits die the death, I'll have him arrested for intentional homicide."

At last, Nellie told me her trouble, with many qualms of conscience, poor, loyal heart! Mrs. Hepzibah Paddleford, *nee* Willow, was the skeleton in her cupboard, just as I had expected. It seemed that this remarkable lady had soon found out the exceeding tenuity of the thread of spiritual sympathy which bound her to her lawful husband, and pending the proceedings of an obliging legislature, which showed a disposition to accommodate her with a divorce, she was foraging in the community at large. She was a constant correspondent of Edward Arthur's and had bewitched him anew.

"And, indeed, her letters are beautiful," said Nellie.

"I'd like to make a bonfire of them, and immolate her upon the pile!" I exclaimed, savagely.

"O, Lu! how can you?" said Nellie, with a horrified face.

That night Edward Arthur came. After kissing Nellie, and welcoming me, he drew a packet from his pocket, to which he begged my attention. Mrs. Paddleford was kind enough to write to him every day, and this was a week's correspondence. I listened. A world of platitudes expressed in florid language, which had a certain grace and rhythm of its own, a little subtle flattery, gracefully intimated, and a great deal of personal interest. This was the material, but it made on the whole rather a pleasant combination.

"There is a charm in beautiful letters," said Edward, replacing the packet carefully in his pocket, "that brilliant conversation can scarcely equal."

Nellie stole out of the room with tears in her eyes.

"Do you think this correspondence can be agreeable to Nellie?"

"Nellie knows my love for her too well," said he, loftily, "to be disturbed by a purely Platonic sentiment, like that which exists between Mrs. Paddleford and myself."

Should I tell him how unhappy she was? That might alter his conduct, but would not cure his infatuation. No, it was not wise to do so. He went away early that night, having a lecture to deliver before the something or other society—being rather proud of his oratory.

"Don't blame me, Lu, for giving way to so miserable a feeling, for I cannot help being wretched when he talks and acts as if that woman's letters were more precious to him than anything in the world. She has won his heart away from me."

"No, Nellie—only his imagination. The other organ you speak of is true to you, I am sure, only it is so overlaid with rubbish that one doesn't hear its throbbings."

"Nellie," I continued, following out a thought of my own, "is Edward familiar with your handwriting?"

"Not very. He has seen my name in my own hand."

"And you've never corresponded with him?"

"Why no. He has always been here, you know."

"Yes. And you write beautiful letters, Nellie."

"I don't know. What do you mean, Lu?" I unfolded a plan that had come into my head. Nellie objected, yielded to coaxing, and finally went to bed in better spirits than she had been in for a month.

The next evening Nellie was not in the drawing-room when Edward came. He sat down by me and began in rather a mysterious tone:

"Lu, I have had a curious little note to-day," putting a daintily folded paper into my hand. "You know I lectured before the society last night. It appears that the writer was there, and felt moved to address me a few lines."

I read it over. "Fanny Starkweather! why, I know her," I cried—"a little, that is?"

"Do you?" he said, with animation.

"Yes. A very lovely girl—engaged, too!"

"Ah! then it wouldn't do any harm to just acknowledge this note."

"I don't think it would if she were not engaged, you conceited fellow."

"Now be good, Lu. I don't want to seem inappreciative."

"Of course not."

"And I think I shall answer it."

"Certainly!"

"A pretty little document, isn't it?" said Edward, turning it over in his hand very tenderly.

"Very!"

"And very thoughtful and suggestive?"

"Quite so."

"Do you think Nellie could write such a letter as this, Lu?"

"Why not?"

"I don't know. Nellie is reserved. I don't think she talks quite freely with me yet. I don't thoroughly know her."

"I don't think you do," I said, shortly.

"Intelligence and culture are very desirable in a wife," said Edward.

"Don't you think Nellie has them?"

"O, I trust so—I trust so." But he sighed. No, he didn't know Nellie, but he should know her. Just then she came in, and he put away his note without showing it to her—forgetting it, perhaps. And that evening he was a little abstracted.

"O, Lu!" cried Nellie, rushing into my room with an open letter in her hand.

"Curious, isn't it?" I said, after we had perused it together.

"Lu, I have some compunctions," said Nellie, ruefully.

"Banish them."

"I'm afraid it will lie on my conscience."

"Mine isn't so tender. Transfer the burden to mine."

Nellie shook her head doubtfully, and I had to bolster her failing resolution. I asked Edward Arthur a week afterward how the correspondence with Fanny Starkweather progressed.

"I have won a new friendship," he replied, coloring a little.

"Platonic, I hope!"

"Of course. I wish you would leave off insinuating, Lu."

"Insinuating what?" I asked, innocently. He turned away, half in anger. "By the way," I added, "I haven't heard one of Mrs. Paddleford's letters for three days."

"No!"

"Why don't you read us one?"

"I—I haven't heard from her for three days."

"Off with the old love and on with the new," I said, laughing.

Edward Arthur put on his hat and left the house, and I went to tell Nellie that Fanny Starkweather was already beginning to eclipse Mrs. Paddleford.

"And me, too, I fear," she said, half sighing.

"A distinction without a difference."

"Ah! but he doesn't know that."

Not many weeks had gone by before Edward Arthur began to pester me with inquiries about Miss Starkweather. I withheld and imparted as much information as I pleased.

"Have you known her long?" he asked.

"A good while."

"Is she pretty?"

"That is as one may fancy."

"She must be an accomplished girl."

"I suppose she is."

"She writes such graceful, womanly letters, showing a true culture and refinement, without any pedantry or intrusive intellectuality." I told him I had no doubt of it, and I hadn't.

"You say she isn't pretty."

"I didn't know that I said so."

"Didn't you? I beg your pardon, I thought you did."

"I don't know but I have an ambrotype of her," I said, carelessly. "It is in my writing-desk, if anywhere."

He sprang up eagerly and brought it.

I rummaged under the papers and drew out a little likeness of Nellie, taken four years previous, while her beautiful hair was yet worn in short, shining curls around her head, before the sweet, womanly soul had come to her, which, looking out of her face, gave to it its loveliest expression. He looked at it without recognizing it.

"Rather a handsome face," he commented.

"She is prettier than that now," I remarked.

Still looking at the picture, he said, "Lu, I should like to see this girl."

"Should you?" I took up my sewing again.

"Yes. Can't you procure me her acquaintance?"

"Perhaps I could, but really, Edward, I don't understand why you are so much interested in Miss Starkweather."

"You are very dull, then. Do you see anything strange in my wishing to know a woman who, if her letters are any index of her character—and they must be, for they seem entire-

ly true—has a nobler spirit and a brighter mind than any woman I ever knew—no disparagement to my cousin Lu intended.”

“Than Nellie?” I exclaimed.

He recollected himself, and half a dozen changes passed over his face.

“I forgot Nellie, dear child; but I could hardly compare her with Miss Starkweather. Nellie is as good as an angel, and I sometimes think has a reserved power; but this other girl is brilliant, keen-witted, meets your thoughts half way, interprets you to yourself.” He walked across the room and stood at the window.

“Fanny Starkweather and Nellie fused into one would satisfy one’s soul here and hereafter,” he muttered. But I pretended not to hear.

“Don’t you think your interest in Miss Starkweather incompatible with your loyalty to Nellie?” I asked.

He came and stood near me—a certain stern resolve in his handsome face.

“Lu, my word is pledged to Nellie, and I mean to keep it. I love her—I wouldn’t give her up—if she had more intellect that would be an added grace—but I love her as she is. If sometimes I feel a want of that sympathy in intellectual things which she cannot or does not give me, it does not diminish my love for her. I would not miss her sweetness and goodness out of my life.” All this with real emotion.

“Well,” I said, rising, “if I find an opportunity of presenting you to Miss Starkweather I will speak to you about it.”

I reported to Nellie.

“Ah, I see how it is,” she said, softly. “I was always shy about talking of many things with him, and just as I was getting over the first indifference, that odious Mrs. Paddleford came between us, and that froze me up again.”

“One thing I am sure of, Nellie. Mrs. Paddleford and all that ilk have lost their influence over him forever.” ♦

A few days afterward I told Edward Arthur that I had received invitations for us all to a party at Mrs. Sutherland’s, and I hoped he would go, as I had reason for supposing that Miss Starkweather would be there.

It was a study to see his manner towards Nellie about this time—so peculiarly tender—as if he was trying to make his love atone for any criticism his intellect might involuntarily make upon her. And Nellie was gentle and quiet, as she always was with him.

It was late when we entered Mrs. Sutherland’s drawing-room. Nellie had pleaded headache at the last moment, and Edward detained me by some little arrangements for her comfort while we were absent. The air was saturated with the odor of dying flowers; the room was luminous with the pure, white brilliancy. There was a hum of voices in all the apartments, and out from the alcove at the end of the library there stole a faint, sweet fall of music—a low murmur as of fairy bells. And as yet the impatient feet of the dancers waited. We separated—Edward and I—but after half an hour I found my way back to him.

“Miss Starkweather is here,” I said. “Come with me and I will introduce you.”

I took his arm—it actually shook, and he was quite pale.

“If this is not love,” I remarked, *sotto voce*, “it is something that counterfeits it admirably.”

We wound our circumlocutory way through the crowd and entered the conservatory—an enchanted place, sweet with fragrance, lovely with green lights falling through clustering leaves of magnolia, and orange, and tuberoses, soft with mimic woodland glooms hiding in fairy arbors.

A girl stood under the shadow of an orange tree, its scented blossoms of pure white shining against her hair. A drapery, ethereal as mist, floated around her, veiled the white shoulder half turned away. Nothing but the curve of the fair cheek seen through the shimmering leaves. As Edward looked I put back the boughs.

“Miss Starkweather, may I introduce Mr. Mortimer?”

She turned, and Nellie’s sweet face looked out from its halo of white flowers. I dare say I ought to have retired at this point, but I didn’t choose. I staid to watch Edward’s inexpressible surprise and overwhelming delight as the character of the *ruse* flashed fully upon him.

“It was all Lu’s work,” pleaded Nellie, prettily.

“She shall be bridesmaid, as a penalty,” said Edward, looking from Nellie at the orange blossoms.

She wore them within a month, and I staid for the wedding. I have learned to like Edward Arthur Augustus Fitzclarence Mortimer better than I used. Nellie has rounded off his angularities and smoothed out his idiosyncracies, and, as Aunt Catherine remarked the

other day, it shows that all he needed was a wife of the right kind.

Apropos of Aunt Catherine, she got on famously after she was left to her own devices. And when I returned home at midsummer I

found the Snuggery blooming—never an invalid or a doctor's bill. Aunt Catherine is this moment thinking of setting her cap for the bachelor next door.

THE MILLIONAIRE.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"Heap up the fire! Pile on the coal!

Let the flames up the chimney roar!
Close up the shutters—the curtain drop,
And bar tight the outer door:

The wind is abroad in its wrath to-night,
The frost on the pane is gathering white,
And the moon is shivering out of sight,
So cold is the air without.

"Wheel up a chair to the glowing grate,

Bring the cup with its jewelled rim;
And pour the red wine that is rich with age,
Till the crimson waves flood the brim;
The blood of the sunny, sparkling vine
Its glow shall give, and its warmth divine
Impart to this chilling pulse of mine,
While the storm without is beating.

"Light up! Let not a shadow remain,

To tell with its ghostly seeming,
Of the darkness without, as dense and black
As the shapes of a demon dreaming.
Let each flashing jet its full glory throw
O'er the frescoes above and on floor below,
Till the roses on wall and on carpet glow,
As if gilded by sun of summer.

"Now go! First, another bottle bring

Of that delicate Clos Vougeot;
It was ripened by heat of the fiery sun
In the days of long ago;
The grapes were all of a ruddy bloom—
Handle it softly! How the perfume,
Oilly floating, fills the room,
As if breathing of vines of Spain.

"What now? An Havana? A scented leaf?

Ah, smoke 's the Nepenthe old,
They talked of in story, and wrote in song,
When the pages were blazoned in gold.
Yes—Raleigh, the brave, young gallant knew
That if we would think, the thing to do,
Was to send our cares upon wreaths of blue,
Whirling away to Lethe!

"The poor, the toiling, the wretched of earth,
 Why, what are they unto me?
 If they chose, they could have their houses and lands,
 And ships upon every sea.
 It's their own fault if they have not gold,
 Not thousands to buy with, even if old,
 And if half is true that is often told,
 Law should make poverty crime."

Ah! gold was the dream of the millionaire,
 Through many a dreary year;
 He had bartered his soul, and slaved his life,
 Gathering it far and near.
 But it brought not comfort, his hoarded wealth—
 It would not buy freedom from pain, or health,
 And banks would break, and thieves by stealth
 Rob him at every turn.

Gold! For this world he'd bartered all,
 Laughed at poverty, pains and groans;
 Made hunger the means to gain his wealth,
 At the price of blood and bones!
 And the poor crushed down with an iron heel,
 Forgetting that God, who sees, can feel
 For his children, and will hereafter deal
 Sternly for wrongs of earth.

Hereafter? He never gave it a thought—
 Laughed loudly when of it told,
 And never towards heaven turned his mind,
 Save when dreaming its streets were gold!
 Ah! Dives, no prophet need tell thy fate—
 The reward of a lifetime of gain and hate,
 And that when you have passed through death's dreary gate,
 You will poorer than Lazarus be.

BRIDE AND GROOM A CENTURY AGO.

To begin with the lady: Her locks were strained upwards over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom-pin rather larger than a dollar, containing your grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes,

and heels of two or three inches elevation, enclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out.

Now for the swain: His hair was sleeked back and plentifully beflowered, while his cue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps with laces, and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether linen. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and portentous frill worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

THE LADY KATHERINE.

A HIGHLAND TALE.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

A LONG balcony, extending around the ancient castle of Calthness, sheltered the long windows that opened upon it from the rays of the morning sun. Near the windows were ranged benches on which a profusion of flowering plants were placed. A low chair, gaily cushioned, and a basket of work beside it, showed that a lady's hand was in the simple yet beautiful decorations around; and, leaning from the balcony, was the lady herself, with her sweet, sunny face lighted up with gay smiles. She was not what is usually called beautiful; for, if truth must be told, her hair was inclined to a reddish hue, and her cheek and brow were scarcely so delicate as they might have been. The Lady Katherine was sadly careless of covering her face from the sun, and was apt to take long rides upon her Highland pony, bareheaded, and barehanded, too, if one might judge from the brown tint upon her shapely hand.

A young man, who, from the strong resemblance between them, must have been her brother, was looking up to the balcony and smiling, as she pelted him with moss-roses and honeysuckle, which he transferred to the collar of a beautiful hound that lay at his feet. A noble horse stood ready for him to mount.

"Come, Harry," said a voice that sounded like silver bells, "you have far to ride, if you intend going to Ross and returning. You had better be off; and, besides, Flora has her hoofs quite too near my flower-beds."

"Well, I see you are in a hurry to get rid of me. One would think you expected a lover, by your fluttering from one end of the balcony, speeding me away in this style."

The lady blushed a deeper scarlet; but she strove to hide it by throwing a thick veil over her face, which she had held all the time in her hand.

"Nonsense, Harry! No danger of lovers coming to Castle Calthness. But if one *should* come in your absence, I must treat him well, I suppose? So good-by, and come home early to take care of me."

"Good-by, Kate;" and in a moment the fleet steed was down the avenue, and out of sight.

The Lady Katherine turned back to her needle-work, with a deep sigh.

"Ah," she murmured, "if Harry knew all, he would scarcely be so proud of his sister. When will the time come that I may fearlessly look him in the face, and avow all?"

She sat thus, until the distant sound of Flora's hoofs told her that her brother was crossing the long bridge between Thurso and Ross.

"He will not be likely to return until night, and I can have a long day with Maxwell. Heigh ho! this secrecy is so wearing!"

She gathered up her work, and threw it into the window; then, passing into the room, she glided out of a secret door, into a passage cut in the solid rock on which the castle stood—a passage unknown to any save herself, her brother, and one other person. At the end of this passage, she raised a curtain of gray felt, that concealed an iron door. At this door, she tapped with a large key which she carried in her girdle; and was answered by a word which she understood, for she quickly applied the key to the lock, and stood within a room about twelve feet square. The atmosphere seemed warm and genial, after walking through the damp, cold passage. There was a bright sea-coal fire in the rude grate, and a large lamp was hanging from the ceiling, lighting the room, which otherwise would have been perfectly dark.

At the entrance stood a young man, who welcomed her with a loving smile, and led her to a seat near the fire. He was handsomer than the lady, with his dark hair and eyes, and a kingly figure, quite in contrast to her *petite* form, bright blue eyes, and her hair, which, as her lover, he was bound in courtesy to call auburn. But, in despite of her objectionable hair, the face which she raised to his was sweet and winning; and, to him, at least, she was the dearest and loveliest being on earth.

"Has Harry gone?" he asked.

"He has; and O, Max! to think how wickedly glad I was to see him ride off! When will the time come for all this deception to cease?"

"Cheer up, bonnie lady!" answered her lover, "it *will* come. I shall not always be under a cloud. Some time in the future I shall win a new name that will not disgrace

my birth and parentage, and will cause that by which I am now known to be forgotten." But, a moment after he had spoken, a shadow crossed his fine face. "Alas! even then, I cannot forget the past! I cannot forget—nor can your brother—that I have been a criminal, at the very point of execution, and reprieved only by a mere chance!"

He covered his face, and Lady Katherine saw the tears stealing through his closed fingers. She rose and went to the table, where he had been at work.

"Is all this silver coin?" she asked, just to divert his thoughts from the painful subject he had chosen.

"I am taking impressions for the earl," he answered, carelessly, as he swept them from her sight, into a drawer in the table, which he locked.

His manner was quick and hurried. It surprised her, but she asked no more questions. Perhaps Harry had intended to show them to her. She knew how fond he was of collecting such matters.

An hour passed, and Katherine rose to go. She perceived that her presence to-day seemed to embarrass him. Perhaps he was in haste to execute her brother's wishes. At any rate, she knew that he would not perform the work if she stayed.

"Will you not give me this day, Katherine?" he asked.

"Nay, Max. I would gladly stay, but I think I am in the way."

He passed his arm around her waist, and kissed her brow, as her brother might have done, so full of quiet love and gentle thoughtfulness.

"Love, you are never in the way. Stay with me to day—we may never have another."

She turned pale.

"What is it, Max? How strange you seem! Has any new trouble befallen you?"

"None, my beloved. But to one whose life has been like mine, there are omens and presages in the very air, that tell of coming misfortune. Not that they are really prophetic," he continued, seeing her frightened look; "only they make me unfit company, and can only be chased away by pleasanter associations."

"Then I will stay and charm them away, Max. I, too, have had my presentiments, at times—fostered and awakened by my old nurse, I suppose, who is a firm believer in them; but, thank Heaven, they have never brought me misery." She had fetched a little

basket, in which were refreshments—a bottle of wine, and some cakes, with some cold moor-fowl. "You are to take this at your breakfast, Max. I don't believe you have had any yet."

"O, you are mistaken. Harry brought me some, quite early, because he was going away."

They sat down, however, to his work-table, over which Lady Katherine spread a white cloth.

"Would you be content to pass your life with me, always, if I should be forced to stay here?"

"Always, Max. I desire nothing in my life, which you cannot have in yours."

Her truthful smile confirmed her words, and Max believed in her, as in the sun. He was telling her so, when suddenly she started, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Hush!"

He sprang to the door, which she had forgotten to lock; but before he could reach it, a party of men pressed the door wide open.

Katherine's sole thought was of Harry. It never occurred to her that Max might be pursued hither, although she knew that he sometimes feared it. She could not move. For her life, she could not have cried out. She looked on with wide, tearless eyes, when one of the men held a king's commission, with great staring red seals, above his head, and saw Maxwell struggling to elude his rough grasp. Then she plunged forward, and wrapped her arms about his neck, shielding him as far as possible, with her slight figure.

"A brave lassie!" cried one of the men; but he was hushed into silence, at the same moment, by his superior, who said to him, sternly:

"It is the earl's sister. Be quiet and attend to the prisoner."

He was a prisoner, then—her glorious Max! O, where was Harry now? Why was he not here? She clasped her lover tighter, at the thought, feeling that he had only her. O, if she were but strong to help him!

The chief of the party approached and gently, but forcibly, unwound her clinging arms. She fainted at his touch, and when she awoke from the long swoon, she was alone.

Slowly, and with difficulty, she arose from the floor and looked around. Nothing remained to tell her that it was not all a dream; and, gasping and almost blind with the shock she had received, she staggered through the passage and found the way to her own room.

There was the bright sunlight shining into the windows, and over the domain of Calthness, as far as the eye could reach, in all the loveliness of a June day, not yet arrived at its noon. But with her, it was night indeed.

How she got through that dismal day, she never knew. She sat, dumb in her anguish, until the earl's horse planted his hoofs on the distant bridge. She heard it distinctly, and going to the window, she flung her arms out into the twilight that was just coming on, and cried:

"Harry! Harry! come to your poor sister!"

• He came—tender and sympathizing; for he had known her secret some days before. He was grieved, too, and vexed at not being at home. Had he been there, they should have walked over his dead body before they should have found him.

And Katherine, comforted that her brother knew all, and confident that he would release Max, was persuaded to go to bed and try to sleep.

It was in the early part of the seventeenth century, the inhabitants of some of the old provincial towns in the Highlands were struck with sudden alarm at the unprecedented amount of spurious coin—counterfeiting that of the Scottish realm. Such a stupendous fraud was never before committed in Scotland; and the authorities were soon busy, and earnest to bring it to the light and punish the perpetrators. Death—an ignominious death—was the penalty of counterfeiting, and the Highlanders, easily touched in the region of the purse, were eager and fierce to hunt down the prey, even to death.

Months went on; until they began to despair of accomplishing their object; when one day, the chief of the police was accosted by an ill-looking fellow, who broached the subject to him in an alehouse, in the presence of many witnesses.

"Ye think yersells unco' wise, now; but I could tell ye mair in ae minnit than ye've fand out these sax months."

"What do you mean, fellow?" asked the angry policeman.

"Ay, ye're wakin' up, are ye?" said the other. "Aweel, I dinna talk for naethin'. Drap a wee bit o' goold in this awuld sporan—real goold, ye'll mind, not counterfeit—an, I dinna say but I'll pit you i' the track."

It was no use talking. The policeman was accustomed to act, and he held his big club over the bonnetless head of the vagabond,

while he dragged him into the next room, and swore, in good round fashion, that he should never see daylight again, if he did not instantly tell him to whom his suspicions pointed.

"Aweel, I mean to do so; but I'm a pair body and must be paid for it."

"And so you shall, villain," exclaimed the officer, "if you will tell me the truth."

Thus exhausted and with the formidable club still hanging over his head, he, with many circumlocutory wanderings from the subject matter, owned, at last, that he thought it might be young Maxwell Anderson, a gentleman by birth and education, but much given to mechanical pursuits for very love of them. • He had invented a number of useful instruments, and especially, in the manufacture of locks, he had excelled all others, even the most ingenious locksmiths. Although, as has been said, he was gently reared, his family had been impoverished, and after his father's death, the estate had been "locked up" in the hands of the creditors.

Maxwell's ingenuity had supplied his own wants, however, for he had none of the pride which prefers starvation and gentility to plenty and labor. And, latterly, his income had been, apparently, greatly enlarged.

"And is this all, scoundrel?" said the officer, indignant that the wretch should thus traduce honest men, merely because they were growing better off by their own exertions.

"All, your honor; but ye ken vary weel that, gentle or simple, we canna live upon naething, and if your honor wad gie' me a bit o' goold an a pint stoup—"

"Begone, rascal!" said the now infuriated officer; and the vagrant shuffled out, muttering to himself quite audibly: •

"There's plinty of folk in there hae heard it now. They're aye listening."

And, true enough, they were satisfying curiosity through the key hole; and before noon, the next day, Maxwell Anderson's name was spoken loudly by half the town, in accents that told of guilt and crime. The end of it all was that he was arrested.

All the ingenious devices which filled his room were taken as so many mute evidences of his guilt; and he was condemned to death. Brave as a soldier, fearless of death, yet longing—O, how earnestly for life—the life that was yet so sweet and so young—he prevailed with the jaller, who knew his talents and thought it a pity that such genius should be lost to the world, to bring him a certain

set of instruments which he designated, and which had escaped the vigilance of the officers.

"Do you mean to take your life, Mr. Anderson?" said the jailer, earnestly.

"No, indeed! I am going to make a lock for the king. You shall see, from day to day, how I progress. You can trust me."

"God forbid that I should not, with that face!" said the friendly man, and he brought the instruments to the prisoner that very night.

That lock saved Anderson's life. Its rare and beautiful workmanship excited the admiration of the king and the prisoner was released. The young earl of Caithness heard of him and invited him home with him, promising him secrecy and a suitable place in his castle for the manufacture of his delicate work. The secret passage and room was assigned him, and here the earl and his sister visited him frequently, charmed by his manners and genius. Their somewhat secluded life made his society a rare addition to their happiness. The Lady Katherine, above the foolish pride of rank and riches, did not check the love that was fast growing up between her and Max Anderson; and her brother, who half suspected it, did not interpose any obstacle, but left it to take its course. He was hardly as blind as they thought him; but he was too good and wise to give up a person like Max, because he was not of the nobility. And then Katherine—he had the highest opinion of her judgment, and he cared little for what the world might say.

Sir Robert Gordon made the discovery that a large amount of spurious coin was current in the neighboring towns of Caithness, Orkney, and Ross. He immediately thought of the released convict of the past. He inquired and investigated, and through some unknown means, traced him to Castle Caithness.

Armed once more with the king's commission, the officers searched the castle, more accessible on that day than usual, from circumstances already known to the reader; and the prey was again captured, the inhabitants of Caithness pursued the king's officers, a nephew of the earl was killed, and in the confusion that ensued, Max escaped.

Wearily passed the days, to the Lady Katherine. Her brother was kind and tender, and strove to raise the drooping spirits. He took her at the end of the year to France. They had scarcely entered Calais, when a voice struck upon her ear like the strains of remembered music. It was that of a gentleman, who had his foot upon the step of the carriage where she sat. He entered the carriage and took a seat beside her. Her agitation was so great that her brother had to support her. In doing so, he caught sight of her next neighbor, and the joyful recognition and extended hands proved how the earl had valued the long lost friend.

Need we say more? The Lady Katherine's happiness was secured, and she and Max became the loyal subjects of the King of France.

MY HAPPIEST HOURS.

BY ELIZABETH A. BLINN.

'Tis not, 'tis not in festive halls,
Where merry hearts beat high,
Where cheeks are flushed with sparkling wine,
And lovelit seems each eye.
Where brilliant chandeliers pour forth
Their floods of golden light;
Ah no, it is not there my heart
Could find its chief delight.

'Tis not, 'tis not where music comes
Enchanting to the ear,
And heartless crowds are gathering round,
Its melody to hear.
Where every face is wreathed in smiles,
Smiles so serene and fair;
Ah no, my heart could never find
Its sweet enjoyment there.

'Tis not, 'tis not among the gay
And thoughtless ones of earth,
Who spend their days in useless chat,
Their nights in song and mirth.
Who follow on in fashion's train,
Lured by her witching snare;
Ah no, my heart could never find
Its sweet enjoyment there.

But 'tis in seeking out the poor
And strickened heirs of woe;
And pointing them to that bright land,
Where healing waters flow.
When I can lend my feeble aid
In helping those distressed;
Ah yes, 'tis then my conscience says,
That I am truly blest.

A RED ROSE.

BY CATHERINE EARNSHAW.

THE broad, white beach was glistening under the departing sun. It pulsed beneath the rays of glory, as though it had been alive and in love with the king who was bidding it farewell. Sea-birds circled in the purple air, their dun plumage softer-hued than ever, for this twilight was blessing them.

No rough, iron-colored rocks broke the outline of the shore; no mountains rose to make grand the inland views. It was only the soft, enchanted stretch of sand, the infinite beauty of the sheeny sea beyond, that sea of rose and amber and crimson, with its dots of beautiful sail afar off toward the horizon—the sea that enchaîned the gaze of the solitary figure that looked like a speck from the high tide mark, so near the lips of the murmuring water did she sit. The only figure on the far stretching beach, she caught the eye of any who should stand and look across over the sands to the ocean. But now there was none to look, and Margarite Legare had the beach, the water, the world to herself.

The gay colors of scarf and shawl floated on the air, and caught the splendor of the west. She might have been some meridional bird alighted on this Northern shore; a bird who would flit as soon as this Southern-like beauty, had departed. It was only to the sea that she turned her face, and the sea might have told of its varying beauty, for Miss Legare's face was vivid like this sunset, pure like the blue above or tempestuous as the thunder pillar. Neither blonde nor brunette, at times she possessed the flexible power of both, a power that flashed in bewildering beauty over a face that in utter repose was somewhat pallid, with gray eyes and brown hair, heavy, soft, of that negative color which seems to absorb but not to emanate.

Standing a few feet from the water, she looked with intense, yet introspective glance across the immeasurable blue of ocean. Suddenly, without warning, without even a long drawn breath, the water seemed to burst from some unseen confines—it burst with a rush and roar that was terrific. Margarite fled backward on swift feet, yet swifter still the waves sprang on, with a fury that was fascinating while it was dreadful. It was the incoming of the tide at the Bay of Fundy. The

rush, the foam, the glory drew the girl's eyes as she ran; she wished she could look back, but the glance would delay her speed. Far up before her, across the sands that every instant grew softer and more adhesive, rose the ridge that marked the high tide line—there, was safety, that place she must reach or sink in the engulfing water and sand. Her light shoes, in which she had gone daintily down the dry beach three hours before, clung in the sand, and finally lost themselves in the sticky stuff. Wearily she went on, sinking deeper at every step. She was no longer running, it was a pace so slow, that every heart-beat seemed to suffocate her. Her straining eyes, fixed on her goal, saw that she could never reach it; the place brightened and flushed in the fading light. Never had Margarite thought the world so beautiful as at this moment when it smiled for the last time upon her. Unutterable love filled her heart; a love painful, vague, objectless, but powerful.

She was expending all her strength in pulling her feet from the sand, only to keep from sinking immediately. Behind her the tide roared and sucked forward. She recalled the stories her friends here, in Dorchester, had told her of the flood tide of this shore, but till now she had only imagined, never realized.

She clasped her hands over her heart; she thought she could go no further, though she still almost unconsciously struggled to get on.

Over the stony way at the high tide ridge galloped a horseman on a strong steed, that pranced at the sound of the rising tide, and gaily snuffed the salt air. Margarite saw him in that light of the horizon; like a spectre of visions she saw his face turn toward her, then the horse came thundering down the beach, she was caught up to his back, held tight by the arms of its rider and borne away. The horse sprang on the ridge just as the water gurgled with devouring immensity up to the brink. It could go no further.

Panting, exhausted, the horse stood quivering with long drawn sighs, flecked with foam from its lips and from the sea. The man alighted and took Margarite down. He stood for a moment with his arm around her, supporting a form that seemed almost to have

bidden farewell to life, so nerveless, strengthless did it appear.

Struggling with her exhaustion, Margarite at last succeeded in standing erect. She looked in the face of him who had saved her. Surprise and an unacknowledged pleasure suffused her white face.

"Mr. Drelincourt!"

She extended her hand. Her voice, though low and weak, had so much of emotion in it that she instantly drooped her eyes after her exclamation.

The hand which retained hers trembled somewhat in response to that exquisite tremor in the tone of Margarite. The gentleman looked down at that face so speaking in its swift changes of feeling. An indescribable flash of fiery resolve and exulting hope flitted over his own countenance. As she glanced up, it had gone, and left in its place a sympathy that had something of tenderness in it.

"Miss Legare," he said, "why did you go down to the water so near the time for the flood tide? Are you suicidal?"

"O, no!" she shuddered as she spoke; "I am too much in love with life." She clasped her hands in an ecstasy of thankfulness, her eyes dilated with light, and she turned their full splendor upon the man as she said—"Mr. Drelincourt, it is to you that I must say how glad I am that I am still breathing this air, in this world that I love. Had it not been for you, I should have been smothered in the sands, at this moment I should have ceased to breathe."

A horror overspread her face; with that morbid attraction which is so common, she dwelt on the terrors which had almost destroyed her.

"Do not talk like that, I beg of you," exclaimed Drelincourt, himself strangely affected by the gloom of her eyes and voice; "you will make me believe that it is only a wraith I have rescued, and that the real Miss Legare is under the sands. But you have not yet told me why you went to the water's edge at this time. Must I be on this path here every day just before high tide? I may not always be fortunate enough to get to you. Promise that you will not go again; for all your dread of such a death I see the daring in your eye."

He bent to look in eyes that had gradually fallen as he spoke. She stood leaning against his horse's shoulder, her head resting on his mane. Something in Drelincourt's tone warned her to guard against him if not

against herself. She turned her face still more towards the smooth coat of the horse, as she felt his owner's gaze upon her. But in an instant she looked up and replied:

"You know I am a Boston girl and am not familiar with this coast, though I have been told about it. I never thought but I might sit here as I do on the New England shore. You may be sure I shall remember during the rest of my stay; so I shall not trouble you to ride over this way before flood tide every day. I'll have some mercy on you."

"I hope that last!" he said, fervently. He took the hand that was playing with the horse's mane. "You said trouble," he continued; "never say that word to me again. Your heart tells you better than that. It is a blessing for me to have saved you."

He could not say that the moment he had held her in his arms and known that she was safe, had been the happiest in his life. Had he died in the effort, he felt that he could hardly have regretted a life so lost.

They stood silent a moment; the faint tinge of color that now remained upon Margarite's cheek told of returning strength. She felt the life coming back in the now steady and strong pulsations of her healthy frame. She stood erect and said:

"We will go up to the house now; my father will—" she paused in hesitant doubt, then finally added—"he will thank you."

A shade had come over her face with the utterance of her words. She had remembered how strangely her father had forbidden her to form the acquaintance of Mr. Drelincourt.

During her long visit in New Brunswick, she had seen many gentlemen, for her cousins were gay people, and gave and attended many parties.

She stood one night with her father in the parlors of her uncle's house; her cousin Louise came through the flitting groups with a gentleman, at sight of whom her father had frowned and turned away, but Louise detained them, and presented Mr. Drelincourt, pretending not to see the offended face of Mr. Legare. Distant and cold was the bow Legare gave, and Margarite had hardly spoken her response to the presentation before her father drew her away, whispering in her ear:

"That man you *shall* not know!" His tone had been so fierce, his manner so abrupt and unusual, that Margarite had started as though she had provoked the utterance of a prophecy of unhappiness. Unconsciously to herself, at the same moment there rose within her a

rebellion against what appeared so unjust and uncalled for. She could get no explanation from her father, only a renewal of commands, which she promised to obey so far as she could without violating the usages of society. He could not make her blind herself to anything more.

She had not before seen Mr. Drelincourt since their introduction, still, she could not but own that she had thought of him as one thinks of a friend. She had remembered the glances of his eyes, the expression of his face more than his words. In them she had seen the nobility and honor of the man; in them, for the first time in her life, she had seen what she had dreamed to be the true chivalric spirit of truth.

He had drawn her hand through his arm and they walked slowly over the stones, the horse following with tired tread.

Was it the beauty of that starry summer night, the soft murmur of the satisfied tide, or the grateful heart of Marguerite, that made that time so dear to her in the dark hours that came to her in the days after?

An indescribable aroma of subtle happiness seemed to fill the air. It was not that which was said, it was their own existence. When Marguerite had mentioned her father she had looked furtively at Mr. Drelincourt, to see if he knew or shared in the enmity which her father felt, but she discovered no change in his face; she was sure that, whatever was the cause, her companion was ignorant and therefore—with a sigh of content—innocent.

They left the beach, and turned into the road that led to the home of Marguerite's uncle. It was with a secret feeling of uneasiness that Marguerite walked to meet her father. She dreaded his treating her companion with coldness; she imagined he could not forget the fact that it was he who had saved her.

In the long, tree-lined approach to the house, a gig whirled rapidly by them. The man turned back and lifted his hat. Marguerite bowed with a rising blush on her face, ejaculating—"Lawrence!" as he whirled out of sight.

Mr. Drelincourt's arm slightly relaxed its sustaining power. He was conscious that a shade came into his soul, and he was indignant with himself that it was so. He saw that the man was a stranger, had apparently just arrived, that he was young, handsome, and a gentleman—more than that—that Miss Legare called him "Lawrence."

They came in sight of the piazza. A servant was leading the horse to the stables, and the new comer was talking animatedly with the group on the piazza. He turned as Marguerite came forward. He met her, and Drelincourt saw him take both her hands with the self-controlled air that showed how gladly he would have taken her in his arms. Would he have done so had they been alone?

"Marguerite, it is a long time since I saw you," he said, relinquishing, apparently with an effort, the hands he had taken.

It appeared that, for an instant, Miss Legare was slightly embarrassed. She spoke an assent to his remark, and noticing his quick glance at Drelincourt, she turned to the latter and said:

"Mr. Drelincourt, you must know my friend, Mr. Bernard." She felt conscious while she spoke that she had appeared to make Drelincourt second in her regard, an idea which, at that moment, she would rather not have awakened. She saw her father's face gloom as she had approached the piazza. It annoyed and disconcerted her. She, who had usually such perfect self-command, now felt herself uncomfortable from a species of fear which she had never experienced before.

A little more haughtily than was natural, she laid her hand on Mr. Drelincourt's arm to detain him, for he had turned to go. She looked up and spoke:

"Father, will you give me a moment's interview?"

She did not ask, she seemed to command. Mr. Legare came down the steps and walked with the two along the walk.

"Father," she said, "you have to thank Mr. Drelincourt that to-night you have a daughter."

She had meant to shock him, and she had done it most thoroughly. He started violently; his face grew pale as the death his daughter had mentioned. He threw his arm round Marguerite's waist and delayed their walk. Mr. Drelincourt hastened to say:

"Miss Legare makes a merit out of mere humanity, sir. I would not have intruded myself upon you as if I were hoping to hear you speak of gratitude, had I not escorted Miss Legare from the beach."

His tones were distant, almost severe, as he had seen Mr. Legare's face grow pale at sight of his daughter's companion.

"Mr. Drelincourt," began Mr. Legare, a glow spreading over his pale face. He put out his hand, then as suddenly withdrew it,

the color subsiding from his face, though his eyes burnt with conflicting emotions.

"Father!" indignantly cried Margarite, as she saw the hand withdrawn. Tears of surprise, of grief, of anger came to her eyes.

Mr. Drelincourt raised his hat, bowed to her, and said to her father:

"I have the honor of wishing you good-night."

He was walking away. Mr. Legare sprang after him, though he did not touch him.

"Mr. Drelincourt, stay!" he exclaimed.

"I love my daughter; I thank you."

"It is unnecessary to thank me," replied Drelincourt, and walked out of sight into the black shadows of the trees.

Margarite turned and looked at her father; sorrow and wonder were in her glance; perhaps something of anger also till she saw the pain in her father's face.

"That a Drelincourt should have saved a child of mine!"

The words were low, but Margarite heard them with a shiver of dread.

Legare walked apart for a moment, then he came to Margarite's side with a quiet face and step. He stooped and touched her forehead with lips that still trembled from excitement. They walked together while she told him the circumstances of the afternoon. He could not but see that it had been at the risk of his own life that Drelincourt had urged his horse into the sands. Legare looked in alarm at Margarite's face as she told the story. When she had ceased speaking he exclaimed, with suddenness and energy:

"Margarite, you are all I have! I will not give you up to the sea, nor to Drelincourt who saved you from the sea."

Margarite's face showed nothing of what she felt at hearing such strange words from her father. She laughed, and said:

"The sea only has been my suitor. Wait till this stranger, Drelincourt, has asked for my hand, and till I have fallen in love with him, before you become alarmed. Now you are secure, are you not?"

He looked anxiously in her face, but he saw only the indifferent gayety with which she had spoken. In her heart she was thinking that Drelincourt had been too nearly insulted ever to intrude his presence again.

They walked in silence toward the house. In murmurous lulls the sound of the water came up from the shore; it fell upon the tired brain of Margarite with that soft, soothing power of which the noise of moving water is

capable. The murmur harmonized with the glimmering radiance of the stars in the near vault above, with the scented, slowly moving wind that breathed on Margarite's face. She wished she could remain alone with the night; but the voices that came from the piazza as she neared the house, told of the impossibility of such solitude. Margarite ran into the house by a side door, escaping the eyes of Lawrence Bernard that she knew were watching for her.

She could not escape the company, for she had hardly been a quarter of an hour in her room before a servant came for her. Changing her soiled and heavy dress and wet boots, she went down to the parlors, and was met in the hall by Mr. Bernard.

"Give me your presence on this first night of my return," he said, lifting her cold fingers to his lips, his glance lighting and glowing.

The face that thus bent to Margarite Legare was always handsome, though sometimes too prideful, almost with an air of scorn. It was a pride that seemed the result of the knowledge of his position, his wealth, more than all, his irreproachable descent from a proud line of English gentlemen. He inherited a true English face, with chestnut hair and dark blue eyes—eyes whose smile was intense, whose contempt was as strong.

This girl, to whom he now bowed low, was a Yankee—one of those whom he had always pictured to himself as being irrecoverably plebeian—blowzy and harsh-voiced; but Margarite Legare was incomparable, she was royal.

Lawrence Bernard was the son of Mr. Legare's dearest friend; a friendship he had formed during a long residence in England in his youth. Educated at Oxford, Mr. Legare had something of the feeling of a son of the mother country. Young Bernard was doubly dear to him now that his father was dead, and so seemed dissolved all connection with the days of his early manhood.

Instinctively Margarite knew that this man was the man her father wished her to marry, if she were ever to marry at all.

She saw the fire in Bernard's face as he spoke to her in the hall, and the fingers he took trembled in apprehension. Though the two had been on terms of apparent intimacy for a year, such had been the tact of Margarite that the confession Bernard had so often felt throbbing for utterance, had never left his lips.

He drew Margarite out under the stars.

"You look disturbed, unhappy," he said; "I am thoughtless, perhaps selfish, in thus requiring your presence after what you have suffered to-day. Is my prolonged absence a sufficient excuse, and do you pardon me?"

She was walking slowly by his side, and replied a little absently:

"Yes—to both questions."

"Say, 'yes, Lawrence,'" he said, in a low voice, pausing and waiting for her reply; "and look at me while you say it," he continued. "You have not once looked at me to-night."

Thus appealed to, *Margarite* raised her face, pale, dejected, and yet with an unknown, soft lustre in her eyes that powerfully attracted, while it seemed to offer no hope to the eyes that absorbed that glance.

"But you have not yet said my name; have you forgotten it? Will you say it?" he pleaded.

"Yes, Lawrence." The voice was breathlessly sweet, but, for some reason, unexplainable. *Bernard* felt he could no more appropriate it than he could that of the night-bird that sang in the thickets. It thrilled and enchanted him, however, and, notwithstanding the intangible prohibition that he realized, he could hardly resist the enthusiastic admiration that possessed him.

"Why was it not my fortune to have been the one who saved you to-day!" he exclaimed, abruptly recurring to the thought that had tormented him since he had seen *Drelincourt*. He had wondered if that man with the refined, reticent face could see *Margarite* and not love her. It appeared to him impossible.

Margarite made no reply to his exclamation. It was only with an effort that she compelled her thoughts to remain with the present moment, and, while she felt the need of that subtle, repelled power that now encircled her, she regretted, for her father's sake, that she must thus withdraw herself from the wooing voice and eyes that were so near.

"*Margarite*, if it only had been I! But that is useless; gratitude is not what I want."

Margarite hastened to interrupt him:

"It was the merest accident that *Mr. Drelincourt* saw me; an accident for which I shall always be grateful."

"Doubtless," responded *Bernard*, coolly. "Who is *Mr. Drelincourt*? A prince in disguise? The lost Bourbon, perhaps?"

The jesting satire of his tone wounded *Margarite*. She looked up with a dangerous

sheen in her eyes—she spoke with a cutting silver in her voice:

"I only know he is a gentleman."

Bernard felt a pale despondence enter his soul; still it was not utter despair. He pressed the hand that lay upon his arm.

"I beg your pardon, *Margarite*; I did not mean to offend you. If your own heart cannot interpret the cause of my uneasiness, it is useless for me to tell you."

There was something attractive in the knowledge that this willful, proud man became so different by the side of *Margarite*; her eyes and voice softened.

"If you have offended, you are forgiven. Let us return to the house."

Bernard went with her to the parlor door, then he turned and re-entered the grounds. He sauntered slowly and with lowered head and eyes. He thought how he had hurried the business that had kept him away, hoping, almost believing that when he again saw *Margarite* he could safely confess his love. He had come up to New Brunswick with all the ardor of eager affection, but the glance he had of *Drelincourt* as he drove up the avenue, had in an instant dampened his expectation. It was not the mere fact of *Margarite*'s walking with a gentleman—it seemed to him the premonitory whisper of fate. He had seen the face of baffling power and honor that belonged to *Drelincourt*—*Margarite* would love him.

Bernard turned into the deep shrubbery in the rear of the house. Sinuous paths wound in thick gloom; he paced on till he came suddenly upon a man leaning against the hedge and who started violently as *Bernard* almost stumbled against him.

"*Mr. Legare*!" cried *Bernard*, scanning the face of the man before him. There was nothing strange that he should be there, but *Bernard* could not help fancying he discovered a fluttering nervousness in the manner of *Mr. Legare*.

"What is it?" questioned *Bernard*.

"Where is my daughter?" rather irrelevantly asked *Mr. Legare*.

"Your daughter, sir!" exclaimed *Bernard*; "I do not know, but I think she is in her own room, as she was very tired when she went in the house."

"You are correct," responded *Mr. Legare*, "she is in her room as you will discover if you look at that window."

They stood on an elevation in the grounds, and, notwithstanding the shrubbery, they

could look unobstructedly at some of the chamber windows of the house.

Astonished, amazed, Bernard followed the direction of his companion's finger. He saw a crimson curtain looped back—a mellow light shone over Margarite who sat in the window-seat—the light streamed out into the night air and brightened it. Margarite's forehead rested on her hand, her eyes were bent on something that seemed resting on her lap. Such appeared her position.

Bernard saw her with a thrill of delight and sorrow—he thought her lovelier than ever. He did not understand Mr. Legare; he looked at him inquiringly, and said:

"Well?"

"What do you think of her?" asked Mr. Legare, looking keenly at him through the dusk.

"Think of her!" cried Bernard; "do not ask me what I think of her." He turned his face aside.

"She is reading a letter from Drelincourt," said Legare, with the deliberate accent of a man who tortures himself.

He guessed the pang he was inflicting on Bernard, but he could not help it—it could be hardly greater than what he felt himself. Bernard's fingers closed tightly, but he restrained the start of astonishment and suspicion. It was a moment before he spoke, then he said, coldly and without emotion:

"I suppose she has a right to read a letter from Mr. Drelincourt."

If his pride was softened before Margarite, it should not appear so before any one else.

"No Legare of my family shall have such a right," said Mr. Legare, his black eyes glowing and his swarthy, Spanish-looking face alive with lurid hate.

"It is not many hours since she saw him," said Bernard; "I confess I do not see the necessity of a letter so soon."

"An assignation, perhaps," muttered Mr. Legare.

Bernard felt his face grow livid. Suddenly he said:

"But how do you know she has a letter, and if she has—is it from Drelincourt?"

"I have been walking about the garden all the evening," he replied; "and while I stood on the grassy knoll at the eastern part of the grounds, I saw a tall man making his way by hesitating, watchful steps toward the part of the house where Margarite's room is located. I only thought it odd for a stranger to be in the grounds, and, unconsciously I watched

his movements; as I did so, I felt sure it was Drelincourt. Then, with sudden, but groundless suspicion, for I had before seen nothing, I followed his footsteps. After slow progress, he reached this side of the house. There had been a light in Margarite's chamber some ten minutes, but she was not visible. The man glanced cautiously round—at last drew from his pocket a letter, attached it to a pebble, and threw it with so good an aim that it went in at the open window, so there was not even the small crash of broken glass. I saw Margarite sit down with the letter in her hand. When the fellow had gone, I went beneath the window—I saw the gleam of something white; it was this handkerchief. Unfortunately for you and I, it bears the name of Drelincourt."

Mr. Legare tossed the handkerchief into Bernard's hand. He had no need to look for the name, his eye found it as though the letters were flaming in fire. It seemed natural that he should hate that name. A sudden thought struck him, he looked at Mr. Legare and said:

"May I have this handkerchief?"

There was a slight eagerness in his tone, for which his companion could not account. Mr. Legare smiled satirically.

"As a token of affection, doubtless," he said.

Bernard replied in a suppressed voice:

"As a token of remembrance."

He spoke as though he had said—"A token of vengeance." Mr. Legare's smile changed to one of grim satisfaction.

"In that case, you may have it," he said.

After a few moments' silence, Bernard said:

"It is evident that you dislike Mr. Drelincourt; it is unnecessary for me to know why. In any case, Mr. Legare, remember that I, too, do not love that man."

Mr. Legare pressed hard the hand extended to him, and Bernard walked away.

"After all," he said, to himself, "she will never love me. Her father's power avails nothing, for, though it give me a wife, it cannot give me her heart." He stayed in the faint light that came from Margarite's window. He could not see her now, but the curtain was still looped back. He saw the white vase on the window-seat; he almost fancied he could inhale the perfume of the flowers that drooped in grace over the Parian. He thought of that time a year ago, when he and Margarite wandered through the fair gardens of her wealthy New England home,

and he had felt the assurance that then, at least, she loved no other better than the calm affection she offered him.

Past joys are sad to remember. Bernard's heart throbbed with bitterness. He stood gazing with fierce, burning eyes at the tiny vase that the mellow light was glorifying. As he looked, a white hand clasped the vase and removed it from his sight. A slender, graceful, and yet powerful hand; the hand for whose possession, Lawrence Bernard felt at that moment, that he would have given his life.

Margarite had put the vase away; she extinguished the light, knelt down by the window, and, folding her arms on the ledge, she laid her head upon them and looked out upon the subdued lustre of the night.

Soon upon Bernard's disturbed soul, there rose the sounds of a sweetly-chanted "Ave Sanctissima." His pulses subdued their beats to listen, for it was a music in accordance with the night, and it was Margarite who sang. The notes swayed gently among the soft, moving tree-leaves; it was melody like their motion.

"Ora pro nobis!

"Tis nightfall on the sea!"

The last strain quivered in the warm air and died a death of sweetness. An instant of silence, then Bernard heard the window close, and he went up to his own room, saying to himself—"And she will sleep, to dream of Drelincourt." And Bernard slept, to dream of Margarite.

PART II.

Mr. Legare had felt a faint hope that his daughter might relate to him the extent of her acquaintance with Drelincourt, but she said not a word, and, narrowly as he watched her on those rare occasions when Drelincourt was among the guests, he could discover nothing in her manner, save the easy good-breeding which characterized her intercourse with others. Once or twice, indeed, he had imagined he detected a faint, unusual flush on her face, an interested brilliance in her eyes when the two talked together.

Knowing his dislike to Drelincourt, could Margarite meditate a private marriage—a marriage to which her father did not give his consent? Mr. Legare rejected the idea, for he knew how unimpeachable was the honor of his daughter.

He watched closely for the signs of any more private communications, but he discovered none. Though his own eyes had been his witnesses, still he, at times, wondered if he had not been deceived in his impressions—then his fatal sight of Drelincourt beneath his daughter's window again recurred to him, and he could doubt no longer.

The days of the summer sped on. By the shores of that sounding sea Margarite had opened the book whose hieroglyphics were to be her happiness or misery. Inevitably did Drelincourt and Margarite walk on in the same path, but they had said no words to each other—they dreamed not of that gulf which Mr. Legare had determined should be bridgeless.

Mr. Legare delayed his departure as long as possible, for he was obliged to leave Margarite a while longer with her cousins. He lingered from day to day, conscious of his neglected business, but dreading to go.

At last, one morning as Margarite sat alone in the parlor, her father suddenly entered, portmanteau in hand, and ready for his journey.

"You see I am going," he said, in answer to Margarite's surprised look.

"But I am not ready; shall I have time?" she asked, springing to her feet, and with her hand already on the door.

A heavier cloud darkened Mr. Legare's face as he saw the slight token of disappointment which Margarite's flexible face could not wholly hide.

"Do not disturb yourself," he said, with unaccustomed coldness; "you are not to return until a fortnight later. I shall then have our house ready, and Lawrence will escort you home. In the meantime—" he paused, softly stroking Margarite's hand that lay on his arm.

"In the meantime, father?" she asked, lifting her brilliant face, and smiling into his eyes.

He clasped her suddenly and earnestly in his arms, his dark face glowed, he murmured in her ear:

"You know how strong is the love of your Spanish father; do not be the innocent cause of Drelincourt's discovering how strong is Spanish hate. When I tell you my past life, you will know why I speak thus."

Margarite had shuddered slightly as he spoke. Now she raised a face cold and pallid, and said:

"Why has not my father reposed that con-

fidence in me before?" she inquired, sadly.

"Because it is the reviving of old despair. But I warned you—I trust you, *Margarite*."

"You warned me!" repeated *Margarite*, in a hollow voice, remembering the glances and tones of *Drelincourt* as she had never remembered glances and tones before—realizing at this moment, with terrible vividness, what she had never fully realized before.

"Carriage waiting, sir," spoke a servant, at the door.

Mr. Legare left his daughter, the strange look on her face flitting with him as he journeyed home.

That evening, *Margarite's* cousins—the whole family, departed to a social gathering in the neighborhood. *Margarite* had been blithe and gay through all the weary, dragging hours of that day—but she felt it to be impossible to extend the farce into the night, and she would not go to the party.

She sat down by the window—in the place where she had bidden her father good-by. Through all the minutes that had passed since then, there had flashed back and forth through her mind the last words her father had uttered—"I warned you; I trust you."

The fatigue, the languid pallor that she had resisted all day, overcame her now, for she could combat it no longer. Her head touched the cushions—her trembling, feverish fingers pressed the eyes that would not weep; she seemed no longer that radiant *Miss Legare* who was queen wherever she chose to wield her sceptre.

That thought must have come into the mind of him who had softly entered at the door. He stood for a moment by the sofa on which *Margarite* had thrown herself. At that instant he could exercise no control over his face; it was luminous with ineffable tenderness; no woman for whom he looked like that, could ever doubt him. He bent over the drooped head and lifted his hand as if to lay it on her hair—but he withdrew the hand and said, softly:

"A crownless queen?"

Margarite heard that voice with surprise and dismay. She would not raise her head till she had acquired more command of the tremulous mouth and sad eyes. The slight motion of her hand was all the sign by which *Drelincourt* knew that she heard him.

He turned and walked to the far end of the room. He looked out upon the night—a night of the intensest beauty of early autumn—with the best smile of summer to

enrich the warm pulses of her successor.

Both hearts there felt the presence of a coming destiny; both were drinking that draught which is offered with crimson hue but once in life. Ever after, its color is paled, its hue insipid.

Commanding her self-possession to return, *Margarite* raised her head; she pushed back her hair, and rising, walked toward a chair by the table.

"It is sufficiently evident that you were not expected, *Mr. Drelincourt*," she said, looking at him with eyes which were almost steady, if they were still troubled.

He turned at her first word, but he still stood at the window.

"Do not make it evident that I am an intruder, because, even if I knew that, I hardly possess the power to leave you."

Margarite ignored the slight veiled tenderness of that tone. She replied:

"It is not for my friends to intrude."

Her tone was cooler than she had thought, but she remembered that it was impossible to be more distant than her duty commanded.

He advanced quickly to her side. She glanced at his face and saw it suffused with unspeakable sorrow and love. It was too hard to nerve herself to refuse a love which made her happier than she had ever imagined happiness. "I trust you," again sounded in her ears as her father had said it upon that morning.

"I see that you wish me to leave you," *Drelincourt* said. "Do you wish it?"

He stood holding her gaze with that look of concentrated entreaty that appealed to the very soul of her he loved. Dropping her eyes, she answered:

"You must go." She did not tremble as she uttered the sentence that might exile her life from her.

He came a step nearer, close to her, still he did not touch her, though *Margarite* felt his presence, powerful and dear, encircling and holding her.

"Do you wish me to go?" he asked, the music of his soul intoning his voice.

Her forehead sank to the table beside which she sat. How could she perjure herself by saying "no" to that which her whole being cried "yes" with the strength of life and death. Frantically she tried to summon that negative to her lips; it seemed impossible, while every instant she felt the glow that she knew was glorifying the face of *Drelincourt*. He would know that she loved him—after all,

what could she say to him, how fight against a love they both knew to be mutual?

While she taunted herself with her weakness, he bent over her and took her hand upon his arm. The soft, sweet lightning of his eyes penetrated to the heart already his. She would be true to the truth, though she told him of her father's commands.

"So long as you do not send me away, no power can drive me from happiness," he whispered, in the voice of an all-conquering love.

She raised her eyes for an instant to his face; she could not refuse the perfection of passion she saw there. The reserved and yet mercurial element of her nature rose to greet the fire in the eyes of Drelincourt. A cloud floated between them; she lowered her eyelids and cried with trembling lips:

"O, my father!"

Drelincourt had seen the look and guessed the cause before she spoke. He clasped her closer.

"For this moment, at least, let nothing come between us," he said. "Only give me permission to speak to your father and I have no doubt he will consent. Why should he not? I am of good lineage, if he thinks of that—I am wealthier even than he." He paused, looked at the half averted face—he could not mistake that pallor of despair. His own countenance whitened. He continued—"I love you, Margarine; why do you look like that? Is it possible you are promised to another—to Bernard? Perhaps you love him."

He released the hand he had clasped so tenderly, and withdrew a step.

"It is you whom I love," murmured Margarine; then raising her face she motioned him back and continued, "and it is you whom I must send from me. Mr. Drelincourt, believe me, our love is hopeless. Now will you leave me?"

Now it was the queen dismissing her courtier; she had called into her voice and manner all of that unapproachable regality which sometimes characterized her, and it had most royally obeyed her summons.

Drelincourt looked at her. This woman loved him. That thought thrilled him from head to foot; he would know only that. He extended his arms and exclaimed:

"My Gunevere!"

She must not rise to meet that embrace, but her eyes looked at his—their gaze was the incomparable splendor of love; in that look she had given him her heart. She opened

her lips, her tone was the entreaty of hopelessness.

"Go, Launcelot!" she said. He bowed his head and went from her.

At dinner next day, some one observed that Mr. Drelincourt had gone home to New York. Bernard looked up at Margarine. She returned that glance with a look something like cold steel. It was Bernard whom her father wished her to love; she never could. All that was in her glance—Bernard saw nothing of the regret or confusion he had expected.

There was a tall young man who sat beside Margarine's eldest cousin, Annie. He was now Annie's acknowledged lover, though her parents had at first opposed his suit.

"Mr. Drelincourt is a gentleman I never saw," he said, "but I have so many times been told that I bear a resemblance to him, that I am quite curious. Do I look like him, Miss Graham?" He spoke to Annie.

"Your figure, complexion and hair are the same, but your expression is very different," was the reply; "do you not think so, Margarine?" Margarine bowed; she would not speak while Bernard's eyes were on her thus.

"It would not be flattering to him to be mistaken, thus," said the gentleman; "particularly when I made that absurd mistake of throwing that surreptitious note into the wrong window. I have sincerely repented, and, ladies I don't wish to know who received the letter, and thus became the bearer of forbidden epistles to Miss Graham? Bernard could hardly keep his surprise from his face. He saw by the quick looks which passed between Annie and Margarine, who had received the note.

Could Margarine ever forgive any one who had suspected her of clandestine correspondence? But she should never know.

A fortnight later Bernard escorted Margarine home. They walked together on the steamer's deck; he watched the look of calm indifference with which she talked with him, he knew then, whatever had passed between her and Drelincourt, for him there remained but friendship in her heart. He staid one night beneath Mr. Legare's roof; in the morning he sought Margarine to offer his farewell. Self-controlled, distant, he gave her his hand—he did not say where he was going, but the day after, Mr. Legare came to Margarine and exclaimed without preface:

"Why has Bernard gone to Europe?"

Margarine looked up in pale surprise.

"I did not know it," she said.

"He has gone home, and he will never come back. Why did you let him go?"

"I?" with indignant inquiry.

"You have refused him?" questioned her father.

"I never had the opportunity," coldly replied *Margarite*.

"But he loved you."

She did not reply and her father left the room with the knowledge that his long cherished scheme was defeated.

Margarite was glad of the quiet monotony of her days; in those still hours she could learn that subjection of outward emotion which she must acquire before she entered the gaiety of winter life when they should remove to the city.

If the *Miss Legare* who re-entered the elite circles of Boston during the next winter, seemed more than one year older than the *Margarite* who had gaily trod through festivities the winter before, no one knew why it was so. They only knew that her face and manner were more characterized by a magnificent repose, by the aid of that which had been, not that which she was still expecting. So in the glorious glow of her youth and beauty, she had seemed suddenly to acquire an enchanting mystery. It would be inexpressibly delightful to waken to life the superbest of smiles those lips and eyes had ever known, and many tried to do it.

"If *Miss Legare* is not here, I shall be sorry I compelled you to come," said one gentleman to another, as they both leaned against the wall and watched the brilliant pageant of a masquerade ball. The two gentlemen were dressed as cavaliers in the time of Charles the Second. They wore their masks, and one could only tell that one was tall and well-formed, the other shorter and not so symmetrical.

"But how are you to recognize this *Miss Legare*?" asked the taller man. "Almost all these ladies are masked or veiled; or must we wait till supper before we see her?"

"If I do not penetrate her disguise, yes," was the impatient reply.

"In the meantime let us stroll through the rooms before the dancing commences."

They walked slowly on, chatting with the many unmasked ladies they met. They passed by a lady leaning on the arm of a gentleman of the reign of Louis XIV. She was entirely in black; velvet drooped richly round her, lace beautified her throat and arms, a light

mask concealed her face. At her throat, amid the folds of lace, there glowed the scented petals of a half-bloomed red rose. Not a single jewel sparkled, no gold showed, the rose was all the decoration she wore.

The taller of the two men stayed his companion. Before his mind there rose the vision of long strolls by the waters of the Bay of Fundy, when the girl with him had always worn a red rose. He remembered the time when he had rescued her from the encircling waters, then there had been a crimson blooming rose at her belt. He remembered just how it was crushed by his arm as he had drawn her up to him.

"That is *Miss Legare*," he whispered to his companion, without heeding the astonishment he caused. The gentleman with *Miss Legare* relinquished her arm for a moment to speak to some one near. *Drelincourt* advanced to her side.

"*Miss Legare*, will you walk with me?" he asked.

She turned and excused herself to her escort. *Drelincourt* felt the hand quiver as it touched his arm. He was impatient to see her face, to tell her that which he had to tell. He removed his mask, and bent his head as he whispered:

"Come with me to the grounds; there, at least I may speak to you." She obeyed, passively and quietly it seemed, though all the old tempest and storm of strife was roused within her.

"He can have nothing to tell but what I have heard; O, why do I go?" she said to herself.

He went to the cloak-room and threw a shawl over his arm—he led her rapidly into the clear starlight night. He wrapped the shawl close about her, his eyes burning with impetuous earnestness.

"Why did I come here?" she exclaimed, aloud.

"Because you are mine! From this time, always mine!"

Almost startled by the triumphant vehemence of his tone, *Margarite* drew back, slightly.

"Will you take off your mask?" he asked, in a softer tone.

She did so, and felt, though she dared not see, the eager, appropriating gaze from the eyes dearest in the world.

"I have just come from your father," he said.

She did not repress a start of surprise, but

her face did not express the hope that beamed in his.

"I asked your father for his daughter's hand. He refused, instantly—"

"And you have sought me again!" exclaimed Margarite, trembling with the renewed conflict of love and duty.

"I should always have sought you, until I possessed you. You did not know me. Margarite, do not withdraw yourself from me. Let me tell you. I asked your father why he refused. He seemed agitated, but at length related something of his past life. My face and name had misled him. It was a Drellin-court who robbed him of his first love, who eloped with her on the eve of her marriage. Unfortunately, I resembled that man. Your father inquired concerning my family. He inquired of those who were only half-informed, and who confirmed his previous belief. Mar-

garite, tell me that you know how happy I was to be able to undeceive him."

He raised her gloved fingers to his lips:

"Tell me that you know," he repeated.

"I do know," she said.

She smiled upon him, that smile that she had thought doomed to slumber forever. A radiance was in her eyes, a crimson on her lips.

"We must return," she said, softly. He touched the rose at her throat.

"I will see you to-morrow," he said; "meanwhile, give me this, to remember to-night."

He held the rose as tenderly as the hand that gave it to him. When they reached the door, he paused an instant, pressed her flower and hand to his heart:

"It is my red rose forever!" he said.

ALONE BY THE SEA.

BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

I stand alone by the restless sea,
I list to its mournful roar,
And the angry waters speak to me
As they break along the shore—

They speak to me of another day
When I stood here not alone—
Ere the joys of life had passed away,
Ere my heart had been turned to stone.

'Twas long ago, and the April sun
Was low in the far-off west;
The heavens glowed with a tender light,
And the billows-sank to rest.

We wandered slowly among the sands,
We gazed on the changing sky,
We whispered fondly with clasping hands,
O, my lost one, you and I!

We talked of the future with hope and love,
For our hearts were young and true;
While the moaning sea and the skies above,
Witnessed my vow to you—

A vow to love and trust till death;
God knows I have kept it well!
That thy name is breathed with my every breath,
My sorrowful life will tell.

But that evening passed as all joys will pass;
On the morn you sailed away
To some far-off southern clime, alas!
And I did not bid you stay.

The ship went down in the unknown deep,
My lover came not to me,
So alone on the shore I stand and weep,
And gaze on the moaning sea.

Ah well, 'tis the lot of many a one
To be cursed in the prime of life—
(An hour of happiness—soon undone,
And the rest is a dreary strife.

We long for love in our youthful years,
We find it—to lose again,
And life is a wilderness of tears,
A wearisome age of pain.

ROMANCE AND ROYALTY

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

"By my spurs of knighthood, this is a lovely road," exclaimed a young cavalier, who, with his companion, was approaching the city of Laval. "I have not, in all France, seen such a luxuriant interchange of foliage, or so many fertile valleys, each with its clear, bright water-course."

"So thought our gallant countryman, the Earl of Shrewsbury, in 1449," replied the other, "when he captured this same city of Laval, and declared that the province of Maine was the only place in France fit for an Englishman to live in. But see—here comes a merry party of demoiselles, the fair Henrietta at their head."

Over two hundred years have passed and gone, since this dialogue took place. It was then the golden era of the troubadours, so that no one thought strange that the proud Henrietta, Duchess of Maine, checked her palfrey when she saw the horsemen, exclaiming: "Welcome, welcome to our province."

A deep blush suffused her pleasant features as she spoke, nor had her words fairly ceased, ere the younger of the horsemen had sprung to the ground, and hastened to kiss her hand.

"I could not be happy elsewhere," said he, in a deep, low voice, "if you were not there."

"Nay, noble minstrel. But you must need repose. Mount, and we will escort you to our castle."

A few moments more, and the two were riding side by side, conversing of love and song, in the high-flown language of those times, while his companion was equally engaged with her principal tire-woman. The other demoiselles, with a few attendant archers, followed at a respectful distance.

Henrietta, Duchess of Maine, and sister of the King of France, was a young and happy girl, who had been educated in the charming province whose name she bore. Warmer than Normandy, and within a convenient distance of Paris, Maine was the chosen summer-home of many French nobles, so that the royal young heiress had enjoyed every advantage of society, in addition to her highly cultivated natural accomplishments. Well versed in history, a splendid musician, a graceful dancer, and a lovely person withal, no one who knew her wondered that King Charles of England sought her hand. Yet it was whispered that

she did not favor the royal alliance, and when, as they rode along, her present companion jestingly alluded to it, she replied:

"Nay, sir, I would rather be Queen of Maine than Queen of England."

"Ah," was his answer, "I am an Englishman, fair duchess, and fain would I like to live under your sway. Ay," and as he spoke he looked back, "I see, too, that my attendant is equally willing to swear allegiance to your tire-woman."

"Alice is a silly girl," said the duchess, with a sigh that plainly showed her own interest in her companion. By this time they had reached the antique castle, where the old Count de Rougefield came forth to greet his ward, and welcome the strangers.

The evening meal was speedily served, and the strangers soon won all hearts, the knight entertaining those with whom he sat, under the dais, with many a tale of chivalry; while his attendant, sedulously attentive to the fair Alice, had many a jest palatable to the men-at-arms and maidens who sat at the long table below. Never had such entertainment been afforded by any guests, nor could even the Count de Rougefield refrain from expressing loud thanks, mingled with regrets that they were to leave early the next morning.

No sooner had the attendant maidens removed the day-attire of the young duchess, than she threw a cashmere shawl around herself and retired into her inner boudoir, making a sign to Alice.

"Who, I wonder, can this knight be?" she asked, throwing herself upon a velvet ottoman.

"Do you know, Alice?"

"Noble duchess, I know not. But he must be a knight of high degree, for he hath a marvellously pleasant spoken squire, with whom I have held a brief converse this evening. Perchance I might ascertain from him."

"Should you meet him, Alice, question him as to the knight's rank, but you need not mention who willed you to do so."

"No, my lady. But as I promised to listen to a few words from him to-night, I will question him, I warrant you."

"Be wary, Alice."

"My lady, I will only question him of his master; surely that will not be wrong?" said Alice, her bright eyes dancing with mischief

under her raised brows, speaking truths themselves, and drawing truths from the now blushing duchess.

"Romantic girl, touch thy lute, and do not give place to such silly thoughts in thy head."

Alice instantly swept the strings of her lute to a merry tune of chivalry and love, but her fair mistress's mind was not attuned to mirth, and she turned pettishly to her, saying :

"Cease thy trifling. I like not such childish ways." Then quickly recovering her usual urbanity of manner, she smilingly continued: "But go; thy mirthful strains and witching eyes are sadly wasted on our presence. Verily, I must arraign this said squire for depriving me of my minstrel."

"Then good-night, royal lady, and if I mistake not my abilities in cross-questioning, I can enlighten you on the morrow."

"Good-night. Summon ~~my~~ tire-woman again, and I will to my couch, for I feel fatigued."

Alice, casting one more laughing glance on her loved mistress, disappeared through a side door leading into the garden, where she began to hum the tune which she had been singing. Soon it was answered, only in a gruffer strain, and on turning a corner of the walk, she encountered the English squire.

"Here, by Cheapside bells!" he exclaimed. "I began to chide my believing heart, when the promised hour struck, that had made me vain enough to think those mischievous eyes had told truth, when they looked on me with favor."

"Looked on you, sir, with favor—on a stranger! Nay, sir, if you would be looked on with favor in this province of Maine, I must know your name."

"And so you shall—but I must breathe it on those ripe lips;" and he proceeded to put his promise in practice, but Alice, with one bound, was some yards from his outstretched arms, saying:

"Come not nearer me! Keep thy distance, or as this is our first meeting, it shall be our last. One step nearer, and I am gone!"

The esquire's almost contemptuous curl of the lip, and licentious glare of the eye, did not bespeak him to be the humble character his first speech would have made him. But the curled lip and glaring eye were quickly repressed, as he again spoke:

"Nearer I must come, for my name is not to be proclaimed in this place, but must be whispered even in thy ear, nor go beyond it—yet glance not again such lightning, by'r lady,

it hath seared my heart. Stay, tell me first, hast thou a name?"

"I need not fear to tell thee mine, since shame has never yet touched it. 'Tis Alice d'Orne."

It would have been difficult for a close observer to define, by the moonlight, the expression of the esquire's features, as she concluded this last sentence—but it seemed to be a compound of triumph, and doubt if she might be able to say this long. However, be it as it may, his voice had still the same insinuating tone as before, when he exclaimed:

"Now, by the rood, I know not if I ought to tell, but—"

The remainder of the sentence was in a low whisper, but it made Alice start and draw her cloak around her, as if with the intention of departing. Yet she still lingered, and asked, with a trembling voice, "Then who is it you call master?"

"That, sweetest, it is not mine to tell."

"Farewell, then. We meet not again—if I had known to whom I had given my word to meet at this hour, we had not met."

"Nay, we do not part thus. The fairest of England's dames do not scorn me—yet there is not one of them to whom I would reveal his name. Yet if you must have it, question for question. Is it for your fair mistress or your fair self that you ask?"

"I will not tell thee."

"Yet 'tis said a woman cannot keep a secret; if 'twere not dark, I would read it in thy eyes. But I will tell thee his name, to convince thee how I love thee."

And again he drew near her, and again she started, exclaiming, "Ah!"

"'Tis even so," he replied to her exclamation. "And now wilt thou let me press thy sweet cheek? and I will tell thee, love, that the duchess is loved as well as thou."

"There, bless thee for that news," replied the affectionate French girl, and she held towards him "the prettiest hand," as he said, "that he had ever pressed to his lips."

"And now, monsieur, we part."

"To meet again—when?"

"I know not;" and away she bounded into the castle.

"By the rood, this girl has befooled me. Why, what a poltroon I am turning to—a blabber, too; but I am deceived if those bright eyes do not love mischief too well to tell Henrietta what she knows, and if she does, 'twill only mar the romantic boy's plans. Well, better fortune next time." With this

cheering soliloquy, he retired into the castle.

Morn had scarce lifted her dusky eyelid, ere Alice was summoned to the side of the couch of the duchess. She entered with the same sweet laugh dancing in her eyes, and dimpling her cheeks, but she did not speak.

"Alice, girl. What did you learn?"

"Royal Henrietta, I grieve to refuse you, but—"

"But! Can it be, Alice, that your own romantic love has turned your head? You had better find another mistress."

"O, no, lady," replied Alice, as she stood weeping at her mistress's side. "No—you took me because I was an orphan; keep me for the same cause. Whither should I go, were I to leave you?"

"Pshaw, Alice, I did not mean it. But tell me."

"I cannot tell you more than that he is of noble birth."

"Dost thou know his name?"

"I cannot reveal it. But he is a true knight."

"What care I? Of course thou knowest the squire's name?"

"Yes," exclaimed Alice, her face blushing scarlet that seemed to deny her tears, for her eyes were again flashing mirth. "Yes, and by my troth, he might be Prince Charles himself," she continued, casting a keen glance at her mistress's countenance, but she read nothing there.

"What makes you dream of such a silly idea? Prince Charles is betrothed to me, and would not come here to woo my maiden."

"Nay, but the esquire's master might."

"Nay, nay, girl. Royal marriages are not based on affection, nor do royal lovers pass the time so agreeably to their affianced." She paused a moment, and then continued, "are they gone, Alice?"

"I saw them cross the moat, as I traversed the hall, my lady, when you summoned me."

Months had passed away, and one morning, as Henrietta was sitting with her favorite Alice, listening to her music, a servant announced the arrival of the duke of Richelieu, with a message to the lady duchess.

"I come," said she. But ere she repaired to the presence chamber, she requested Alice to await her return. In about an hour she came back, and throwing herself upon her ottoman, burst into a passionate fit of tears.

"Ah, my lady, what has happened? Let me weep with thee," said the tearful maiden.

"O, Alice, I have been deceiving myself—

fancying I loved not the stranger I met at Paris and again here—hoping that Prince Charles would break his faith with me, as he did with the infants of Spain. But no. The duke of Richelieu tells me that my royal brother has fixed the wedding-day. What! do you smile?"

"No, good lady, not at your grief. But you may be queen of England yet."

"Ah, Alice, I told the stranger I would rather be Queen of Maine. Yet, could I but live with him, I would rather be a peasant-woman than either."

"Cheer up, my lady; all may yet be right!" Day after day did Alice use this consolation, but it was of little avail, although the proud duchess would not avow her love for one who had scorned her affections by remaining absent.

The wedding-day arrived, and the trembling Henrietta, surrounded by her maidens, stood before the cathedral altar of Laval. Her royal brother, Louis XIII. of France, graced the nuptials, attended by the beauty and chivalry of his court. At length the proxy of the English prince entered—it was the famed Duke of Buckingham.

Alice changed color as she saw him, and rejoiced when the ceremonies were completed. When in her room again, the duchess, or rather the princess, said:

"I do not like the looks of my royal husband's proxy, and yet methinks I have seen him before."

"He's a bold man," quietly answered Alice, "but report says he does not always dazzle young maidens, as a lighted candle does the poor moths."

That night Henrietta slept but little, nor did she feel greatly rejoiced the next morning, when Buckingham brought her despatches from London, stating that James I., her father-in-law, was dead, and that she would therefore land in England as its queen. Retiring to her closet, she knelt, and prayed that "God would make her love her royal husband with her whole heart."

Soon afterwards, she landed in England, amidst the cheers of her subjects, who were charmed by her pale yet sweet face. Curiously enough, she wore the dress in which, at Paris, she had first seen the stranger knight, but he was not in the gay throng which awaited her at the palace. Trembling violently, her veil fell over her face as she entered the throne-room—her limbs refused to support her, and she sank into outstretched arms. They were the arms of King Charles!

"Henrietta, our queen, look up!" said a voice that seemed to act as magic upon her, for she opened her eyes and fixed them upon him. Then, looking back upon Alice, and next at Buckingham, she sank her head upon the monarch's breast, and shed tears of joy.

"We will be crowned to-morrow," said her once disguised lover, now England's proud king.

"Ah, Alice!" murmured Henrietta. "But was Buckingham thy lover? I thought I had seen him."

"He might have been, my lady, but I preferred to serve you."

"Thou art a good lass," said the proud earl, the usual haughty smile curling his lip. "When thou find'st a husband, I will add a goodly purse to thy portion."

Henrietta was no less beloved in her new station than she had been in her quiet French home, and the nobility were ever devising some new amusement to gratify her. Among her most devoted subjects was Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who had sunk an immense fortune in his endeavors to colonize the northern portion of New England, where he had vainly endeavored to establish provinces under the names of "Laconia," and "New Somerset." The queen took a great liking to the old gentleman, and it came about that his kinsman, Thomas Gorges, won the heart of Alice.

One winter's day, Sir Ferdinando visited the royal palace with two Alcuaguis Indians, brought home from Agamenticus by his nephew, William Gorges. The queen was much interested in them, especially when they put on their snow-shoes, and ran over

the snow in the park as if in chase of the moose.

"And so, Alice, you are thinking of going among these heathen?"

"Yes, your majesty, thanks to your royal consort, who is to sign the royal charter under which Thomas goes out."

"By the way, Sir Ferdinando," said the king, "have you thought of a name for your new province yet? The parchment is ready."

"Let Alice name it," remarked Buckingham, "and I will pay the christening fee, as a reward for her discretion, or as a penalty for my impertinence in days past."

"You must have a rare name," exclaimed the old knight, "for it is a rare land. There are mountains towering towards the sun, large lakes, fertile hills, and many a broad river intersecting the heavy timber land—"

"Why," interrupted the queen, "it must resemble my dear province of Maine."

"Call it Maine, then, my dear sovereign," said Alice. "I shall then be reminded of the old castle where my youthful days were so happily passed, even although an ocean rolls between."

"*Car tel est nostre plaisir!*" responded the king, in the legal Norman French of the court. "For such is our pleasure. Maine let it be called, from the New Hampshire on the one hand to Acadia on the other. Then turning to his queen with an affectionate look, he added, "and now, dear Henrietta, while monarch of my heart, and wearer of an English crown, you are what you once told your disguised and delighted lover you wished to be—
QUEEN OF MAINE."

VIOLETS FROM AN UNKNOWN FRIEND.

BY LUCILLE HOWARD.

I sought them not on meadows bright,
Nor in the shady glen;
They came to me—I knew not how,
I hardly could tell when.
And yet more joy to me has given
This bunch of violets fair,
Than gifts from far, or miser's gold,
Or rubies rich and rare.

The twilight hour, with shadows dark,
Had filled the house with gloom,
But shadows MIGHTIER FAR than they,
Went with me to my room.

But when I dragged my weary steps
Up to my chamber door,
Thinking, "Ah, I will cast me down
Upon the very floor—"

"And sob, and weep my soul away,
For all is dark and drear;
I cannot catch a ray of light,
My spirit shrinks with fear."
Just then, the door with haste I oped—
"Ah, what is this so sweet?
Have angels been from heaven, and cast
Its fragrance at my feet?"

But when I lifted up my eyes
 Upon the table lay
 The bluest bunch of violets
 I'd seen since last May-day.
 What thrilling joy the sweet things gave;
 And yet remorse I felt,
 That I should lift my heart in plaint—
 And then to God I knelt.

For he had surely sent the gift,
 On this, my saddest day;
 And inly I resolved to be
 As sweet and pure as they

And e'er partake of heaven's light,
 And revel in its bliss.
 Thus, with my lips I sealed the vow,
 And breathed on them a kiss.

Sweet violets, come each natal day,
 While I renew the vow
 That I have made while yet your breath
 Is sweeping o'er my brow;
 While I caress your tiny blooms,
 Strength to me shall be given;
 Again, and yet again, may I
 Catch perfumed light from heaven.

GUY'S PROBATION.

~~~~~  
 BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.  
 ~~~~~

"I *shall* not lose my interest in you, Guy! Follow my wishes, and you will find me as true a friend next winter, next year, forever, as I am to-day."

How beautiful she looked, flushed with earnestness! Guy Dale's eyes kindled. He sprang forward.

"You love me!"

She struck him back with her eyes.

"No," she said, coolly, as he paused, trembling, and searching her face. "No," she repeated, "I feel no more for you than I express."

He turned silently away. She followed him to the window.

"Guy, I know you well. I appreciate all your powers, but—a woman must trust the man she loves. If you cannot approve yourself, how can you expect me to approve you? My judgment must commend my heart's choice, else the fruits of my love would be only misery. He whom my head honors my heart will obey—none else."

Guy Dale took the hands of Rose Haughton—fair, firmly-knit hands.

"Tell me this," he said, "have I an equal chance with other men to win your love?"

His eyes held hers steadily.

"You have," she said, slowly.

He knew that it was true; but he had had great fears of Paul Essex. He released the white hands.

"I will go," he said, firmly, "and I shall do my best in New York."

"I think you will," she answered, softly.

His eyes grew wistful.

"Rose," he said, gently and humbly, "I

shall never be worthy of you. But I go away loving you, and during all my exile, I shall love you. I may live to be a better man, but I can never be deserving of you. I never shall be sure that you think me fit—"

He hesitated.

"Guy," she said, frankly, "when I love you, I will tell you so."

"Generous!" he exclaimed.

"Try, now."

"I will *succeed* now," he affirmed.

They parted—as frank friends, in the presence of others. Guy Dale went to New York to commence an active life; Rose remained quietly at Holly Hedge, the holly-bound estate of which she was mistress.

It was a rare old place. The house had been the country seat of the Haughtons when they also possessed a fine city establishment. At the death of Rose's father the New York property was discovered to be heavily mortgaged. It was finally lost, and Holly Hedge became the girl's home. Guy Dale was the son of her attorney. The young man had talents, and possessed every virtue compatible with indolence. His love for Rose had finally aroused him, and he had gone to New York to redeem himself. No sooner had he gone, than Paul Essex appeared.

Essex was the largest land-holder in the county—a man of thirty, the lion of the quiet country town. Every girl who knew him had set her cap for him, with the exception of Rose Haughton. Rose was indifferent, and consequently Essex was attracted by her.

The indifference of Rose for Paul Essex was not feigned; she really felt not the slightest

interest in the man. Attractive as he was to others, he had no attractions for her. With his great fault, Guy Dale was, to her, far more lovable. At least, there was nothing about him that was not frank and kind, and Essex's black eyes always seemed to say treachery. Yet they were very handsome eyes.

One day when she stood in the garden, he rode up, and looking over the hedge, bowed, and inquired if he should get her mail at Hartford.

"If you please," she answered, civilly. He begged for a flower, bent his head, smilingly, on receiving it, and rode away.

It was almost nightfall when he returned. The sun was going down, and the June garden was full of sweet scents and sounds. He fastened his horse to the gate, and came up the path to the door where Rose sat, reading.

"You will pardon the delay I have subjected you to?" he said; "it was unavoidable."

"I have not minded it," she answered, as she took from his hand a number of letters and papers. "Thank you."

As she spoke, she glanced swiftly and eagerly over the letters. She had expected one from Guy, but there was none.

"You are so kind, that I venture to ask a favor," he said.

"What is it?"

"That you will drive with me to the pond, to-morrow, for the water-lilies you were wishing for yesterday."

The proposal was pleasant, but Rose demurred.

"Your sister goes?" she interrogated.

"Certainly, if you wish," he replied, a little coldly.

"I will go, with pleasure," she answered, taking no notice of his annoyance. "At what hour?"

"After dinner, if you like."

"I will be ready."

After he had gone, Rose wandered discontentedly about the garden. It was strange that Guy did not write. He had been in New York a month, and she had not heard from him. Was it possible that he had done nothing yet? that he had not commenced work, and had nothing to tell her? Her beautiful face grew a little bitter at the thought.

The next afternoon, at four o'clock, Mr. Essex's curricie drove up to the door. He drew in the horses, and sprang out. He was alone. He came past the windows into the house. Rose bade him good-afternoon.

"You will not disappoint me, as Laura has

done?" he said, taking her hand. "At the last moment she recollected an engagement, and affirmed that she could not go to the pond. But it will make no difference with you, will it?" he concluded, pleadingly.

The pond was at the distance of a mile, only. Rose had picnicked there in his company many a time. To drive with him there was a little different, but, after all, what did she care for the neighbors? and it was a trivial matter on her own account.

"No," she said, serenely, not meeting his covertly anxious eye. He shawled her, quickly, and they went out to the carriage.

The road was lined with wild rose-bushes and hawthorne in blossom, and the woods echoed with the songs of the happy robins. The light curricie was but a toy behind the powerful, shining horses. Never was a drive more perfect.

Rose leaned idly back among the cushions of Genoa velvet, listening carelessly to her companion.

"By the way," he said, at last, "my brother was in New York, last week."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; and he saw young Dale."

"Ah?"

Rose was sufficiently attentive at last.

"He reports that he is paying marked attention to Miss Colange. She is very beautiful, you know."

"I have heard so."

"We can see the pond now."

The blue water was shining through the trees, but Rose looked at the glimmer with eyes dilated and vague in expression. Essex was unconscious of his fatal news, she thought, and how painfully he talked on! she wanted so to be at home! There was good reason why. Guy had not written. She had heard how marvellous the beauty of Kate Colange was. Guy was dazzled. He had forgotten all else.

The road wound down to the water's edge. There Essex drew in his horses.

"Walton will bring the boat in a moment. Will you alight?"

She let him lift her out, unconscious that he did so.

The narrow strand glittered with the white sand and transparent pebbles. Rose sat down upon a fallen log, trying to divide her attention between Essex's conversation and the boatman bringing his dory through the lily pads, and giving it to neither. The boat's keel grated upon the sand. Essex handed her in,

and she sat down in the bow, looking with secret uneasiness at the beads of shining white upon the water's surface.

She found it absolutely necessary to exert herself to paying some attention to Essex, but it was a dreary afternoon enough. The lilies were gathered at last, and twined into a great wreath. Then they returned to the carriage.

The sun was going down, and the west was all rosy. Among the grasses was the sharp rasping of insects. The monotony of the noise was inexpressibly irritating to Rose, but she sat silent. Essex turned to her, suddenly.

"I shall not see you alone again, soon. Will you answer a question?"

"Certainly," coldly.

"Can you love me?"

Afterwards, remembering how little she cared what became of her at that moment, Rose wondered why she had not said yes. But she said "no." There was nothing more to be said then. Essex whipped up his horses, and Rose was soon at home.

A month passed by. No word from Guy. She heard that he was still in New York. Then came a rumor that he had enlisted. Finally, the report was verified. Then Guy Dale senior came to Holly Hedge, and said that his son had written of his enlistment in the Federal army, and he knew very little beyond this. Either his professional plans had been postponed or dismissed.

Rose made no sign. If Mr. Dale suspected that she cared beyond a passing interest, he obtained no verity of his suspicion. But when he had gone, she went to her room and broke into the bitterest sobs.

O, how she cried! she thought her heart was breaking. Had it been for Miss Colange that he had flung himself into the army? Poor Rose! she knew then that she loved Guy Dale. She had done what she thought to be her duty in sending him away—but she had not thought there was any danger of losing the love he had professed so long for her. If she had known it, she might not have been strong enough to send forth such a decree.

"Can it be that Guy is so fickle?" she moaned, pushing back the dark curls from her feverish face. "How could he look so into my eyes, and love *her* in a month?"

The struggle is terribly hard for a woman when her head and heart war. Rose tried to denounce Guy Dale as unworthy, but her heart clung in persistent tenderness to the vision of his frank smile and winning eyes. She could not ignore the hold his life had

upon hers, while she despised herself that she was not able to cast him out of her thoughts. She could only console herself with the belief that her secret would never be known.

The summer passed away. Rose's bloom went with the fading of the clover and daisies. She was as pale as the late lilies in her garden, when September came.

Essex was tenderly compassionate. Ignoring her rejection of him, he continued to visit her as a friend, and he was almost continually at the house. Rose was indifferent whether he was there or away. She usually had other guests, and he took care not to annoy her. But there were times, he saw, when his respectful gentleness was not ungrateful to her. Paul Essex had not, by any means, abandoned his suit.

But one night his watchful attention and the idle gayety of her guests oppressed her more than usual. Unobserved, she slipped from the room, for a moment's relief in solitude. She passed out through a glass door into the garden.

The flowers had gone, and the garden plots were full of dry sticks which the wind rustled, while the trees tossed their thinly-clad arms in a kind of painful unrest. The moon shone clearly, but the night was chilly, and she drew her cloak closely about her, as she walked up and down the paths.

There came a clatter down the road. She knew it to be the approach of the village stage, from the last train at the depot. In a moment it came over the hill, and she leaned carelessly against a tree to see it go by.

As it came nearer, she saw among the outside passengers, the form of a soldier. He was half reclining upon the top of the coach, his head resting upon his hand; but as the stage approached the house, he looked up, saw her, and raised his military cap. Her heart stood still—then beat furiously. It was Guy Dale. In an instant the clatter of the coach came to her faintly from far down the road.

She returned to her guests very pale. Essex's sharp eyes saw her pallor, but he made no remark. The evening wore wearily away.

She dreaded the news the next morning; she dreaded to hear the name of Guy Dale spoken. A sleepless night had made her nervous beyond control, and every chord of her being seemed strung to a vibrating tension. She felt that if any one uttered his name, she should cry out or faint. But the threatened

crisis did not come. The episode of Guy Dale's arrival, so weighty to her, was not known at the house, when she ordered her horse saddled, and rode into the woods, accompanied only by her little brother, who cantered beside her, upon a Shetland pony.

To her surprise, Essex, handsomely mounted, overtook her in the course of half an hour, as she rode through the woods upon the estate of Mr. Dale.

"Fatality," he said, smiling, as he directed his horse to her side. She had a different opinion, but she did not express it.

"Are you going far?" he asked.

"No, only a short distance, for the sake of the exercise. I left my guests with Miss Clifton, and must not be absent long."

She wished him miles away; but the horses kept their easy lope together for some distance. Then the mare Rose rode suddenly pricked up her ears, and arched her slender neck. Some one stood by the orchard bars of the Dale estate. Perhaps Cybell recognized Guy Dale; certainly Rose did, and turned white as ashes, to the lips. He had his blue coat on, and leaned on a cane. She could not, in common loyalty, pass him by; he, a wounded soldier. She rode up to him, and reached down her hand, never noticing how pallid with fury Paul Essex turned.

"You have been ill. Are you getting well?" she asked, striving hard to control her voice.

"I am quite well now," holding her hand, and looking into her agitated face. She could not speak for a moment after the sound of his voice; then she commanded herself:

"You came home last night?"

"Yes; what remains of me. I left a foot at Gettysburg."

He looked down, leaning on his cane. The left boot was empty.

"Guy!"

The word broke, in its pain, involuntarily from Rose Houghton's lips. She leaned down towards him there—a rich crimson coming over her cheeks.

The words she would have said were not uttered. The sharp crackling of a bush startled her horse. He sprang forward, sweeping her away, right under the dangerously low boughs of the trees, and away down the steep declivity that led to the pond. She was a good horsewoman, but she had been taken completely off her guard. Essex had dismounted to tighten his horse's girth, and as she dashed past him, he stood for a moment, paralyzed.

"Fool! for God's sake, follow her!" cried Guy, in a despairing voice, flinging up his arm.

Even at that moment, Essex cast on him a look of hate, as he mounted. The next instant he was in pursuit of the flying horse.

Down the steep road both sped, in a whirlwind of dust—on—on—lessening in size as they approached the steep banks of the blue pond. Even at that distance Guy could see that Rose had no control over her horse. "God save her! God save her!" he murmured, his heart strained tight. Suddenly the mare swerved, turned, and in an instant Essex had grasped the hanging rein, and borne down her maddened head. The creature plunged—then stood still. Rose was saved, on the very brink of the water—at that place fatally deep.

If a few hot tears dimmed Guy Dale's eyes, he was to be pardoned. "He saved her," he thought, bitterly, the next moment.

They did not return up the hill, but went home round the knoll.

The next day the sun went down in a sky of clear gold. It had been Rose's birthday, and the household had been very merry. But in the twilight, she slipped out into the garden, alone, to cool her flushed face.

She had hardly reached the gate, when a gray horse was ridden up to the palings, and Rose knew it to be the cavalry horse which she had seen led up from the depot that very day—Guy Dale's steed, brought home for the use of his disabled master. The rider bent forward:

"Rose."

How her heart leapt up!

"Guy!"

She swung open the gate, and stepped out.

"Excuse me for not dismounting," he said, "but it is impossible."

"Certainly; I know."

"I came to see if you were hurt any yesterday." His voice sounded constrained.

"None, thank you," she answered.

She looked up at him then, piercingly, and the moon, rising, shone white on her sweet face.

"Rose?"

"Well?"

"I wish I could have saved you. Never mind," seeing her astonished look—"when are you to be married?"

"Married? I—I do not know. Guy, what do you mean?"

"As soon as I came home I heard that you

were to be married soon. I thought perhaps you would tell me *how* soon."

"To whom?"

"Paul Essex."

"It is a slander," was all Rose trusted herself to say.

"Is it untrue, Rose?" with a trembling voice.

"It is."

"I thought that you had forgotten me for him was why you did not answer my letters; but you had a better reason, perhaps."

"Guy, I have had no letters to answer—never one! You were reported in love with Miss Colange. I laid your silence to that."

"I have not been silent. I wrote you three times, fruitlessly. Then I heard that Essex paid court to you, and I thought you had changed your mind about me. I went into the army, hoping the rebels would kill me. They shot off my foot, and sent me home maimed—more unable than ever to enter into contest with Essex. I had determined not to try, I had given you up; but, Rose, there was something in your face yesterday, when you leaned from your horse to speak to me. Was it pity?"

Her hand was in his; she leaned her forehead against his arm, as she stood by his horse.

"No," she said.

"Was it anything more?" he asked.

"It was love, my soldier."

He dropped the reins, and raised her face with his other hand.

"I cannot dismount. How can I kiss you, Rose?"

She put up her arms, and he lifted her to the saddle before him. He folded her warmly in his blue coat, and the stately cavalry horse wandered slowly down the moon-lighted road. In half an hour they came back, and he put her softly down.

"Good-night," she said, and ran up the path, but stopped in the moonlight at the door, to kiss the shining ring upon her hand—the only one she wore after.

It was not until a year after their marriage that they discovered that Paul Essex had interposed the delivery of Guy's letters. They made no disturbance, for they were too happy then to care for past trouble. The reader will not care to know that Essex married Miss Colange.

THEY MISS THEE.

BY J. F. BRUNE.

They miss thee when morn its light is breaking,
When the dew on the grass its pearl drops is shaking;
When they wander forth to enjoy the sweet hour,
When Nature shines out in her glorious power—
To cull fresh flowers, and breathe the pure air;
But something is wanting—ah, thou art not there.

They miss thee at evening—at twilight pale—
When darkness throws o'er them its sombre veil;
When the drooping flowers hang their weary heads,
As if mourning the light their nurse, the sun, sheds;
When they gather around their repast to share—
But something is wanting—ah, thou art not there.

They miss thee when circling the autumnal hearth,
Where they merrily join in some artless mirth;
As they list to the harp in its rich melody,
Whose strings have so oft been touched by thee;
They seem happy, and free from the stings of care,
But something is wanting—ah, thou art not there.

They miss thee each moment, and each passing day;
Can they cease to forget thou art far away?
Far away above, in the realms of bliss,
When they offer to Heaven a silent prayer,
They are sad, though they know that thou art there.

OUR HEROES.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

ALL the girls at Springbrook were on the *qui-vive* when the news came that "our boys" would return from the war. For three long years they had been fighting the battles of their country, and, though their ranks were sadly depleted; though many had found a grave in a strange land; though some who had gone out as officers were now simple privates, and some who had left in the ranks would return wearing shoulder-straps; though many a once fair young form was maimed; yet every girlish heart was in a flutter, and waited impatiently for the arrival of the train.

Of course there was to be a grand dinner given to our heroes, and patriotic songs sung, and speeches made, in which they would be glorified, and the rest of creation duly informed that there were none as brave as our boys; none who had fought so bravely; none who had executed and endured so much for the blessed Stars and Stripes.

For three days there had been a fearful slaughter in the barn-yards. Such a sacrifice of chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks, and even juvenile porkers, had never been made upon the altar of hunger. In vain they changed their base and fortified their sleeping quarters. The defences were charged upon, carried, prisoners captured and put to the knife without mercy. Rosy fingers had been busy in the mysteries of cakes and pies, ovens over-tasked, and little brothers and sisters kept travelling to and from the store. Many had been the consultations in the kitchen cabinet, many the cook-books rummaged, many the tempers tried. But at length all was ready—a very carnival of good things.

The tables were set in a noble maple grove, after the fashion of a hollow square, for everything partook of the military, from the sponge-cake forts, to the fried-cake cannon. In the inside the girls were to take their places as waiters, to be flanked on the outside by the battle-worn heroes—our heroes, for that little word had suddenly been promoted to the highest place in the Springbrook dictionary. There were mountains of cake, prairies of pies, pyramids of jellies, hecatombs of meat and game, gardens of pickles and oceans of coffee, screened from the sun by evergreens

and flags, twined and twisted and festooned in every conceivable shape.

Lu Rogers, Belle Smith, Kate Ellis and Mat (Martha) Fisher were the beauties of Springbrook, and Belle, *par excellence*, the belle of all. Very much "exercoised" had they been about the preparations, for they imagined that they each had a lover among our heroes. Daintily dressed, with *petite flags* woven in their hair, knots of tri-colored ribbon upon their bosoms, and happy smiles upon their innocent faces, they flitted about until they were out of all kind of patience, waiting for the delayed cars. Was there ever an eagerly-watched train that was not behind time? They thought not, and withdrawing from the noisy groups around the tables, seated themselves upon the crest of a hill that commanded the railroad from the point where it issued from the "deep cut," and ran on an air line into the little town.

"I wonder how Charley Tompkins looks," said Belle, smoothing her glossy black hair with the prettiest of fingers. "You know he was only a common private when he went out, and now he is a captain. O, I'm so glad!"

"And I wonder what difference that will make to you?" replied Lulu Rogers, drawing her long, golden curls around her white neck and biting the ends.

"The same that Frank Jenkins will make to you, or Ned Mintum to Kate, or George Edwards to Mat."

"Pshaw! We were all well enough before they went to Washington, and mingled in fashionable society; but you'll see now how they'll turn up their aristocratic noses at us poor, sun-burned country girls. For my part, I've made up my mind not to cry my eyes out, or break my little heart about them. What do you say, Kate?"

"I should be very sorry to lose my good opinion of—of—"

"Ned Mintum! why don't you speak it right out?" continued the little tease.

But Kate Ellis was of the silent class, and sat with her large, dreamy, hazel eyes, and head crowned with dark brown hair, resting upon her hand, without answering. The currents of her young heart ran deeper than any

of the rest, and if once swept by a storm, would rise in billows that would never be quieted.

"See how she blushes, girls!" and the little beauty clapped her hands for very glee.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Lu," interposed Martha Fisher, a sparkling brunette, twining her arm tenderly around the waist of her blushing companion.

"Ashamed? O, botheration! You haven't anything to boast of, Miss Fisher," dropping her a mock courtesy. "Maybe somebody's cheeks didn't show Cupid's banners when the good old domine praised George Edwards, last night. I wish I was a man! Wouldn't I torment your susceptible hearts!"

"You'll do that, Lu; for somebody, I fear, if you do not restrain your tongue," answered Belle.

"I'll do that for somebody, will I?" and she mimicked the precise manner of the other, so as to bring a smile to the faces of all. "But what's the use of life without fun?"

"Lulu, will you never be serious?" asked Kate, suddenly raising her eyes, and fixing them intently upon her companion.

"Me? No! I'm not going through life, moping like an owl. Time enough to be sad when trouble comes;" and a few notes of a merry song rippled from her lips, like the joyous warbling of a canary. "'Now don't be ather tellin' the likes ov me,' as our Bridget says, of 'The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind,' for I've been bored to death with that for the last three years. I wonder if our 'school marms' were ever young? I reckon they must have been born old maids, or they would have more pity on us."

"How can you talk so, Lulu? Do you not remember:

"We talk of love and pleasure—but 'tis all
A tale of falsehood. Life's made up of gloom.
The fairest scenes are clad in ruin's pall;
The loveliest pathway leads but to the tomb."

"Do stop, Kate. Percival was nothing but a misanthrope, and—"

"I'm nothing better, you would say."

"Not I. You are a dear, good, kind girl," and the impetuous young lady threw her arms about her neck, and fairly smothered her with kisses. "Now, Katie darling, please don't lecture me any more. God made me happy, you know, and—"

"God ever keep you so," murmured the beautiful girl, as she pressed her to her heart and returned her caresses.

For a moment a holy feeling stole into the heart of the volatile girl. She felt the meaning of the solemn words, and bowed to them as to a blessing. Tears dimmed the summer-sky blue of her eyes, and all of gaiety vanished. Of such a varied warp and woof are some natures, that life to them must be all sunshine, or all dark storms. There are no intermediate, half-cloud, half-bright days.

"Katie, dear Katie," she whispered, after some moments of silence, "what would you do, if Ned Minturn should not come back—if if—he were dead? You know we have heard nothing from them—that is—of who suffered in the last battle."

"Hush, Lulu!"

"Katie, I should die, if—if—" but her sobs cut the name short.

"Let us hope for the best, Lulu. All things are in the hands of God."

Puff, puff, came the locomotive, drawing its train of hopes and fears along—drawing its cars loaded with many hundred hearts, beating wildly with love and anticipation, or sunk deep with dread. Ah! how little we stop to think, as the huge monster dashes by, with its heart of fire, lungs of iron, sinews of steel, and breath of steam, of what varied emotions sway the breasts of the multitude whirled swiftly along—now to an earthly home—now to one eternal. If the soul is a cosmopolite of myriads of worlds when death has robbed it of its clayey fetters and given it wings, how well steam trains fit in this, for its journeyings in the hereafter!

In a few moments the ponderous wheels were stopped, the fiery, hissing breath subdued, and as if ever inert matter, the long train stood motionless, at the depot. Out came the crowd—strong, brave men, crippled ones—wounded—sick. It seemed all the work of an instant, and then, thundering along, the same hopes and fears that swelled the hearts at Springbrook were carried to other localities. Like a flash of summer lightning it swept from sight, all except one car that had been detached, and stood idly on a side track. But why was it left there? What fearful mystery was hidden in its tightly locked cell?

Wild and loving was the welcome given to our heroes. Father and mother and sister and brother clasped again dear ones in their trembling arms, and many a heart was poured out in thankfulness to that good God who had watched over them amid the shock of battle, and brought them home in safety. O, heart be still, and tongue be mute, at such a

time. Silence is the true eloquence, and the busy tongue and careless laughter are harsh discord.

And many a fair cheek flushed, and many a young heart beat fitfully, as the brave, sun-browned men filed along beneath the tattered stripes and half-obliterated stars they had fashioned with their own hands—the parting gift of pride and affection, now brought back to them, glorious with the marks of shot, and stains of crimson battle storms.

“There is Charley Tompkins! and there, Ned Minturn, and there, George Edwards!” exclaimed Belle Smith, waving her handkerchief.

“And where is Frank Jenkins?” asked Kate Ellis.

“I do not see him. Come, let us go and meet them;” and amid the ringing huzzas, they started towards the waiting tables.

But Lulu Rogers, the petted, light-hearted beauty, stirred not. Like one gazing on vacancy, she stood, looking, and yet seeing not. Ah! he whom she had secretly worshipped so long—who was peer to all others in her young heart, was not there.

“Lulu, dear, are you not coming?” asked Kate, turning back.

“Katie, he is not there!”

“Who, Lu?”

“Frank—Frank—” and then the hot tears surged up, and drowned the blue of her ever dancing eyes.

“He’s busy, somewhere. Come, we will find him.”

“No; all the others are there. But he—he—” and she flung herself upon the bosom of her companion, and wept, passionately.

“Be still, Lulu. Dry your tears. Come with me, and we will inquire for him.”

“No, no! He is dead—dead! But you go, Katie. I will go home—home.”

A great sorrow had suddenly come upon her, and she bowed to it, like a willow to a storm. Vain were her companions’ entreaties. She would be alone, and for more than an hour sat bowed, with the glorious swell of music, the thundering of huzzas, and the ring of happy voices in her ears—a prey to more than mortal fears. Truly those “who have most of heart know most of sorrow,” and the sensitive, joy-strung natures feel the deepest the plunging of the iron into the soul. But a harsh sound startled her, at length. The rattling of a chain, the withdrawing of a bolt aroused her, and wiping away her tears, she saw rough pine boxes lifted from the station-

ary car. Long, narrow boxes were they—the outside covering of a fairer coffin that enshrined a corpse! With the speed of thought she flew down the little hill, and stood amid the group, who, with hushed voices, were making preparations to carry home the shattered wrecks—the soulless atoms of those who had once been men, and battled bravely for their God, their country, and their flag.

“Who? who?” she gasped, between great sobs, as she stood among the wondering group—the improvised undertakers of the little town. Wondering to see that young, beautiful girl there, with the tri-color waving upon her bosom, and the tiny flag fluttering among her wind-swept curls.

“Johnson, and Burt, and Miller, and—I’ve forgotten who the other was; he was an officer, anyhow,” replied a soldier, who stood resting upon his crutches, with his face seamed with sabre-cuts, and one leg amputated by a rebel shell.

A wail, a groan, a sudden cry of pain, like the snapping of a harp string, and she fell into the arms of one of the bystanders, pale, nerveless as death.

“Who is this? what is the matter?” asked the soldier.

“Old man Roger’s daughter, and she was looking after Frank Jenkins, I fancy. I’ve often heard my women folks say that they were as good as engaged.”

“Poor girl! Poor fellow!”

“Did you know him?”

“Know him? Not much. He was a brave fellow, though, and when the guerrillas gave me this,”—pointing to the broad scar on his forehead—“didn’t he save my life.”

“Then are you sure this isn’t his body? There is no mark upon the box.”

“It may be. I can’t tell. He was wounded, and in the hospital, I know; and, now I come to think of it, there was one coffin brought from there. Yes, yes, it must be the captain.”

Late that night was the revelry kept up, but poor Lulu Rogers mingled not therein. Tenderly had she been carried home from the depot and given into the arms of her parents. It was like bringing one back from the dead, to restore her to consciousness. At length, however, their efforts were repaid with success, and becoming tranquil, she allowed her mother to put her to bed, even as she had done when a little child. There was something so tender in that mother’s touch, as she smoothed back her rippling hair—something so holy in her good-night kiss, something so

pure and trustful in her work, that a calm, as of heaven, came to the heart of the sorrowing girl. True, her thoughts were busy with the horrors of the battle-field, and wandering among the loathsome scenes of the hospital, to be fixed at last upon a rude, coffin-containing box, waiting in the church for entombment on the morrow. And even as fancy pictured the wounded, the dying and the dead, the strains of festive music, and the melody of happy voices, would come borne on the night wind, causing her to shudder and shut her ears to the sound. No one came to breathe a single word of comfort.

Her old father had sought in vain for information. A careless "I don't know," had met all his inquiries, for far too happy were the returned soldiers, rioting in plenty, to think of other things. War, though it might not have rendered them brutal, had, from its constant association with death, made them thoughtless. So poor Lulu suffered on in silence and alone. The wings of her ever-soaring, jubilant heart had been broken, and like the sun-struck eagle, stricken down at its highest flight, it grovelled in the dust.

"Lulu, darling!"

"Kate Ellis! How came you here?"

"I have stolen from the pleasure-seekers to come and see you. I knew you would be very lonely."

"It was very kind; but how could you leave Ned Minturn?"

"Our walks in life can never be the same."

"Katie?"

"Hush! Don't ask me any questions, now. My sorrow is greater than yours. Had he died, I could have worshipped his memory, but now—"

"Katie," replied Lulu, as she drew her down to her, and kissed away the tears that all her strong will could not keep back, "Katie, these few hours of sorrow have taught me a bitter lesson. The men are fighting, falling for our country, and have we nothing to do?"

"Surely not you?"

"But I have! My mind is made up. To-morrow this hair—this once heart pride of mine, and which he—he was wont to call glorious, shall be cut off, and—"

"You are wild!"

"Am I? Time will show. Hereafter I shall devote myself to my country. Nurses are needed. I will be one."

"Hush, darling. Dress yourself, and come out into the orchard; the air stifles me here."

Under the leafy trees, through the shadowy moonlight they walked, with their arms twined girl-like each around the other, scenting the rich apple blossoms. Tired at length, they sat down upon a fallen trunk, and talked of their heart sorrows. The warrior lover of Lulu was dead—that of Kate Ellis, a traitor at heart. That much the gentle girl had found out, and spurned him, though it shook her strong feelings to the very centre. What was there left for them? To-morrow they would go together and become ministering angels in some hospital.

"God will give us strength and watch us," whispered Lulu, as her companion sought to dissuade her.

"For what, Lulu?" asked a strong, manly voice by their side.

"Frank! Frank Jenkins!" and she arose and was clasped in his outstretched arms.

"You have found your hero. God bless you," whispered Kate Ellis, as she stole away, and left them alone.

There is a girl with dreaming eyes and dark brown hair, that has been truly a "ministering angel" by the bedside of many a sick soldier, smoothing their dying pillow, and pointing them to heaven. But will she linger there longer? One who (God bless him!) sees through the clouds of the present, the future glory of the stripes and stars, kissed away the answer when she would have said "yes," and who can doubt but that Katie Ellis will soon change her name for that of one we will gladly embalm among our heroes?

HORNE TOOKE AND THE LUNATIC.

In the Jurisprudence Department of the National Association, Lord Brougham related an anecdote to show that it was a mistake to suppose that insane persons were not amenable to deterrent motives. Horne Tooke was sitting in a room by himself one day, when in rushed a lunatic flourishing a large-bladed knife in his hand. The lunatic said, "You are Mr. Horne Tooke, are you not?"—"Yes," was the reply. "Then," said the lunatic, "I will soon put an end to you."—Horne Tooke answered, "If you do, you will suffer for it." "O," said the madman, "I came out of Dr. ton's asylum t'other day, and they can't punish me."—Horne Tooke rejoined with great tact, "Then, I suppose you don't know that a law was passed t'other day saying that all lunatics should be hanged?"—"No, I didn't know that," said the man, throwing down the knife in a tremor, and slinking out of the room.

A GARRISON ADVENTURE.

BY ESTELLE GREY.

VERNEUIL and Juvigny had formed from their infancy a compact of friendship; nothing is more common. At twenty-five years of age they still kept it with scrupulous fidelity; this circumstance was more uncommon. At college, where the same studies united them both, and in the sixth regiment of huzzars, where they served under the rank of lieutenant, they had been surnamed, and it was still retained, Castor and Pollux, Orestes and Pylade, Damon and Pythias.

One day—they were fifteen and sixteen years old; it is at that age when the thoughts come most ingenuously exaggerated; for later, alas! they become positive and true, and one ceases to be happy—Verneuil and Juvigny said to each other:

"Friendship until death!"

"And let us vow, that everything shall be shared between us; pleasure and pain, fortune and misery."

"But if we should desire at the same time something which might be impossible for us to share?"

"Ah, well! we will both relinquish it."

"Why deprive one of happiness which would be for the other a cause of joy?"

"Thou art right. Let us agree that fate shall decide."

"Be it so; but not let it be left blindly to fate. We will play if thou wishest it, and decide by lot."

"That is it; a game of cards, and all will be decided."

"I accept. In this way we never shall dispute."

"Coldness shall never enter our treaty. And if one object suits thee, and me also, we will have a game of cards, and he who wins shall possess the conquest; this is charming."

A solemn oath sealed this strange treaty.

Strange. Thus many persons would find it; but after ten years' experience one would be likely to regard it conscientiously, as the result of a higher inspiration. At twenty-five years of age Verneuil and Juvigny, thanks to many games of cards, had avoided as many quarrels capable of breaking the most closely cemented friendship. All had then gone on charmingly, until, but—

There is no treaty so skillfully drawn up in which one cannot discover, sooner or later,

some impossibility which had not been foreseen. This proves that it has not been given to human minds to attain to perfection in anything, and this will explain why there does not exist a single contract where one has not consecrated a more or less number of articles to a possibility of rupture.

It was after the glorious and rapid campaign of Italy, a squadron of the sixth huzzars, recalled to France, were garrisoned in the little city of St. Germain, and the officers, fêted and received like so many heroes, rushed into pleasure with as much ardor as they had formerly braved the grapeshot or carried away a redoubt. The castle, the terrace, the forest, made St. Germain a delightful place of residence. But our two friends found there still another attraction. In this city lived the father of Delbois, their captain, with whom they had formed an intimate connection. M. Delbois, happy to have his son with him for some time, spared nothing to make for him, as well as for his companions in arms, a joyous and affectionate reception.

A bountiful table, at which presided freedom and cordiality; a drawing room, where were assembled all the most elegant dancers and amiable ladies that St. Germain could offer; here were more than was necessary to justify the constant presence of Verneuil and Juvigny in the house of their friend Delbois. But they were drawn there by a charm still more powerful than that of pleasure. It was reported throughout the city that a young Italian had arrived about six months since. M. Delbois had presented her in the world as the daughter of an ancient correspondent of his house, saying to the curious that he had entrusted her to him in order to escape from the horrors of war which desolated her country.

Without stopping to draw the portrait of Blanca Marielli, this was the name of the Italian, we will only say that her first appearance in the circles of St. Germain was signalized by the open admiration manifested by all the gentlemen and the hatred of the ladies, who disguised it as ordinarily under the exterior of a lively and ardent friendship. Many adorers placed themselves in the ranks to obtain the hand of Bianca; but the demands had been received with as many refusals, and it

was thought, with some probability, that this hand was a treasure carefully preserved for the happy Delbois. Meanwhile, when the captain did return, he was fluttering around all these renowned beauties, without appearing to interest himself at all in Bianca, who, upon her side, returned indifference for indifference; they commenced to attribute the past refusals to the awkwardness of those who had made the demands. Her suitors took courage, and the beautiful Italian found herself again the aim of all love and all ambition.

There is not a heart more susceptible than that of an officer of huzzars. She became a kind of emulation among all the comrades of Delbois, and we shall signalize as the most enamored, but alas, the most timid, Verneuil and Juvigny. But the hour of love had not come for Bianca. Whether her heart enclosed a mystery which it was important for her to conceal, she was amiable to all, and gave to no one the right of thinking himself the preferred one. She knew admirably how to stop a declaration at the exact point, and coquette or not, she had arrived at the art of giving a higher charm even to coquetry. Meanwhile, her crowd of admirers were not diminished. Notwithstanding the maledictions which have been fulminated against coquettes, notwithstanding they have been so often devoted to scorn and hate, they always have the most slaves, and retain them the longest time.

One morning Captain Delbois invited all his friends to a grand ball. "This day," said he to them, "is appointed for me to seal my happiness. I wish you to come and learn the reason of my joy, and share it with me." And speaking thus, his manner was so expressive, and his invitations were so urgent, that yielding more to curiosity than the attraction of a ball, not one of the officers failed to be at the fete. Verneuil and Juvigny, as you may suppose, appeared among the first.

Bianca had never appeared so bewitching as this evening. An expression of gayety and happiness was diffused over her features, which added to the brilliancy of her beauty, and gave to her an irresistible power. There was also in her bearing a graceful ease, and in her manner which, according to the interpretation one chose to give, inspired the most timid with confidence and even with a certain boldness. This influence first affected Verneuil, who had not yet dared to exceed the limits of kind attention and compliments.

Accepted by Bianca for her partner, he promised himself not to allow the opportunity to pass without making a decided move, and giving voice at last to his mute passion. During the first figure he spoke with his looks, in the second, profiting by the dance, he ventured to press her hand; the third was scarcely finished when he stammeringly expressed to his beautiful dancer the desire to confide in her. The face of Bianca became suddenly serious; she replied to him:

"Monsieur Verneuil, I have also a secret to tell you. You will know it at the close of the soiree; wait until then, I entreat you. I hope that then you will understand me and do me justice." Then resuming her gayety, she extended her hand to him, saying: "This is between us."

And the fourth figure commenced. Verneuil knew not at first what to think, but upon reflection, he found in the reply that Bianca had given him more ground for hope than fear. Finally, his imagination so increased, that if he had not been in the midst of so many witnesses, he would have delivered himself up to all the wild transports of immoderate joy.

The quadrille was ended, and Juvigny approached Bianca to inform her of the promise made to waltz with him. Verneuil hastened to leave the drawing-room. He went into the garden where at least he should only find for witnesses of his frenzy the trees and flowers. Trees and flowers, as one knows, are the favorite confidants of lovers, who can indulge in their presence, without fear of either contradiction or rallery, the most absurd transports and the most ridiculous hyperboles.

Heaven knows to what degree of ridicule and absurdity the transports and hyperboles of Verneuil would have attained, when Juvigny found himself suddenly before him in a state of fever not less violent, and from the same cause. Joy always gives volubility. Our two officers, who, from self-love perhaps, had until now kept secret a passion whose end was doubtful, were delighted to meet each other and to communicate their expectations.

"Verneuil, behold an evening which has fixed my destiny."

"That is precisely what I was going to tell thee, my dear Juvigny."

"My friend, imagine an angel; enough to make us lose reason."

"I am much afraid I have lost mine. I

never dreamed of so many graces united to such beauty."

"Thou art in love."

"Who would not be so, after seeing her? Black eyes, with a head like a Madonna; the innocence of her simplicity joined to the most finished charms; a look to live in the heart, and a smile which burns in the soul!"

While Verneuil was speaking, Juvigny experienced a vague feeling of anxiety.

"O, it is done," continued the first, with enthusiasm. "My life with the beautiful Italian—my life with Bianca Marielli!"

"Bianca!" cried Juvigny. "But it is she that I love!"

There was for a moment a terrible silence between these two young people; then it was broken by Verneuil.

"Listen, Juvigny; our relationship should not extinguish the friendship which unites us. It is Bianca alone to whom the right belongs of deciding."

"To Bianca to decide—be it so. Verneuil, it is painful for me to afflict thee, but I ought to forewarn thee that according to all appearances the contest can no longer exist between us. After the reception Bianca has given me this evening, I have the hope, I can even say the certainty, of being loved."

"Thou art strangely deceived, my dear Juvigny, and compellest me to declare the whole truth to thee. Yes, it is I, I, dost thou really hear, to whom Bianca has given the preference. I can give the proof of it this evening. Listen, and judge for thyself."

"Hear me, rather, and see thy error."

And when in the midst of this discussion, which became more and more warm, they mutually related, as proof of their assertions, what Bianca had said to each of them, they stopped, confounded, seeking a reasonable explanation for this strange adventure.

"There is no doubt," replied Verneuil, after having reflected some moments, "this confidence that Bianca will give us has no other purpose than to announce to one his triumph, to the other his defeat."

Thus their ideas changed the course of their direction. After attributing to both the victory, they felt themselves suddenly discouraged, and regarded each other with envy, each thinking himself to be the slighted lover, and believing he saw a happy rival in his adversary. The transports of anger and despair succeeded this first movement.

"No, never," cried Juvigny, "will I give up Bianca to thee."

"And I swear, while I live, Bianca shall never belong to thee. It is as we shall see."

The eyes of Verneuil flashed, and he clung to one last hope.

"Wilt thou break our friendship, and forget our oath, Juvigny?"

"Our oath! Art thou keeping it, Verneuil?"

"Yes, yes, and I exact this instant the execution of our treaty."

"But if the chance in the play is favorable to me, wilt thou consent to retire freely, and without reservation, and not make the slightest attempt with Bianca?"

"I accept."

"Come, then, and let the game decide between us."

Behold them, seated at a gaming-table, five or six persons surrounding them, gazing on them with astonishment, for there was a singular expression upon their faces, and there was not a stake upon the table, which did not hinder the spectators from tranquilly settling their wagers.

A half hour had passed, and the betters found the game proceeded slowly. The players watched the looks of each other, not touching a card without trembling, nor throwing it till after a long hesitation. At length they each have four points. The decisive blow has commenced. Verneuil had made two odd tricks; two odd tricks are before Juvigny. Pale with anxiety, and with wild eyes, they let fall their last card—two tens of diamonds are upon the table. One of the betters said:

"This decides nothing; take another, and begin again."

"No," cried Verneuil, "such suspense as this one could not endure twice;" and rising, abruptly left the room.

Juvigny followed him, and, stepping out of the drawing-room, they stopped.

"It is still necessary for us to decide."

"And above all, that it be quickly done."

A look, and a gesture, ended the explanation.

"The judgment of God!" cried they.

They rushed towards the garden. A man placed himself before them and arrested them. It was Delbois, who had been watching the end of their game and had followed them.

"Your cruel project cannot be accomplished," said he to them. "You will not refuse to my prayer and the remembrance of the friendship which has until this moment united you, the sacrifice of a quarrel, the

motive of which is perhaps imaginary. You shall not fight at present; early to-morrow, if your foolish animosity has not had time to calm itself; to-day you belong entirely to me." And taking them by the arm, he made them, not without some difficulty, return to the drawing-room.

Supper was served. The father of Delbols advanced, holding by the hand the prettiest of the dancers, and presenting her to the guests grouped around the table, he said:

"I present to you Bianca Marielli, the wife of my son, who married her in Italy, and we have been obliged, by family reasons, to keep the marriage secret until this day."

Verneuil and Juivigny were a little confused

when they had to press the hand of Delbols to congratulate him. As for the duel, it was no more mentioned.

Behold how this history came to my knowledge. I was walking one day with my wife and my little Eugene upon the shore of the Seine, when Eugene ran towards a group of washers, among whom was a broker displaying his wares and also three or four pictures. My wife followed, and found him looking at a portrait of a lady, the beauty of which so charmed her that she could not resist the desire of purchasing it. While she was debating the price, one of the washers eagerly related to me the history of this lady, who was no other than Bianca Marielli.

JOSEPH GRANT'S TREASURE.

BY L. F. M.

THE good people of Elton were much shocked when it was understood that Joseph Grant had married again. "It wasn't to be wondered at that he should want to marry, for his children needed a mother; but that he should marry that flirt of a girl who knew no more about taking care of children than a baby, was ridiculous;" and the speaker regarded her three maiden daughters with a deeply injured look.

Joseph Grant had been a rich man but had lost heavily, and retained only a little white house situated on a pleasant though small farm. He was yet a rich man in comparison with many of his neighbors, and was much respected for his sterling worth and integrity. Moreover, many maiden ladies of Elton thought they would willingly share his lot notwithstanding the small children. Indeed, most of that class have an idea that they could train children in the most perfect manner possible.

His first wife, a beautiful, but weak woman, had sunk under their misfortunes, and died leaving four children. Mr. Grant mourned her loss sincerely, but in the course of a year he saw that his children needed better care than the housekeeper could give them. About this time he met Nellie Fuller, and after a few months married her. She was just the one you would suppose he wouldn't have chosen. She was only nineteen, girlish and pretty, a

favorite with all, and full of fun. So people blamed him for his choice. But under all this she had a firm, even temper, was gentle and loving. So Joseph Grant had no misgivings. Nellie entered upon her duties with much anxiety, and an earnest determination to do her best for her husband's little ones. Then, too, she had a firm trust in her Heavenly Father, and she knew that he would support and sustain her.

Clara, the eldest, aged twelve, was unfortunately devoid of intellect. She had a sweet, pale face framed with clustering ringlets of golden brown, large dark eyes that ever woke a feeling of pity, and a sweet little mouth. Gentle and harmless she was, but she seemed to have no more mind than a kitten, and unless she was addressed in the simplest manner, would lift her face with such a vacant expression as to make your heart ache. She was satisfied with a few simple toys, and had never been sent to school, as no one thought it would benefit her in the least, and her father wished to spare her all pain. She was his pet, as such children are apt to be, but her mother had always shrunk from her with disgust.

Harry, a boy of nine, was handsome, active and intelligent, but utterly spoiled, and consequently selfish and rude. Kate, aged six, was a charming little girl, sweet and winning. But she had a fearful temper and needed a

firm will to control her. The baby Mary, now two years old, was a little blue-eyed, golden-haired fairy, frail and sickly, needing constant and watchful care. It was indeed a burden for a girl like Nellie Grant, but she firmly resolved that her husband should never repent his choice.

Aunt Jane, the housekeeper, had received notice to prepare the house for the bride, and went about the task very unwillingly. She had reigned supreme for nearly two years, and considered it little less than an insult to herself and sacrilege to the dead, that Mr. Grant should marry again. She had helped bring up the former Mrs. Grant, and had certainly indulged her children most unmercifully. After receiving Mr. Grant's letter she told them that they had a new mama who was coming in a few days, and would probably be very cross and strict. "But poor dears," she said, "you must always come to Aunt Jane, and she will protect you."

On this intelligence rebellion broke out immediately. Harry, who had been his mother's favorite, declared "it was a shame to bring any one to rule *them*. He would soon be a man, and then he would take care of May and Kate."

So the days wore on, and the house was put in order and everything was ready to receive the bride. Harry rushed down to the brook to sail his boat. "He wasn't going to mind any one. He would show 'em he would do as he pleased." Kate and Mary ran about in great impatience to see their "new mama." Carriage-wheels were heard and soon Mr. Grant entered with a sweet-looking lady, plainly dressed for travelling, and quite young, as one could see.

May shouted "Papa," and Mr. Grant said:

"This is my baby little May," and Mrs. Grant gave the child a warm kiss, and spoke a gentle word to Kate who clung timidly to her father.

"And this is Clara?" said Mrs. Grant inquiringly, turning to the child who regarded her vacantly.

"Yes," said Mr. Grant, "Clara darling, this is your mama."

Clara raised her eyes and then grasped the lady's hand, pointing to the ring and saying "pretty, pretty."

Mr. Grant watched his wife nervously. He had told her of this child, and she had consented to become its mother. Now could she bear to take charge of it for life, with its hopeless imbecility, and her young life fettered

with all these cares? Mrs. Grant read his thoughts.

"Joseph," she said, "I love them. I will be to them a faithful mother all my life. But where is Harry?"

"Don't brook," lisped May, "said he no mind 'oo. Say 'oo great cross ting an' whip us, an' he no want to see 'oo."

Mr. Grant flushed crimson and rushed to the door, but his wife said pleadingly, "Don't, Joseph. Wait till he returns of his own accord. Show me the house and grounds first."

So the angry flush faded, and when she had lain away her dusty travelling clothes and appeared fresh and cool, he showed her all and introduced her to the housekeeper, who muttered as they passed away:

"Wonder if that girl thinks she's goin' to rule me and those poor lambs. Guess she'll find her hands full."

About tea-time Harry started for home tired, muddy and wet. He knew he had done wrong, but "he wasn't going to look sorry," he said to himself. Mrs. Grant saw him coming and went to meet him. He tried to avoid her but could not.

"Harry," she said kindly, "I am your mama. What is the name of your pretty boat?"

"Shan't tell," he said, and darted off.

Tears sprang to Mrs. Grant's eyes, but she resolved that her husband should know nothing of it, so she took May, who seemed to have taken quite a fancy to her, and talked pleasantly to her and Kitty. Mr. Grant finding them so was delighted. After tea was over and the little ones had been put to bed, Mr. Grant drew his wife into the parlor and after seating her, said:

"You have made a good beginning with Kitty and May, but Harry is selfish and rude, and Clara—"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Grant, placing her hand over her husband's mouth, "let me discover their faults *myself*. I want you to promise that I may begin to-morrow and govern the children in my own way."

"I promise, but it will be such a burden for you."

"No, no!" she said, "only a pleasure."

So they talked of the future and each felt that they had found a treasure in the other. Meanwhile Harry was wakeful and restless. He had expected to see a tall, gaunt woman, with freezing face and cold manner; but the beautiful young face and warm greeting of Mrs. Grant surprised and disarmed him. He

had seen her take Clara, Kate and May to their room, and heard her fond good-night, and wept to think how wrongly he had acted. "Perhaps she will not be cross, after all," he said. "And if she does not interfere with me, I'll be good." With this comforting reflection he fell asleep.

The next few days Mrs. Grant employed in becoming familiar with the house, and she took especial pains to gain some knowledge of the character of each child, and of their peculiar tastes. Kitty and May clung to her fondly, and Harry admired her, but still kept far off in his great fear lest she should "rule over him." Clara liked any one who treated her kindly, and gave her bright things to play with, but her hopeless idiocy pained Mrs. Grant deeply.

The village school began the next week, and Mr. Grant determined to send Harry and Kate. It was Kate's first term, and she seemed to be very happy. The housekeeper, Aunt Jane, could not help liking Mrs. Grant, "she knew so much and made them all so happy." The neighbors who called, determined to find some fault, secretly acknowledged that things looked neater and nicer, and Mrs. Grant was an excellent housekeeper, and made a good wife for Joseph, even though she was young. The children sometimes quarrelled, but they were sure to be sorry afterward.

One Saturday as Mrs. Grant was walking in the garden, she saw Kate crying and Harry tossing her doll high in air, threatening to let it fall on the gravelled walk, at the great risk of breaking its new china head.

"Give me my doll," screamed Kate, "you ugly boy. I hate you, so I do. I'll tell mama; and I'll tell her how you tore my picture book, and eat my peach, and upset my dinner-basket, you bad boy."

"Do, little tattle-tale, and papa will give me a whipping for your trouble. I'll tell how you lost my marbles, and tore the sail of my boat when you was angry, and upset the ink on my new book."

"O don't! but you're so ugly; give me my doll." And she began to strike him, when Mrs. Grant took hold of her, and said calmly:

"I am surprised that my little girl should indulge in such a passion. Harry, why are you tossing that doll in that way?"

"Because Kate broke my knife, and I'll pay her for it."

"Well I didn't mean to," sobbed Kate. "Will Thorn made his sister such a dear little

whistle, and Harry wouldn't make me one, and when I tried, I broke his knife, but I didn't mean to, indeed I didn't."

"Harry, go to your room and stay till I come," said Mrs. Grant. "Now, Kate, did Harry lend you his knife?"

"No mama."

"How, then, did you get it?"

"I knew he wouldn't let me take it, so I stole it."

So Mrs. Grant drew the whole story from Kate, and found that wrongs had been done by both, and neither was free from fault. After talking with Kate till she was calm and ready to ask Harry's forgiveness, Mrs. Grant went to Harry and found him sullen and unsubdued. "Girls were babies," he said. "He could never touch Kate but she would cry, and she was real hateful, too."

Then Mrs. Grant told him of a little sister she had lost ten days ago, and how bitterly she lamented their quarrels about things so trivial after all. What was a knife in comparison with a sister's love, a thing he might pine for in vain in after years! Harry could resist no longer. "I do so want to be good," he said, "but I am hateful and wicked."

"My dear child, take Jesus for a pattern. Even a child can follow him. And remember that many a boy would be glad to have such a dear little sister as you possess."

Weeks flew by on golden wings and they were happy; but one day Kate came home flushed and tired, and begged Mrs. Grant to put her to bed. Morning came, and found her worse. The doctor said it was a severe attack of the scarlet fever. Weeks wore on. Kate was out of danger, but Clara was dead. With gentle hand Mrs. Grant ministered to the stricken father, telling him it was better so. The bitter surge of the angry sea would never sweep over her poor head. She was at rest, and the mind denied her on earth, would be given her in heaven. Harry, who had wonderfully escaped the sickness, could not do enough for Kate.

"When you get well," he said, "I will make you the nicest whistle you ever saw, and I will not hurt dolly any more."

Then came another grief. Little May would recover, but was blind. Poor little thing, how she clung to "mama." In all those weeks of suffering and sorrow, Mrs. Grant, girl though she was, never faltered. Every one said, "what a treasure Joseph Grant has found." And he evidently thought so too; for his love grew deeper and more.

tender as he saw her worth. Faithful and true, she was an anchor to the rash Harry, a guide to the impulsive Kate, and what to poor little blind May? Almost life itself. And when years after, that little one walked through the "valley of the shadow," she feared no evil, for mama had taught her in whom to trust. And when in time a little

wee one took its place in Mrs. Grant's arms, there was no difference, no diminishing the love she bore the others. And they felt no jealousy of the little one, but felt that she had come in the place of the lost May.

So let them go through life, joyful and happy, for Joseph Grant has indeed found a treasure.

THE RIVALS.

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BY ANNE T. WILBUR.  
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THE little river of Huisne flows through a verdant valley, comprised between Longny and Pervencheres. At a little distance from the latter village, near the source of the stream of water we have just named, is the mill of Dreil, that is the only one in the neighborhood, and can scarcely supply the wants of its numerous customers.

The Dreil belongs to the miller Rigaud, known especially for his love of tranquillity and his habit of interfering in all quarrels, crying out, "Peace,"—which has caused him to be surnamed Goodman Pacific.

Such had been in fact the reluctance of Rigaud to contend, not only against persons, but against things, that he had never been able to change the arrangements of his mill, and to give the fall of water a direction which would have permitted him to add a new millstone. Every time work was pressing, he felt the utility of these improvements; he spoke of them as projects to be realized; but the love of repose prevented his going further.

Meanwhile, the necessity becoming daily more pressing, Goodman Pacific began to seek an expedient which might conciliate his interests with his horror for changing.

He had one daughter. Ivonnette was already grown up; it was time to think of marrying her, and Rigaud suddenly bethought himself that a son-in-law must bring him, at the same time, the capacity and the money necessary for the projected changes.

Consequently, he repaired to his friend Baudin, a proprietor at Bazoches, and related his wishes exactly. His friend promised to find a suitable person, but several months passed away before he troubled himself to fulfil his promise.

During this interval, Rigaud, whom age had rendered less active, decided to engage a

young man who soon learned to perform all the labor. Claude was endowed with the valuable faculty of working fast and well. Thanks to his indefatigable zeal, the mill went night and day, and the customers were no longer obliged to wait; he also found some minutes to assist Ivonnette in the house, to do her errands at Pervencheres, and to converse with her on a thousand subjects.

At the moment when our story opens, they were engaged in one of those conversations which Claude was always prolonging, and of which the young girl never appeared weary. They were talking of the plans of Rigaud, which the latter had confided to the youth. Ivonnette appeared to doubt them.

"You are jesting," said she, with an anxious smile; "Compere Baudin occupies himself with raising oxen, not with marrying off young girls."

"The one does not interfere with the other, if you please," replied Claude, who did not seem to be in a jesting mood; "Father Rigaud told me the thing as I repeat it to you. He wishes a skilful son-in-law."

"Well, he is in the right," observed Ivonnette, casting a sidelong look at the young man.

"But he wants also a rich one," added Claude.

"He is in the right there, also," returned the young girl, this time mischievously—"if the rich one has a good disposition and a kind heart."

"Then you approve his projects?" exclaimed the miller's boy; "in fact, you have a right to expect much; when one is young, pretty, well-endowed! Ah, there are some people who have everything, and others who have nothing."

"Are you envious of what the good God has

given me?" asked she, laughingly. To which Claude replied by a sigh.

"Ah, if my parents had left me an inheritance," said he, as if speaking to himself.

"In that case you would not want those who have one?" finished Ivonnette.

"It is not their inheritance that I wish," observed the miller's boy, shaking his head, "it is the happiness which it procures to them. Suppose, for example, that there was with a notary in my name, two or three thousand crowns. I could improve the mill of Father Rigaud as well as any one else."

"That idea has occurred to you, then?" interrupted Ivonnette. "Why did you not mention it to my father, when he told you his plans?"

"You know very well that he would have turned me away," replied Claude, sadly; "and it is not kind in you to turn into ridicule what I have taken so much at heart."

"Ah, if you assume that air, I can say no more," replied the young girl, who evidently sought to arrive by pleasantry at a serious explanation; "but why shouldn't I laugh at you?"

"Am I laughing?" exclaimed Claude.

"You know very well that I would give one of my arms never to quit the Dreil."

"A cripple would be a poor miller," observed the young girl, ironically.

"But he might be a happy husband," added the youth, emboldened by the jests of Ivonnette. And as the latter, instead of replying, pretended to examine a bag of wheat with singular attention, he added, stooping towards her and lowering his voice:

"It only remains to be known whether you would be a happy wife—reply, Ivonnette."

The latter hesitated, raised her head, blushed, then laughed aloud.

Claude stopped, disconcerted.

"To laugh, is not to reply," observed he, with vexation.

"Must I then weep?" asked the young girl, confused. "We weep when we are sorry."

"So that you are glad at what I have just told you?" exclaimed Claude.

"Do I appear to be sorry?" replied Ivonnette, laughing and blushing still more.

The miller's boy uttered an exclamation of joy, and seized both her hands.

"Repeat that," cried he; "O, if you knew how much good you have done me. I have had so much anxiety, I have remained so long without daring to speak. I needed that you should encourage me."

"Men do not have courage now, then," replied the incorrigible jester; "what were you afraid of?"

"The ideas of Goodman Rigaud."

"My father is kind; if he sees that it is necessary to change his plans in order to make us happy, he will not resist long."

Claude shook his head.

"Yes, yes," said he, anxiously, "he is kind. he does not like trouble and disputes, but he does like to have his own way; and, as for money, he has counted too much of it in his life, not to know its value. He himself told me that he must have a son-in-law who is able to improve the mill, and I have only my good will."

"Well, keep it," replied Ivonnette, more seriously; "my father has a right to control me, and I ought to obey him; but time brings about many things, and if you are a Christian, Claude, you have not forgotten that hope is a theological virtue. That is in the catechism."

"Then I will hope," said the young miller, with a smile of gratitude and contentment; "since you are interested in my desire, I will have patience. Ah, if you knew how this has troubled me, Ivonnette. I have thought of nothing else."

"Well," interrupted the daughter of Father Rigaud, who knew all she wished to know. "Think a little now of our millstone, which needs to be fixed. Let my father find the work done on his return from Longny."

At these words she went out, and Claude heard her ascending the stairs, singing a pretty Norman song. The poor youth sighed, and was about to have resumed his work upon the millstone, as Ivonnette had advised, when a stranger appeared at the door of the mill. This was a man of about thirty-five years, clad in a half-peasant, half-citizen costume, and holding in his hand one of those canes terminated by a whip, which the Normans particularly fancy. He stepped on the threshold, and asked for Goodman Rigaud.

"He is not in at this moment," said Claude, "but that need not prevent your entering."

The newly arrived accepted the invitation.

"Ah, he is not here," repeated he, looking around him, as if taking an inventory of the mill; "is he far away?"

"At Longny."

"And I have just come from there. Will he be gone long?"

"We expect him this evening."

The stranger murmured some words of dis-

appointment, appeared to reflect, and ended by sitting down on a sack of corn, saying he would wait.

He had scarcely had time to take off his hat to wipe his brow, moist with perspiration, when a new personage entered, abruptly. The latter wore a travelling blouse, covered with dust, and had in his hand a branch of holly, cut in passing some hedge. He did not pause on the threshold, like his predecessor, but, advancing to the middle of the mill, struck the floor with his stick, exclaiming:

"Oho, miller, is not this the dwelling of Papa Rigaud, called Father Pacific?"

The traveller seated on the sack of corn turned with an exclamation of surprise.

"Jean Taurin!" cried he.

"Francois Laudrille!" replied the other.

"How came you here?"

"And you?"

"I came to speak to the miller."

"So did I."

"Here is an encounter. Then you came from Regmaldard?"

"Directly. And you?"

"From Tourouvre."

"And have you spoken to the miller?"

"He is not at home."

"And you are waiting for him?"

"As you see."

Jean Taurin took his place on a second sack, opposite Francois Laudrille, and took off his hat also. The heat of the journey had fatigued him not a little less than the latter, and he began to complain bitterly of the dust and the sun. Claude, who knew the rules of Norman hospitality, went in search of a pot of cider and two glasses, which he placed on a cast-off wheel, transformed into a table for the travellers.

Both hastened to do honor to the beer of Papa Rigaud, resuming the conversation which had been for a moment interrupted.

It was evident that each was astonished at the presence of his companion, and desired to know the motive; but an explanation between Norman peasants is always a thing singularly complicated; the spirit of circumspection has given them a habit of evasion and subterfuge, which makes their conversation a sort of equation overloaded with contradictory terms, from which one must laboriously disengage the unknown quantity.

Meanwhile, by help of the cider, the two travellers had reached an avowal that they had come to Dreil on important business.

"Did you come to buy the mill of Father

Pacific?" asked Laudrille, looking at Taurin.

"Is it then for sale?" replied the latter, with an astonishment which appeared to his companion to be natural.

"For sale? no," resumed Francois, "but to let—only there is a condition."

He had pronounced these last words confidentially, reaching out his arm towards the pot of cider, in order to fill the glasses anew; a hand prevented his own, raised the stone pint and substituted another. The drinkers, who had at the same time raised their heads, perceived Ivonnette, whose smile displayed two rows of teeth as white as the finest pearls.

"Claude was mistaken," said she, gaily; "he did not draw the best cider as he should have done for strangers; these gentlemen will excuse it."

And turning with the graceful readiness of the Norman, she disappeared, humming an air. The two travellers looked after her, then exclaimed, simultaneously:

"What a pretty girl!"

"A charming creature!"

"It is the heiress of the mill," said Taurin.

"The beautiful Ivonnette," added Laudrille.

"You know her name, then?" resumed the first, surprised.

"Who does not know it?" replied the second, winking and refilling the two glasses; "I spoke just now of a condition."

"Well?"

"Well, there is a condition."

"How! the daughter of Father Rigaud—"

"Awaits a husband who'll improve the mill."

"How did you know this?"

"From Papa Bourdin, who thought the affair might suit me."

"Is that true?"

"He wrote to me at Regmaldard a week ago; but I was occupied in settling my uncle's property, and could not come sooner."

"Then you are too late," exclaimed Taurin; "Father Boudin had an idea that you had refused, and sent to Tourouvre for me to come in your stead."

"You!" replied Laudrille, stupefied; "you came to Dreil for the daughter of Rigaud?"

"For her," said Taurin, slowly sipping his cider.

"And you hope to be accepted?"

"I bring for this purpose a letter from my godfather."

Laudrille opened his mouth to protest; then, in obedience to that principle of a famous diplomatist, who recommends that one should

never yield to his first impulse, he stopped, and swallowed drop after drop, three draughts of cider. Taurin wished to compel him to explain himself, repeating that his delay must have been regarded as a renunciation of his claims; but Laudrille took care to reply with that Norman ambiguity which imparts no information, and the conversation soon slackened on both sides.

Meanwhile, neither thought of yielding, and if conversation languished, their minds were doubly active. The two rivals were already seeking ways to outwit each other, and while their glasses continued to touch amicably, their imaginations passed in review all the snares which could be extended.

As the most important thing was to prepossess the miller favorably, both appeared at first resolved not to quit the field; but Laudrille, who had more experience, soon comprehended that this obstinacy, necessarily imitated by his rival, would result in nothing. Consequently, changing his plans, he professed to have taken his resolution, declared aloud that he would wait no longer, and bidding good-night to Taurin and Claude, resolutely took the road to Pervencheres.

Taurin, who had wished to ascertain the direction he followed, returned, completely reassured, and resumed his seat, resolved to await the arrival of Father Pacific.

But Laudrille had no sooner lost sight of Dreil, than cutting across, he retraced his steps, passed behind the mill without being seen, and gained the road to Longny, on which he hoped to meet Rigaud. He had seen him often enough at Regmard to be sure of recognizing him, and began to study what he should say in order to recommend himself, and especially to ruin his rival.

His plan succeeded wonderfully; he met midway from Longny, the miller, who had stopped at the door of a cabaret to let his horse breathe, and to taste the cider of the place. Laudrille introduced himself, told whence he came, and received from Father Pacific a welcome which whispered the strongest hopes.

After having talked of the price of grain and new methods of grinding, in a way to prove his knowledge on the subject, and made an inventory of the different sums he had placed with the notary; added the estimate of some fields he possessed, and having thus favorably impressed the miller respecting himself, turned the conversation on a godson of Father Bourdin, to whom the latter had at first

given a letter for the miller, but whom he had afterwards found incapable of fulfilling the requisite conditions. Taurin, this was his name, had already dissipated a portion of his patrimony, and the rest was seriously compromised. His residence in the great mill of Montague had besides given him a taste for idleness and dissipation; he was one of those young men whom a miracle alone could save from ruin.

While they were thus conversing, night came on. The miller at last took leave of Laudrille, who promised to return on the morrow, and on his way home thought over the information which had been given him, rejoicing that the godson of his friend had not profited by the letter of introduction which he had received. Now, at least, if he should arrive, the father and daughter would be warned and on their guard.

He was finishing these reflections as he reached the *Well*, where he found Taurin sitting in the same place before an empty pint and a full glass. This sight produced on the miller an impression of disagreeable surprise; it was like a sudden revolution.

"Here is a youth who should have a godfather at Bazoché," said he, looking at the young man in the blouse.

"As you say, Father Pacific," replied Taurin, who had equally divined the miller.

"Have you been here long?"

"More than three hours."

"Then you came on business?"

"I bring a letter from Father Bourdin."

All that Laudrille had announced was verified. Goodman Rigaud took the letter, casting on Taurin a stealthy glance. Any one else might have allowed his prejudices to appear, but Father Pacific was not the man to hazard an explanation which might bring about a debate. He opened the missive and began to read it slowly. Instead of thinking of its contents, he was reflecting on the mode of ridding himself of his friend's godson. At last, having finished it, he stopped, coughed two or three times, and addressed to Bourdin half-a-dozen indifferent questions, in order to gain time.

But the young man was too eager to dispose of his rival to listen to the digressions of the miller. He hastily returned to the contents of the letter, informed the miller that a misunderstanding of his godfather would probably bring to the mill a second party. Rigaud was careful not to say that he had seen him.

"Perhaps you know him," resumed Taurin; "it is that skinflint of a Laudrille, an old fellow who might be your daughter's father. Look out for him, Father Pacific; he has a whole legion of devils in his shoes."

Rigaud looked at the young man with an air of astonishment.

"You must have heard of his lawsuits?" resumed Taurin; "he has sued his uncles, his brothers; he would sue all the saints in Paradise, if he hoped to gain anything by it. Let him only set foot in the mill, and before a year he will be sole master of it."

He!" exclaimed Rigaud, affrighted.

"Not to mention that, he will deceive you about his prospects," resumed Taurin; "almost all his funds have been lent without security, and before three years he will be a ruined man."

The miller became pensive.

"I do not speak of your daughter," continued Jean; "you might as well marry a linnet to an owl but you would not wish to have your son-in-law fold his arms six months out of the twelve, and leave you the labor of the mill."

This denunciation, though made with an accent which proved passion, had too much probability not to strike Father Pacific. What he himself knew of Laudrille, seemed besides to confirm it. He began to scratch his ear, singularly perplexed in the midst of these accusations coming from both sides. Thanks to these, Laudrille and Taurin were both equally suspected. He believed the evil which each had said of his adversary, and was suspicious of the good which he added of himself. The two rivals had succeeded only in ruining each other in his mind.

Meanwhile, when Taurin, driven away by the approach of night, asked permission to return the next day, to speak more seriously of the business to which he had alluded, Father Pacific dared not refuse, and replied that he would expect him.

But when the young man had departed, he remained for some time immovable in the same place, troubled and dreamy. The species of conflict which was taking place between the two candidates, disturbed his peaceable disposition; he wished to rid himself quietly of both; for both equally displeased him; unfortunately he could not think of a way to do this, so after many exclamations of vexation and heavy sighs, he resolved to brave the debates of the morrow.

Father Pacific, troubled with this cruel ne-

cessity, began to inspect the mill he had left the night before.

Claude had been so diligent, that the most pressing work was done, everything was in its place, and Rigaud found no cause of complaint. He passed from the mill to the house, where Ivonnette had not the less well employed her time. The furniture, newly waxed, shone with neatness, the sideboard was ornamented with branches of thyme, and the table was set near the window, which allowed the coolness of the evening air to enter.

The young girl, busy in preparing the supper before a fire which blazed joyously, was singing like a wood-bird. The good man felt his heart lighter amid this atmosphere of order, of industry and of tranquillity. He gaily returned the good evening of Claude, kissed Ivonnette on both cheeks, and seated himself at the table with a sigh of relief.

The young girl had wished to celebrate his return, and the supper was more sumptuous than usual. When it was nearly over, Ivonnette brought with a certain solemnity, a bottle of cognac half full, which she kept at the bottom of the chest of linen, and which made its appearance only on great occasions. This sight completed the satisfaction of Father Pacific.

"You are a good girl," exclaimed he, hastening to finish the glass which remained in his glass; "you divined that I needed this evening a little drop of consolation."

"The persons who were here a little while ago, must have disturbed you?" asked Ivonnette, exchanging a glance with Claude.

"Yes, yes," replied the miller, sadly; "it may be well said that one should think sometimes before speaking. If I had not communicated my plan to Father Bourdin, I should not have been in this embarrassment to-day."

"So you have not yet decided between the two candidates?" asked Claude, trying to appear indifferent.

"Do you know why they came?" said Rigaud, astonished.

"Both spoke of it at the mill," replied the miller's boy, "and each seemed certain of success."

Father Pacific poured out a glass of brandy.

"We shall see about that," said he; "I am to have a voice in the matter."

"And yet you must prefer one of them."

The miller shrugged his shoulders, and leaning towards the youth, said in a confidential tone: "To tell you the truth, I wish they were both further."

"Ah, I was sure they would displease you!" exclaimed Ivonnette, joyfully.

"Yes," replied Rigaud, pensively; "but the difficulty is, to get rid of them; both come from my friend, and, as Claude says, thought themselves sure of success."

"If you had reasons to refuse them!" observed the young girl.

"Par dieu! reasons are not wanting," replied Rigaud; "but I must give them, that is the difficulty! They will be angry, one word will bring on another, and it will end in a quarrel. I wish I could find some excuse for dismissing them, so that they would part friends."

"That is easy," interrupted Ivonnette; "suppose you tell them, that I am promised?"

Father Pacific raised his head.

"You!" repeated he. "That is an idea! but they will ask to whom?"

"Ah, you are right," replied the young girl, with an embarrassed air; "who shall pass for my betrothed?"

"Let me see," resumed Rigaud, who evidently relished the expedient; "if we could choose some one among our neighbors."

"O, no!" exclaimed Ivonnette; "they would take the thing seriously."

"Well, if your choice is good?" continued the miller, more earnestly. "Suppose it is not a pretext, but that I marry you in good earnest to another, to escape the two fascals who are to return to-morrow?"

"You know very well that there is no person in the parish," continued Ivonnette; "you want a miller?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Steady and industrious?"

"Of course."

"Who can improve the mill?"

"Yes."

"And who will yet remain submissive to your will?"

"So I understand it."

"Well, for that, my father, you must have a young man who has only his arms, because, if he is rich, you cannot rely upon his submission; he will be master, and sooner or later we shall have war in the mill. It is for you to choose between money and peace."

"Peace; I will have peace!" exclaimed Father Pacific, energetically; "but I should have liked money, too."

"What would you gain?" observed the young girl; "the mill can continue with its two millstones without our sleeping less or losing our appetites. What my father wants

is a son-in-law, of whom he is as sure as of myself, and who will guard his life from anxieties and quarrels."

"You are right!" exclaimed Rigaud, his thoughts beginning to take the direction which Ivonnette was trying to give them.

"Only it is difficult to find such a man."

"Do you think so?" continued the miller, looking at Claude.

"It must be some one of well-known probity," resumed the girl, "an industrious laborer, who will have mind enough to take care of himself, and gentleness enough to obey."

"Well, I have it," interrupted Father Pacific, raising his glass to a level with his eye. "I will pay for the third millstone myself, if necessary, but I will be master of Dreil, and we will have peace until I am carried out feet foremost. Your glass, Claude, and pledge me in this. The person in question, is of your acquaintance."

"Of my acquaintance!" repeated the miller's boy, trembling with hope.

"And of your family," continued Rigaud.

"Speak on, Father Rigaud; this son-in-law chosen by you, is—"

"The son of your mother," said the miller, laughing.

Claude uttered a cry, and Ivonnette turned away her head, blushing with pleasure.

Father Pacific, who had taken his resolution, received the passionate thanks of Claude, and the joyous caresses of Ivonnette. It was agreed that the suitors should be dismissed the next day with forced politeness, and informed that they had arrived too late, which was done.

Laudrille and Taurin left the mill together with downcast heads and sad hearts; they had at last comprehended that in seeking to injure each other, they but ensured the success of a third rival. At the moment they were about to separate, both raised their eyes and looked at each other.

"Faith! we have had what we deserve," exclaimed Taurin, with a sort of coarse frankness; "let this serve as a lesson to us; let us never forget the proverb that when two rogues contend for a prize, a third arrives who bears it away."

Two physicians, of the names of Mead and Woodward, fought in England, and the latter slipping, his opponent exclaimed, "Take your life." To which the prostrate Galen replied, "Anything but your physic."

NIGHT.

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 BY E. T. A. MACKEY.  
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Hail, placid Night! the hours of toil are o'er,
 Glad relaxation sits at every door;
 Silence and gloom invite repose and calm,
 And weary Nature hails the precious balm.

He who had roused him with the breaking morn,
 And felt him braced with vigor newly born,
 With thankful heart had seen the rising sun,
 And full of joy the daily task begun,
 Now gladly sees the crimson orb descend,
 Where western skies in tints harmonious blend
 Their latent glories with his parting ray,
 And earth and sky reflect the fading day.

How calm the hour, how hallowed the repose,
 When Night her mantle o'er the landscape throws;
 No sounds discordant mar the peaceful rest—
 The genial charm which visits every breast—
 The gentle hum of insect voices round,
 But render night and silence more profound.
 And like the murmur of some peaceful stream,
 But plunge the soul yet deeper in its dream.

Ye gentle stars, whose ever burning light
 Illumes the shadow of the sombre night;
 Say, is it yours with careful eye to keep
 A guardian care upon the realms of sleep?
 It is a joy to gem the weeping flowers
 When nightly dews distil refreshing showers,—
 To sparkle brightly in the dancing rill,—
 The placid lake with mirrored light to fill?
 Ah, fain would mortals limit the design
 Which bade the heavens with lustrous jewels shine;
 Would hail with glee a world from chaos torn,
 And cry, "lo, yet another ray is born,
 Another lamp to lighten earth and sea,
 For thee, O Night! it beams alone for thee!"
 Beam on, ye watchers; shall the starry sky
 Less glorious seem to man's benighted eye,
 That every ray to which the heavens gave birth
 Unfolds the utter nothingness of earth?
 Beam on, your smiles the dreary hours illumine,
 And night is lovely, even in its gloom.

Sweet hours, to rest and meditation given,
 Whose silence e'en is eloquent of heaven,
 How gladly would the thoughtful spirit dwell,
 Forever wrapt in night's entrancing spell?
 How sweetly dream away this transient life,
 Free from its tumult, severed from its strife;
 And feel that morn, with all its beauties rare,
 But roused the soul again to toil and care.

The Florist.

Water Roots of Plants.

It is found that plants growing in a dry soil will produce roots specially destined for supplying them with water, and penetrating into the barren subsoil, drain pipes, water tanks, etc., for the purpose of obtaining it. This is true of plants which, in other circumstances, are not observed to have aquatic tendencies, and yet whose roots are found in certain cases to accumulate to an extraordinary degree in drain pipes, etc. When, however, the plant depends for its supply of moisture on the infertile subsoil, or on drain pipes, cisterns, etc., it continues to live; but, as might be expected, it does not flourish. The water roots owe the good effect they produce, in a considerable degree, to their conveying water to those ordinary roots which are in the dry soil, and thus putting them in a state suited to the absorption of a greater or less amount of nutriment from the earth. The production of sickly crops may often be accounted for by the supply of moisture being confined to this source; thus it may explain what is known to farmers as the "clover sickness." This property in plants is, however, an admirable means intended for their preservation through dry seasons, or in circumstances in which the supply of moisture is precarious or insufficient.

Flowers to blow in the House.

Several sorts of bulbous roots may be placed upon bulb-glasses of water for blowing in the apartments of the house, such as hyacinths, narcissuses, jonquils, early dwarf tulips, bulbous irises, etc. The glasses for this purpose are to be had at the seed and glass shops. Being made concave at the mouth, they contain each one root, and are to be filled with soft water, and one root placed in each glass with its bottom touching the water, placing the bottles upon a shelf or chimney-piece of some warm room, or in the inside of a warm window, and if where the sun comes it will be an additional advantage; but in severe frost remove them to the interior part of the room where a fire is kept. They will soon shoot their roots down into the water, which, when become very foul or fetid, should be renewed with fresh occasionally; they will thus blow very agreeably early in the spring, and may be greatly forwarded if placed in a hotbed or hot-house.

Double Flowers.

It is found that double flowers—those in which stamens are converted into petals—are almost confined to the Northern Hemisphere. None are found in Polynesia or Australasia, and very few in South Africa or South America. This may possibly be accounted for, in some measure, by the fact that double flowers are great favorites with highly

civilized nations, but are little or not at all valued by those in a rude state. The former, therefore, whenever they observe such flowers to have been produced, immediately transfer them to gardens and green-houses, while the latter pass them by without bestowing upon them any attention. Double flowers ought, by consequence, necessarily to have accumulated in long-civilized countries.

Acres of Flowers.

Thousands of acres of soil are annually planted with flowers in France and Italy for making perfume alone. A single grower in Southern France sells annually 60,000 pounds each of jasmine and tuberose, 40,000 pounds of violet blossoms, besides thousands of pounds of mint, thyme, rosemary, etc., and he is but one of hundreds engaged in this branch of horticulture. The atmosphere of some of these towns is so filled with fragrance that a person is made aware of his approach to them by the odors that greet him miles away. Already, in America, hundreds of acres of peppermint and lavender are being planted, and the product exported to Europe. Though the old world bears the palm in the perfumery line, and London and Paris, with their Covent Gardens and Marche-aux-Fleurs, lead New York in window gardening, and the cultivation of flowers in pots generally, yet New York carries on a larger trade in cut flowers than either of the cities mentioned, or any other in the world. One New York dealer has sold, since last September, 50,000 carnation blossoms, 30,000 bouvardias, 70,000 Chinese primroses, 30,000 tuberose, besides over 10,000 rose camellias, heliotropes, etc., and he is but one of a large number engaged in this business.

The Pollen of Plants.

It has been ascertained that the pollen, or the fecundating dust found in the flowers of plants, may be preserved in bottles, in a dark place, for, in some cases, five or six years, without losing its fecundating power. Those grains which do not remain slightly moist, are found to have lost their efficacy.

Perennial Plants in Pots.

Double wall-flowers, double stocks, double sweet-williams, and other kinds of perennial plants in pots, should be well secured from severe frosts. If these plants in pots are placed in frames, glasses or other covering should be kept over them at all times when the frost is keen, or occasionally in very wet weather; but in mild dry weather the plants must be covered in the daytime. Plants in pots should, where there is not the convenience of frames, be plunged to their rims in a dry and warm border, and at night and in severe weather be covered with garden-mats.

The Housewife.

Potted Meats.

It sometimes happens to the ladies from some unforeseen circumstances, that large quantities of cooked meats, prepared for a party which did not come off, perhaps, remain on hand, which are measurably lost. Such should be potted. Cut the meat from the bone, and chop fine, and season high with salt and pepper, cloves and cinnamon. Moisten with vinegar, wine, brandy, cider and Worcester-shire sauce, or melted butter, according to the kind of meat, or to suit your own taste. Then pack it tight into a stone jar, and cover over the top with about a quarter of an inch of melted butter. It will keep months, and always afford a ready and excellent dish for the tea-table.

An Omelet.

Beat up six eggs; chop very fine half an onion, a little ham, a sprig of parsley, and add salt and pepper. Mix this all well together; put a bit of butter half the size of an egg into a frying-pan, and heat it hot; turn in the mixture, stirring it all the time until it begins to thicken. Then let it stand to brown three minutes, lap it half over, slip it on to a dish, and send it to the table very hot. Omit the onion and ham, if preferred without it.

Drawn Butter.

Take half a pound of butter; braid into it two table-spoonfuls of flour; put it into a saucepan, and add one teacup of boiling water; set it on the fire, stirring it all the time until it almost boils.

Parsley and Butter.

To half a pint of drawn butter add two table-spoonfuls of nice green parsley chopped very fine (with a knife, on a board, not in a tray); give it one boil. Served with boiled chickens, lamb, mackerel or blue-fish.

Shrimp Sauce.

Cut up in small pieces a dozen shrimps; add half a pint of good drawn butter, a little pepper and salt, and a spoonful of vinegar; give it one boil. Served with any kind of boiled fish.

Egg Sauce for Boiled Fish.

Boil hard four eggs; drop them into cold water for five minutes; shell them, and chop them fine; stir into good drawn butter; give it one boil.

Caper Sauce for Boiled Mutton.

To three gills of good drawn butter add about half a cup of capers; give it one boil. Be sure and stir all the time, for fear of oiling.

Turnips and Parsnips.

Boil them an hour and a half; mash them the same as squash, or cut them in slices, and serve them plain.

Water-Proof Composition.

One-half pound tallow, two ounces of turpentine, two ounces beeswax, two ounces olive oil, four ounces hog's lard. Melt the materials by a gentle heat. Rub the mixture on the leather a few hours before using. It should be rubbed on new boots or shoes two or three times before using them. By adding a small quantity of lamp black and increasing the quantity of beeswax an excellent black ball is obtained.

Isinglass Jelly.

Two ounces of isinglass to a quart of water; boil till it is dissolved; strain it into a basin upon a slice of lemon-peel pared very thin, six cloves, and three or four lumps of sugar; let this stand by the fire for an hour; take out the lemon and cloves and add four table-spoonfuls of brandy.

Orange Biscuits.

Take the grated rind of an orange, six fresh eggs, a quarter of a pound of flour, and three quarters of a pound of powdered lump sugar; put these into a mortar and beat them to a paste; put the paste into cases, and bake it in the same way as biscuits.

Scorched Linen.

When linens or muslins are scorched, in the getting up, without being actually burnt, a brown mark is left upon the spot, which may be removed by laying some of the following composition upon it, before the article is again washed: Slice six large onions, and express the juice, which must be added to a quart of vinegar, with one ounce of pearl ashes. Boil the whole, until the mixture becomes thick, and apply it to the scorched spot while it is hot.

Almond Pudding.

Blanch one pound of almonds; beat them in a mortar to a smooth paste, with three teaspoonfuls of rose-water. Add one gill of wine; one pint of cream; one gill of milk; one egg; one large spoonful of flour. Boil half an hour.

Cauliflower.

Boil it one hour in water, and then add two cups of milk, and let it boil gently an hour longer. Dish it in a deep dish, and turn it over some drawn butter.

Cabbage.

Boil it two hours. It is very nice, also, after it is boiled, chopped very fine, and fried in a little butter. When done, add a little vinegar, and stir it up.

Corned Tongue.

Corned tongue should be washed clean, put into cold water, and boiled three hours.

Curious Matters.

Story of Winona.

The name of Winona, which is used so often in naming ships, and which is now upon one of the gunboats in the navy, is derived from a legend of Northern New Hampshire. The legend is told as follows: "Winona was the daughter of an Indian chief, who was rescued from the hands of savages by a traveller by the name of Thornton, with whom she eloped and subsequently married. A few years of forest life so wearied the husband of Winona, that he concluded to go back into society, and communicated the fact to his wife, who was so overcome by the announcement that she killed herself by drinking tea from the night-shade berries. Thornton, after performing the last sad rites for his devoted wife, removed to Boston, where in the busy world, he hoped to forget the unhappy occurrence. Twenty years rolled by, when one day a traveller came to a public house in Winchester, N. H., and after depositing his baggage, hastened to a grove of cedars, and was found the next day, by the grave of Winona, dead.

Use of Buttons.

These were used in England, by way of ornament, so far back as the tenth century; but it was not till the commencement of the fourteenth that they were adopted as a necessary part of attire, ribbons or lace having been previously used in their stead. The manufacture of buttons is not mentioned as a separate trade till about the middle of the seventeenth century, when the importation of foreign buttons, made with the needle, was prohibited. Soon after this, the invention of metal buttons took place; to encourage which, a penalty of forty shillings was imposed, in 1680, on every dozen of buttons consisting merely of a mould, covered with the same kind of cloth as the garment; and the importation of metal buttons was prohibited.

Potatoes.

These vegetable tubers, according to some, were brought into England from Virginia in America, by Hawkins, in 1563; according to others, they were introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh, who, on his return homeward in 1618, put into an Irish port, where he landed a great number of them, which multiplied exceedingly, and became, in a short time, very common, both in Ireland and England.

Paving.

According to historians, the ancient city of Babylon and the streets of Carthage were both paved; but the Romans had no paved streets or roads until the censorship of Appius Claudius, under whom was

constructed the celebrated Roman road, known as the Appian Way. Paving was not practised in London until the end of the eleventh century. In the year 1417, we read that Henry V., impressed with the deep and dangerous state of the Holborn roadway, directed two vessels to be employed at his expense in bringing stones for mending and paving that highway. The present system of macadamising—so named from its projector, M'Adam—was introduced into London in 1824.

Leather.

The first garments in use among mankind were made of the skins of animals, and leather constituted several parts of dress even after the textile arts were carried to the greatest degree of perfection. It is difficult, however, to fix the time at which the art of tanning was introduced, but most probably it originated in accident; as, for example, by a garment of skin falling into a pool of water containing leaves, bark, etc., and remaining there sufficiently long. In such a case the skin would be more or less tanned, and its properties have undergone a change that could not but have been remarked.

Soap.

From the earliest times, some material, possessing more or less of the cleansing properties which distinguish the soap of the present day, has been employed for the purposes of washing. The Hebrews used alkali; and the Greeks a composition made from oil, mixed with the dregs of wine. An English historian, writing in 1550, mentions the custom of scouring the cloth with hemlock and nettles. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, soap was manufactured in London; yet, as recently as the reign of Queen Anne, many opulent families were in the habit of sending their household linen all the way to Holland to be washed and bleached.

Gazette.

This word, so widely applied and so well understood amongst us, is said to be derived from *gazetta*, the name of a small Venetian coin, which was the price paid for one of the flying sheets of commercial and military information, first published by the Republic of Venice in 1563.

Dice.

These instruments of gaming are said to have been invented during the siege of Troy, for the amusement of the officers and soldiers. The Romans frequently played dice; and our ancient kings were partial to the game.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

Since the last issue of the *DOLLAR MONTHLY*, the President has sent a message to Congress congratulating the country on its prosperity, in spite of the war, letting out a few diplomatic secrets regarding the workings of state, and telling us that the Confederates will be treated to that mercy which all men expect the instant they lay down their arms and resolve to be good citizens; which terms our Southern brethren no more intend to accept than they intend to emancipate their slaves, providing they can help it. The day has passed for soft words and fair promises. They are useless. The Confederates have made up their minds, or rather the leaders have, which amounts to pretty much the same thing, to fight this thing out; and if we would have peace we must crush all the Southern armies now in the field, and all that may be raised hereafter. To do this we want men, and although the President in his message alludes to the ravages of war and all its horrors, he does not tell us how many soldiers we have in the field all ready for the battle ground. Such information would be considered contraband; but even if it is contraband, we have a shrewd guess that our ranks will need replenishing by spring, so that new combinations can be made, new places reached, and new efforts made to secure a peace. To accomplish all this we were not unprepared for the call for 300,000 men. Such a draft was expected, so no one was taken by surprise. It was well known that Grant needs men, that Sheridan would like 20,000 to begin the spring campaign, and that Sherman could use 50,000 good soldiers in some expedition which would go far towards conquering a peace. States and towns had better commence preparations for recruiting, thus saving much misery and unhappiness; for most drafted men don't care about shouldering arms. The inaugural message of President Lincoln will tell us how we stand, and once more hold out light to the rebels. Let us all hope that it will be success-

ful, so that we can have peace; but much as we want it, we don't care about terms that are dishonorable.—One Joseph Parker, a genuine Englishman, who thinks that he has but to speak to be obeyed, recently visited this country with what purported to be a peace address, signed by some 350,000 boys, secession sympathizers, and old women. He wanted to roll the document in at the door of the White House, but Mr. Secretary Seward thought that it was hardly worth while to take so much trouble, and plainly intimated to Mr. Parker that he had better return home and devote his attention to some other subject. In the mean time we have no doubt but that our enterprising paper makers, Messrs. Crocker, Burbank & Co., of Fitchburg, will pay something handsome for the petition for old stock to be worked over for newspapers.—The pirate Florida, about the seizure of which Brazil is inclined to be pugnacious, has sunk, and now lies in ten fathoms of water, where she is likely to remain for some time to come. She was anchored near Fortress Munroe, when an army transport ran into her. It was an accident, but one of that kind of accidents which will prevent the ship from ever being given up to Brazil. In fact, the Florida has made her last cruise, and in a few months will be covered with mud and oysters.—Since the January issue, the printers of Boston have indulged in a strike. Their demands were not complied with by the proprietors of the daily papers, and after holding out for some days, and finding that the journals were issued as regularly as usual, most of the members of the Union went to work at the old rates, while others lost their situations, and were compelled to seek for labor in other cities.—We see that there is some talk of introducing a bill in Congress for the purpose of taxing real estate. It is contended that this is necessary for the purpose of raising money to carry on the war. Our people are already groaning over their taxes, and groaning under them, and the taxing

of real estate might relieve them a trifle, but the Western farmers would raise a terrible row at the bare thought. They are men who have a right to be heard, for they have fought well, and done well for their country, the West having sent many soldiers to the field, where thousands have found graves. No doubt the whole matter will be talked over and settled in Congress, but of one thing we may rest assured—more money must be raised by taxation, if the war is to be completed, and gold is to be kept down.—We notice that the Masonic Fraternity of New York city have opened a depot, where they supply the poor with the necessaries of life at cost. The idea is a good one, and we should like to see the Masons of Boston undertake just such an enterprise. We have wealthy Masons in the city—men whose hearts are always open to the appeals of charity—and why should they not lend their aid to relieve the suffering poor?—The country has been excited by the discharge of the St. Albans raiders, at Montreal. The decision of the judge, who told the raiders that they could leave the court, seize their plunder, and walk off like honest men, filled all with such astonishment, that at first the news was believed to be a hoax, for the purpose of testing our patience. But we soon found that the matter was serious. The judge had let the men off on a quibble, and the fellows left Montreal under the charge of their sympathizers. As soon as the Canadian government had recovered from its surprise, attempts were made to re-arrest the raiders, but up to last accounts, none of them had been taken. Our people were fierce for an immediate war, and if a call had been issued for volunteers to march to Canada, one hundred thousand men could have been obtained in a short time—old soldiers and new ones, raw recruits, and well-disciplined Fenians—the latter eager for an advance. General Dix promptly issued an order that all raiders should be pursued into the Canadian territory, and there arrested or punished; and people hailed the order as a declaration of war, and they would have obeyed it, too, if the President had not disapproved of the same, having heard from the Canadian authorities an explanation of the outrage. The judge should be removed from the bench, and all connected with the affair should be degraded, if it is possible to degrade such men. We suppose they divided the money stolen from St. Albans between themselves, and therefore feel quite independent,

and prepared to retire from office.—“The Confederacy is a hollow shell, and Sherman will prove it to you,” said General Grant, just after the former military chieftain commenced his march through the interior of Georgia. We were fearful that Grant had uttered a sentence which facts would not warrant; but the old hero seemed to understand what he said; and at the present time, even without having the full details, and an account of the march before us, we must confess that Sherman has proved that Georgia was but an empty shell, and that not much of a force was needed to crack it. “We had a most agreeable march,” writes the sturdy general. “We were not molested by guerrillas, or attacked in force. The men are in splendid condition, having lived off the best that the land contained.” So, while we were trembling for Sherman’s fall, and believing all that the rebel papers contained, when they spoke of harassing marches, of surprises, famine, fatigue and death, our gallant soldiers were eating turkeys and chickens, and entertaining the dorkies with wonderful yarns of Yankee life, and so well were the negroes pleased with the stories they heard, that 7000 of them followed the army to the siege of Savannah, driving mules, horses, sheep, and other cattle before them. We have always regarded Sherman as a great general. His march through Georgia, a distance of three hundred miles, with the loss of only one thousand men, killed, wounded, and stragglers, proves that he is a general worthy the honors which his country will bestow upon him.—And now let us turn to Tennessee, and review the great work that Thomas has performed. He allowed Hood to force him back to Nashville, to besiege him; but at the proper time the Union general (who must have laughed at Hood’s efforts to crush the Federal army) issued forth, and struck a blow that almost annihilated the rebel forces. Thousands of prisoners, some fifty pieces of cannon, and a large number of horses, wagons and small arms, was the result of this great victory. Let us honor Thomas, and every man who fought under him. He has deserved well of his country. His army has immortalized itself. And thus we leave military affairs, until our next issue.

TRUE.—Tom Hood says nothing spoils a holiday like a Sunday coat, or a new pair of boots. To have time set easy, your garments must set the example.

BUYING A HORSE.

In purchasing a horse, excellent judgment must be used, or the buyer will get deceived, for there are as many secrets connected with a horse trade as there are with a lady's toilet. Some jockeys are always on the lookout for the purpose of palming off a worthless animal, but we know of honorable men in the business, those whose word can be relied on, and such can always be trusted by those who are ignorant of horse-flesh.

For instance, a horse-dealer, one without reputation or visible means, will "doctor" a horse until it looks like a young and spirited animal. Its teeth will slant outward at a most acute angle—a well-known sign of equine senility. It will have deep depressions over the eyes, which also give a very ancient appearance; and finally, it will show white hairs all over its coat. To get rid of these signs of going down hill the dealer has his respective dodges. By means of a file he speedily reduces the teeth to the length of those of a five-year-old, and by a clever process called "bishopsing" he manages to imitate the dark marks or cavities which are to be found on the biting edges of all young horses' teeth. This is done by the means of a hot iron, which burns out a cavity in the tooth, which, to the uninitiated or the casual observer, looks very like the real thing. The white hairs are reduced to the prevailing color of the coat by using a hair-dye. The loose skin which falls in over the aged horse's eye, is punctured; the dealer then applies his lips to the place, and blows into the cavity; the punctures close, and the depression is obliterated, and in its place a smooth brow is seen. The effect in restoring the youthful looks of an aged horse is very remarkable—as striking, in fact, as the filling up of a nut-cracker's jaw by the introduction of a set of false teeth.

All these attempts to renew the old animal, however, are of a very transitory nature. The purchaser, proud of his horse, which he flatters himself he has bought at a very reasonable rate, puts him into his stable over night, and by the time he has been well groomed in the morning, a dozen winters appear to have passed over his head. The truth is out, and the mortified dupe is only too glad to get rid of his bargain at any sacrifice. Some men, after the cheat has been discovered, have recourse to the law, but others are wiser and let the matter drop, determined to make the best of it.

Perhaps our readers are not aware that

many good-looking horses are afflicted with a disease of the vertebral column, which is not apparent as long as they are run up and down the yard, but which immediately exhibits itself upon being mounted. He is generally in splendid action when being trotted up, and down the yard, and he is generally gingered beforehand to give him fire and spirit; in fact, no animal is more likely to take in a purchaser who goes upon mere appearances. The knowing ones would pinch him up and down the spine until the sore place was discovered; but the jockeys know very well that the knowing ones are not likely to buy of them, and if they discover the unsoundness by chance, a "tip" easily buys their silence respecting it.

There is still another class of animal with which the jockey tempts flats, and this is what is termed the "knock," or lame horse, an animal afflicted with shoulder lameness. The jockey is no believer in the saying that "two wrongs do not make a right," in appearance, at least, for he proceeds to cure the lameness of one leg producing a corresponding lameness in the sound one. This he does by taking off the shoe, and inserting a beam between it and the foot, and nailing it on again. The horse now appears to go all right, in consequence of the lameness being equal in each leg. The trick, however, is good only a very short time, but generally long enough to suit the jockey's purpose, who immediately on selling the doctored animal, decamps with all speed from the neighborhood, and when wanted, is not of course, to be found.

Those who want horses should buy of reliable men, and not be tempted into great bargains by sharpers.

DIVORCES IN PARIS.

What a page of scandal could be written from the records of the Divorce Court of Paris! The French people marry just as men go into commercial copartnership. Love has nothing whatever to do with the question—it is all a financial question. The sea has a sensible influence upon these divorces, and the prudent husbands here prefer spending the summer anywhere rather than on ocean's beach. Did those nice observers the Greeks make Venus rise from the sea because the waves whip up love? It is noticed in Paris as one of the signs of the times that more husbands than wives sue for divorce. Fifteen years ago nine out of every ten suits of divorce

were brought by wives. Women are now so extravagant that few men of ordinary means can afford to gratify their wife's caprices. She intrigues until she obtains contributions from one or two more purses, and if her husband be no philosopher, a divorce is taken. The wise rarely regrets it, as she becomes a free woman and manages to command a larger income than she ever before possessed. In Paris society her position passes unchallenged. The Arabs possess a wise practice in proceedings for divorce. When married people seek a separation the *cadi* orders them to live for some time with a discreet and austere man of the tribe, that the latter may examine their life and see on which side blame lies. This elderly man makes a report at the expiration of the appointed time, and this report is the foundation on which the *cadi* builds his judgment of divorce. Experience has demonstrated that there is no better method of restoring peace in families. The husband and wife put thus upon their good behaviour resume the manners of courting days. Each strives to be more amiable than the other to convince the "elder of Israel" that it is not this one's fault if the honeymoon changed its quarter. Old love is awakened, and the pair that went to the approved man's tent snarling like cat and dog, return home cooling like doves.

PILGRIMAGES IN INDIA.

An India paper of a late date says: "Thirty miles northeast of Sholapoor, at Toolazapoor, is the great temple of the goddess Bhowant, and twice in the year the temple is thronged by men and women of every grade, who come to pay their vows and sacrifice to the idol. Besides this, at every full moon, long trains of pilgrims may be seen flocking thither, and such is the faith of the people in the healing power of the goddess that the sick are resorting there constantly in the vain hope of some relief. The temple at Punderpoor is still more renowned. Not to speak of the myriads who go there at the great festivals, persons make a pilgrimage thither every month from a distance of 50 to 100 miles, and the practice is kept up for many years. One man, who had apparently come from a distance, the writer saw near Barsee, making the journey by prostrations, measuring his length upon the ground. It was under the burning sun of noonday; and, hardly able to proceed, he seemed the very picture of despair; but a case still more remarkable was that of a man performing the journey by rolling himself upon

the ground. We came up with him two miles east of Walrag, and asked him where he was going, and why he was thus torturing himself? He at first did not seem to hear, but at length stopping, he lay exhausted upon the ground, and answered in a faint voice that he was going to Punderpoor. After some further questions, as the writer remonstrated with him upon the folly of such a course, he raised his head from the ground, and, half reclining, said that he had come so far already that he could not desist now. He stated that his village was near Chandrapoor, 450 miles to the east from there, that he had spent 15 months on the way thus far, and that it was 40 miles more.

CONSUMPTION OF HORSEFLESH.—A letter from Berlin says: "Americans visiting Berlin and taking refreshments in any of the ordinary restaurants that abound in this city, are extremely liable to make a discovery which many would esteem not wholly agreeable. If, for instance, they ask for beef, they stand a great chance of obtaining a dish of horseflesh. The case actually occurred to the writer, a week or two back. The consumption of horseflesh is increasing every year in Berlin. The meat is sold at only half the usual price of beef here. Most of it is disposed of to the keepers of public dining rooms, *cafes*, gardens, and beer houses, and is consumed by the public under the impression that it is beef, which it much resembles in taste."

A CURIOUS CHIMNEY.—Two enterprising geniuses in the Army of the Potomac, being desirous of furnishing their winter quarters with a chimney, lately chose a Schenck shell for one of the corner stones of the edifice. The chimney drew beautifully till one night, when, during the absence of the architects, it exploded, destroying chimney and tent but fortunately injuring no one.

ALMOST STRANGERS.—A brother and sister met in Lowell, on Thanksgiving day, who had not seen each other for more than forty years. The sister is seventy-six years of age, and resides in Lowell, with a son. The brother, who is seventy-one years of age, resides in Maine.

THE PHILADELPHIA SANITARY FAIR.—The Philadelphia Press says the net profits of the Sanitary Commission Fair, held in that city last summer, amounted to *one million and ten thousand dollars*.

WORSHIPPING FIRE.

In Russia there are many religious sects. In spite of the empire and the frowns of the government officials, they continue to flourish and increase. The Greek church does not gather up all the various races, much as Alexander desires to see them absorbed and controlled by the priests, who are directed by the State. Most of the sects are secret. They may make some show of worshipping as the Greek church dictates, but their prayers are not for it. There is one sect in Russia, a secret sect, that worships fire. The origin of their religion is related in the following poem. It is a little singular that these fanatics should acknowledge the divine origin of Jesus in so peculiar a manner:

One day the cruel, mocking, God-defying Pharisees chased the child Jesus into the house of Hallelujah.

Chased the child Jesus with stones and staves, howling as they chased him. The child Jesus ran in and closed the door of the house after him. There was no one in the house but the wife of the excellent Hallelujah, holding her child in her arms and rocking it to sleep. What a beautiful color was upon its cheek. You could scarcely see its little chest rise and fall with its breathing.

"The wicked, God-defying Pharisees pursue me with sticks and stones. O, wife of the excellent Hallelujah," cried the child Jesus, "show now thy faith. Put down that child that thou so much lovest, cast it quick into the stove; and instead of it, take me up in thy arms. Then when the wicked, God-defying Pharisees rush in and ask for me, say I am burnt to death in the stove, wherein thou hast thrust me. Then they will dance for joy, and sing, and will go back to the city. And I shall escape out of their hands."

No tear shed the wife of the excellent Hallelujah; no prayer uttered she; no cry of horror rose from her heart. She arose, threw open the stove, thrust her child into the fierce pure flame, closed to the door, and took the child Jesus up into her arms as she had been bid.

At that moment in broke the howling, God-defying Pharisees. "Give us the child Jesus," they cried.

"I have destroyed him in the stove. He is dust; he is ashes," replied the wife of the excellent Hallelujah. "Go back to your homes, O, wise Pharisees, for your enemy is no more."

Then they danced for joy, and shouted, and beat their staves together, and went home

crying, "Rejoice for he is dead! The accursed child of Satan is dead!"

Then, when they were gone, the child Jesus descended from the woman's arms, and said:

"Heaven's blessings be on thee, thou wife of the excellent Hallelujah; blessings for thy excellent faith, that is beyond all faith. Go now to the stove wherein thy burnt child is, open the door, and tell me what thou seest."

And the wife of the excellent Hallelujah arose and went trembling, and she opened the door and looked in; and instead of burnt flesh, or white ashes, she saw neither flame nor embers; but her glorified child, smiling and rejoicing, walking in the green walks of Paradise, and led by the archangels.

Such was the reward of the faith of the wife of the excellent Hallelujah.

As the child was transported to Paradise through the aid of fire, so the worshippers of flames think they will enjoy heavenly rest if they bow before them. Fire worship is practised in several parts of the world, but not on the same ground that it is in Russia. The poem is a most extraordinary one, and should be read with attention.

WATER AND VEGETATION.

Science has elicited many curious facts respecting water; among which are the subjoined: "The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every twelve hundred tons of earth, a landholder has in his estate, four hundred are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowdon and Ben Nevis have water in a solidified form. In every plaster of Paris statue which an Italian carries through our streets for sale, there is one pound of water to every four pounds of chalk. The air we breathe contains five grains of water to every cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and turnips which are boiled for dinner have, in their raw state, the one seventy-five per cent. the other ninety per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailsful of water. In plants we find water mingling no less wonderfully. A sun-flower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales in a hundred and seventy-two days about one hundred thousand grains of water. A acre of growing

wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes about ten tons of water per day. The sap or plants is the medium through which the mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pulp, in which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap, various properties may be communicated to the growing plant. Timber in France is, for instance, dyed by various colors being mixed with water and poured over by the root of the tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process."

FAMILY COURTESIES.

In the family the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children; and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please your servants, if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household, and nowhere else. I have known such men. They were good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own home you would have thought they were angels, almost; but if you had seen them in the street, or in the store, or anywhere else outside of their house, you would have thought them almost demoniac. But the opposite is apt to be the case. When we are among our neighbors, or among strangers, we hold ourselves with self-respect, and endeavor to act with propriety; but when we get home, we say to ourselves, "I have played a part long enough, and now I am going to be natural." So we sit down, and are ugly, and snappish, and blunt, and disagreeable. We lay aside those little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth, that make the hardest things like velvet, and that make life pleasant. We expend all our politeness in places where it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

THE ART OF DRESSING.

A young lady who has made the art of dressing a study, says that young females have a wide latitude allowed them for dressing; gayer colors and more fanciful styles may be indulged in, so long as they do not amount to over-dressing or unsuitableness. Elderly females should attire themselves in a neat, quiet manner; the materials of their dress should be substantial, the colors dark, and design small. Above all things, they should avoid a juvenility of style, since, instead of making old people look young, it has an immediately

opposite effect, and only serves to bring out more prominently, and to contrast more painfully, the youth of the dress with the age of the wearer. Dark females look best in light colors, which supply a pleasing contrast to the complexion; or in yellow, which sheds a subdued violet hue favorable to brunette. Fair females appear to best advantage in black, on account of the contrast, which is derived from it; or in light green or sky blue, both of which colors possess the power of imparting to pale or fair complexions what are called complimentary tints.

HEAT.—It has been clearly proved that heat has no weight—none, at least, appreciable by our most delicate instruments. A phial of spirits of wine and one of water remained in equilibrium after the latter was frozen, although it thereby lost a considerable amount of caloric. It is generally admitted that the atoms of caloric are attracted by every other substance, while they mutually repel each other. When different bodies are exposed to the same source of heat, it passes through them with different degrees of velocity, according to their various conducting powers. Usually, when the body feels cold, the caloric is passing out of it into neighboring objects; and when the body feels warm, it is receiving heat.

THE WAY HE WAS MISSED.—When James Beresford, author of "The Miseries of Human Life," was at the Charter-house School, he was a remarkably gay and noisy fellow; and one day, having played truant to attend a concert, the school (says Southey) was so quiet without him that his absence was at once detected, and brought upon him a flogging.

PAIN AND PLEASURE.—Much of the pain and pleasure of mankind arises from the conjectures which every one makes of the thoughts of others; we all enjoy the praise which we do not hear, and resent contempt which we do not see.

LIFE.—Life is a constant struggle for riches, which we must soon leave behind. They seem given to us, as the nurse gives a plaything to a child, to amuse it until it falls asleep.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The population of San Francisco is 120,000. In September, 1848, the number of inhabitants was 450.

Facts and Fancies.

PERENNIAL SNUFF-BOXES.

Much has been recently written of oriental subtlety, of the fine observation and pregnant apprehension of the Eastern races; but perhaps the wily Asiatic is sometimes "sold" by the simple European. When Said Pacha was in Paris, he sent for a celebrated jeweller, and thus addressed him:

"Before I leave France, I desire to present some of your chiefs, who have honored me by their sympathy and attention, with a trifling proof of my esteem. Have you a dozen and a half of gold snuff-boxes set with diamonds of the value of about four thousand francs each?"

"Your highness," replied the jeweller, "at this present moment I have only by me six of the description you desire; but if your highness will deign to begin by the presentation of those six, in a few days I will supply you with six others, which you also can distribute; and in a week or so after that, I will complete the order by bringing the remaining half-dozen."

"Be it so. Let me have the first six immediately."

The snuff-boxes were delivered, and the Pacha distributed them, accompanied with letters orientally polite. A few days passed, and the jeweller was again announced.

"Your highness," he said, "according to my promise, I have the honor of bringing you six more snuff-boxes."

"Good! When shall I have the others?"

"As soon as your highness has given away these."

"Good! My secretary shall send them off immediately."

"In that case, your highness, I will do myself the honor to wait on you again in three or four days."

The second six were sent to the honored recipients, and the indefatigable jeweller soon brought the others. That is to say, not all; he only brought five."

"Your jewelry has given me the highest satisfaction," said the gracious Oriental; "and the friends who have done me the honor to accept them, are equally delighted, for I have received from all of them—but one—letters expressing the liveliest thanks."

"All but one! Was your highness kind

enough to say all but one?" the jeweller asked.

"Yes. My secretary tells me that when the box was sent to his house, the chief was not in town, which explains his not having favored me with his acknowledgements. He returns on Sunday. But how is it you have brought me five boxes to-day? My list of presents is made out, and I must not leave one chief without the compliment I have paid to others."

The jeweller paused for a moment, and then said:

"Did not your highness say that the recipient of your munificence, who had not yet acknowledged your gift, would be in Paris on Sunday?"

"Yes; and I take my departure on Saturday."

"Then if your highness will graciously leave me the name of the eighteenth personage you desire to honor, I will take care that on Monday, or Tuesday at the latest, he receives your highness's gift."

"Between this and then you think you can furnish the eighteenth box?"

"I can, your highness."

"It must in all points be exactly like the others, for I must not make any invidious distinction."

"Your highness will graciously acknowledge that of the half-dozen I have hitherto presented, each one is precisely similar?"

"True."

"I give your highness my word of honor that this last shall be as exactly like its predecessors."

"Good! My secretary will pay you seventy-two thousand francs."

The odd part of the story is, that if any prince, viceroy, or travelling magnifico staying in Paris should wish to present his admirers with diamond snuff-boxes, he will find half a dozen at the shop of the celebrated jeweller who had the honor of supplying Said Pacha; and what is still more extraordinary they are all exactly similar to those made for, sold to, and presented by that potentate.

True it is that to make a fortune, it is better to have even a bad reputation in the world than to be unknown.

A DUTCHMAN'S OPINION.

A few evenings since we heard a Dutchman, over a glass of lager and a plate of pretzel, air his opinion about the war and the manner in which it was conducted. It is not bad.

I kin see how tings are going on bretty vell myself, and I tells you how I tinks dis war ish managed. Some feller shumps up and wants to pe a Sheneral. All rite. Vell, he goes around to his friends—congressmen, contractors, unt udder scampe—and say, “I goes into a Sheneral.” All rite, very well.—“Now you must shpeak to Olt Abe, and tell him vat I wants. All rite agin, and den dey goes to Olt Abe and say: “Olt Abe, here ish a mighty smart man, and you shall make him for a Sheneral.” “I haf more shenerals as I knows vot to do mit,” says Olt Abe. “Never mind—dish feller is smarter as all of dem,” dey say, and dey bodder and bodder till Olt Abe say, “Go to ter tuyfel, and make him a sheneral.” All rite agin. Vell, so soon as he gits to pe Sheneral he puts on some new clothes mit a kuppel bounds of giltet prass on ter shoulders, and gits some more felers mit new clothes unt giltet prass, unt dem ish de shtaff; and dey all ride down togedder unt dakes commant of de army. Den, de next ting is, de men has to back up der tings unt off dey goes. Vell, dey marshes till dey comes to a place vere dere ish a blenty of whiskey, and den de Sheneral say, “Halt! I dinks we shtop here; dish is a goot position.” So dey shtop here till de schnapps ish all gone; and so dey keep bobbing round till py and py dey gits near de enemy.

Den, as soon as de Sheneral hears dat, he sends out some men to see vare dey pe and how many dere ish of dem. So one man goes a liddle vay and comes pack and sez dere ish apout hundred dousand. Den anudder goes a liddle nearer and sees about fifty dousand. Anudder goes near on dem and sees swinsick dousand; den ven dey all come pack, de sheneral gounts up all togedder vat dey haf seen, unt if de whiskey is most gone he say, “De enemy ish in grate force—I dinds we change our base.” But if de whiskey ish bretty blenty he say, “Go long! ve lick dese vew rascals all to breces.” And den he brings his sogers all in one pile and tells dem, “Come long, my poye, ve gife dem rebels lead.” And den he puts some mit der pig guns on a hill unt orders dem to fire like ter tuyful, and dey fire off bang! all in de drees. Vell, bresently de rebels hear de noise, and dey come up and fire off bang! too; and ven der sheneral see der

shmoke he say, “Go in dere!” unt dey go in dere and if dere ish eny more poyes left dey go in dere, and so dey go on fighting till it gits dark; and if dey lick de rebels dey call it victory, and if de rebels lick dem dey call it shstrategy.

But if de rebels find dey're getting licked, dey sends out a man mit a liddle flag, and he hollers out, “Shtop, I wants to see your sheneral!” and he speaks mit him, and gife him Sheff Davis' gompliments, unt he hopes he ish vell and his mudder ish vell and his grandmudder ish vell, unt all de udder family and asks if he pe so goot ash to shtop firing a liddle, vile he perries some ted men, den dey can go on agin. Unt den de sheneral says, “O, yes!” and dey dakes a trink all round, and he sends Sheff Davis his gompliments, and his mudder, and his grandmudder and de rest of dem; and py and py de rebels leafs der ted men to perry demselves and off he goes mit his pag unt paggage unt army and all he can shteat. Den der sheneral rites home a long letter to Olt Abe, and say we lick the rebels shust now, ane cuts dem all to bieces and dakes de udders for brisoners. But if dey don't lick de rebels he say, “Yesterday de enemy comes in front of me apout two millions more as I vas; I site mit him and trive him away, and now I go off and git behind him and lick him so he never vas.” Unt so he goes and gits a goot ways behind him in the front. Vell, now I shtop. I haf dell vat I dinks apout war, unt braps I am so much rite as udder beeples.

The last we saw of the Dutchman he was drinking more lager and eating more pretzel.

WEBSTERIAN JOKE.

A friend writes to us and relates the following Websterian anecdote:

In the summer of 1823, when a mere lad, I was at Swift's in Sandwich. My then schoolmaster was there also, and from him I had the tale. John Brown was the well known sobriquet of the fisherman who attended amateur anglers on their excursions. John was not remarkable for his veracity, but quite otherwise, when his success with the hook and line was the “subject of his story.” One day he was out with Mr. Webster. Both were standing in the brook, patient waiters for a bite, when Mr. Webster told John how he caught a large, a *very large* trout on a former time.

“Your honor,” said John, “that was very well for a gentleman. But once, when I was standing down by yonder bush, I took a fish, weighing—I forget how much; but of course

many ounces more than the great lawyer's big fish."

"Ah, John, John," exclaimed Mr. Webster, "you are an amphibious animal—you lie in the water, and you lie out of it!"

BARNES AND HIS WELL.

Some years since an eccentric old genius whom we will call Barnes, was employed by a farmer living in a town some six or seven miles westerly from the Penobscot river, to dig a well. The soil and substratum being mostly sand, old Barnes, after having progressed downward about forty feet, found one morning, upon going out to his work, that the well had essentially caved in, and was full nearly to the top. So having that desire which men have, of knowing what will be said of them after they are dead, and no one being astir, he concealed himself in a rank growth of burdocks by the side of a board fence, near the mouth of the well, having first left his frock and hat upon the windlass over the well. At length, breakfast being ready, a boy was despatched to call him to his meal, when lo and behold, it was seen that Barnes was buried in the grave unconsciously dug by his own hands. The alarm was given, and the family assembled; it was decided first to eat breakfast, and then send for the coroner, the minister, and his wife and children. Such apathy did not flatter Barnes's self-esteem a bit, but he waited patiently, determined to hear what was to be said, and see what was to be seen.

Presently all parties arrived and began prospecting the scene of the catastrophe, as people usually do in such cases. At length they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done. The minister at once gave it as his opinion that they had better level up the well and let Barnes remain; "for," said he, "he is now beyond the temptation to sin, and in the day of judgment it will make no difference whether he is buried five feet under the ground or fifty, for he is bound to come forth in either case." The coroner likewise agreed that "it would be needless to his family or the town to disinter him when he was so effectually buried," and therefore entirely coincided with the minister. His wife thought that, as "he had left his hat and frock, it was hardly worth while to dig him out for the rest of his clothes," and so it was settled to let him remain. But poor old Barnes, who had no breakfast, and was not at all pleased with the result of the inquest, lay quiet until

the shades of evening had stole over the landscape, when he quickly departed to parts unknown.

After remaining incognito for three years, one morning he suddenly appeared (hatless and frockless as he went) at the door of the farmer for whom he agreed to dig the unfortunate well. To say that an avalanche of questions were rained upon him as to his mysterious reappearance, etc., would convey but a feeble idea of the excitement which his bodily presence created. But the old man bore it all quietly, and at length informed them that, on finding himself buried, he waited for them to dig him out, until his patience was exhausted, when he set to work to dig himself out, and only the day before succeeded; for his ideas being somewhat confused by the pressure of the earth at the time he was buried, he had dug very much at random, and instead of coming directly to the surface, he came out in the town of Holden, six miles east of the Penobscot river. No further explanations were asked for by those who were so distressed over his supposed final resting place.

TAKE IT WARM.

A deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor, was being examined, when the judge suggested a compromise, and instructed her counsel to ask what she would take to settle the matter.

"What will you take?" asked the counsel of the old lady.

She shook her head at the counsel, informing the jury, in confidence, that she was "very hard o' hearin'."

"His honor wants to know what you will take?" asked the learned counsel again, this time bawling as loud as he could in the old lady's ear.

"I thank your honor kindly," said the ancient dame, "and if it's no inconvenience to him, I'll take a little warm ale."

SHE HAD HIM.

Mrs. Carberry purchased some dye stuff from a certain druggist down town, who professes also to be a physician, and hangs out a shingle with "Doctor Reeder" painted on it.

"Mr. Reeder," asked the lady, "can you tell me how to prepare this stuff?"

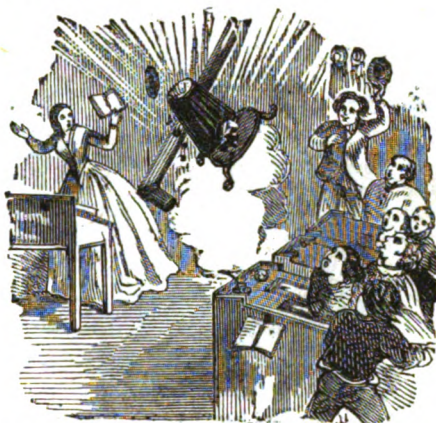
"No, ma'am," was the pompous reply; "I am no dyer."

"No, nor much of a doctor, either, folks say," was the cutting rejoinder.

The Miseries of a Country School Teacher: OR, TOM ARCHER'S EDUCATION.



Tom Archer, the big boy of the school, salutes the teacher with an avalanche of snow.



Tom Archer experiments with the stove and powder. The result is astonishing.



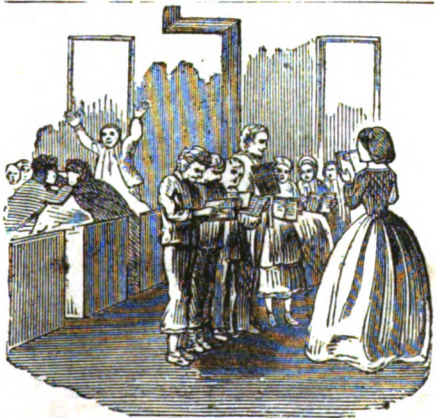
Tom offers to bet that his dog will whip, and dares the teacher to part them.



Archer sets a snare, and introduces some new gymnastic feats to the teacher.



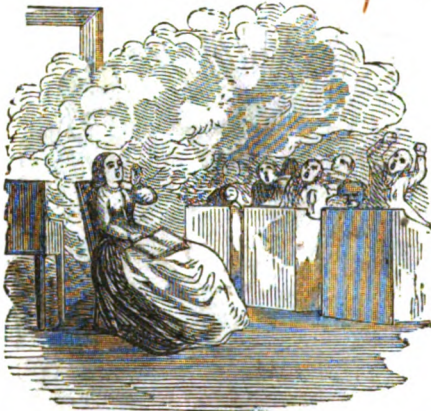
One of the most striking beauties of school-teaching.



The teacher begins to think there is a great deal of noise in the room.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



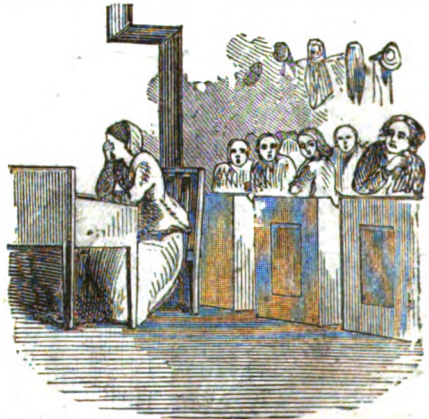
Tom Archer wonders how long his teacher can stand it,



While he stops up the chimney with snow.



A promising pupil, that is admitted to the school-room through the influence of Tom Archer.



Discouraged for the first time, and thinks that she must give up.



Tom Archer reforms, and commences studying in earnest. He thinks that she will remain.

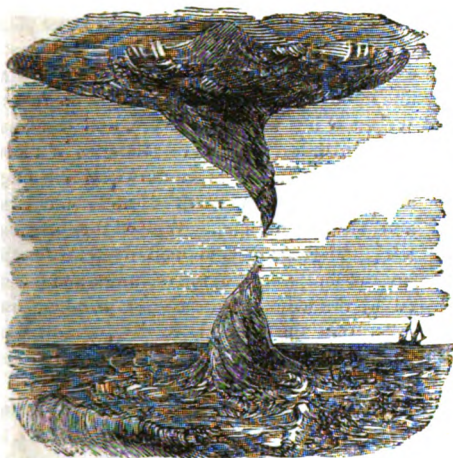


These years afterwards, Tom makes amends for his bad conduct, by promising his gentle teacher to do better in future.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXI.—No. 3.....MARCH, 1865.....WHOLE No. 123.  
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WHIRLWINDS AND WATERSPOUTS.



WHIRLWINDS and waterspouts are interesting subjects to read and write about, but they are not pleasant things to encounter, as some sailors and landsmen can testify, if called upon. We have seen a ship's crew thrown into a state of considerable excitement and alarm at the appearance of half a dozen or more waterspouts, all approaching the vessel from various directions, reeling and whirling like drunken giants on a spree.

Some years since we were homeward bound, in a New York barque, and while crossing the China Sea, a few days out of Manilla, were awakened one morning by the master of the vessel.

"Come on deck," he said, "and I'll show you a rare sight, such as but few can witness in a lifetime."

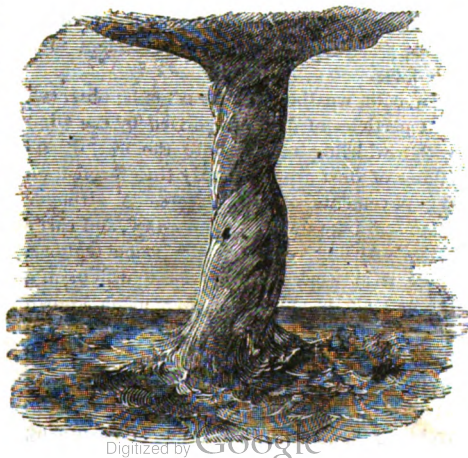
We followed the master to the deck, and did witness a sight that was grand and terribly magnificent. Ahead, astern, off each beam, each quarter, were surging, foaming waterspouts, some of them tearing along at a rapid rate, stirring the sea into a foam, and leaving a wake like a steamship, while others were quietly and gracefully waltzing, dancing towards each other, bowing and then retiring, as though fearful of a collision and a grand crash.

"If one of those should collide with the vessel, what would be the result?" we asked of the master, who was regarding the monsters with distrust and fear.

"Well, there'd be an awful smash, and down we should go."

"And is there no way to avoid them?"

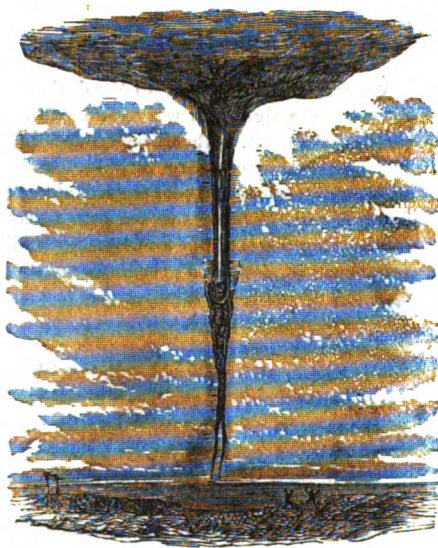
"Not in this calm. You see there aint



wind enough to fill the topsails, so what can we do? If we had some six-pound barkers we might hammer away at 'em in case they come too near; but we aint got the guns, and so must stand it."

Thank fortune, the waterspouts started off on a track that separated them from our vessel, and in a short time had disappeared, sinking down to rest with a crash, or else whirling on to terrify some other mariners, just as we had been terrified.

But let us leave personal adventures, and confine ourselves to science. In the first place, the precise origin of waterspouts, although still a subject of some discussion, and depending for its solution upon a greater knowledge of the principles and phenomena



of electricity than we at present possess, may yet be correctly and sufficiently accounted for to the general reader by the statement of a few facts.

In calm weather, it may often be observed that particles of dust are carried by the wind with a whirling motion into the air. Little eddies of dust are frequently thus formed on the pavements of our streets. A stronger wind will take up leaves and straw, and carry them whirling round in the same manner. Here is at work the very force which, on a larger scale, produces the phenomena known as land and water spouts. A violent wind of the nature we have described is called a whirlwind, and will occasionally rage with great fury round a particular spot, taking up trees by the roots, and even overthrowing

buildings in its course, like the whirlwind in Illinois last summer. Bruce, the African traveller, mentions having seen in the desert the singular phenomenon of moving columns of sand, which were no doubt produced by the operation of whirlwinds at some distance from the traveller's path. So partial is the course frequently taken by a whirlwind, that a comparatively narrow strip of land will be almost devastated, while the ground immediately adjoining may remain uninjured. This often happens in this country. In this way the movement of a whirlwind through a forest has been known to leave a long and narrow track, the trees on each side being apparently untouched.

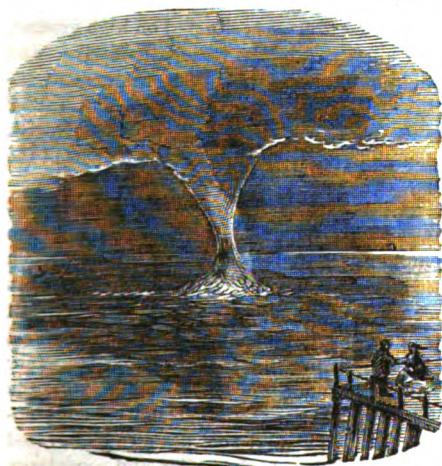
In the deserts of Africa whirlwinds have occasionally been known to swallow up entire caravans in their vortex, burying men and camels in one vast sandy tomb. A modern traveller, who came in contact with a whirlwind of less power, relates that "a large pillar of sand crossed our camp, overset all the seats, and whirling us about like straws, threw us one upon the other in the utmost confusion. We knew not where we were, and could not distinguish anything at the distance of a foot. The sand wrapped us in darkness like a fog, and the sky and the earth seemed confounded and blended in one. Whilst this frightful tempest lasted, we remained stretched on the ground motionless, dying of thirst, and buffeted by the wind. We suffered nothing, however, from the sun, whose disc, almost concealed by the clouds of sand, appeared dim and deprived of its rays."

Waterspouts are formed in much the same way by these whirlwinds, or hurricanes, at sea. They are generally believed to be caused by the struggle of two strong and adverse winds, coming from opposite directions, and meeting in the upper regions of the air. The strife for mastery causes each current, in the effort to pass the other, to be whirled round and round, drawing the adjacent cloud or water in its movement. The appearance of a waterspout is frequently accompanied by flashes of lightning, and occasionally by a sulphurous smell, which indicates the activity of electricity in the air. The general form of the waters is a cone, rising from a circular area of from 300 to 400 yards, and gradually tapering off as it rises, until it comes, perhaps, no more than two or three feet in diameter at its apex. While this cone of water is forming from the sea, another, of vapor, is descending to meet it from the clouds, as shown in our

first engraving. The two cones thus gradually unite, and form one column, moving with the wind, as in the second engraving. The water is frequently raised in this manner to the height of many hundred feet. The duration of a waterspout is usually but a few minutes only; but some have been known to continue for hours. Sometimes waterspouts break and reunite again; while frequently they have been observed in groups. It is related that on one occasion as many as sixteen were seen in the Mediterranean at the same time.

Occasionally a waterspout appears to originate in the clouds above, which form a conical descending pillar of condensed vapor. As this column approaches the sea, gradually dipping lower and lower, the waters become greatly agitated, and at length appear to be drawn up bodily into the cloud. The descending pillar is often observed to have the deep blue indigo tint of the cloud whence it proceeds.

It is remarkable that, as far as has been at present observed, the water discharged on the bursting of a waterspout is invariably fresh,



which has led to the conclusion that any water derived from the sea must have passed into the air in the form of vapor. And waterspouts, on touching the land, have been apparently dissolved into the merest mist.

Waterspouts formed from the clouds alone are not uncommon upon land. In these there is only the descending inverted cone. One of these waterspouts, seen in France, is described as appearing like a conical mass of vapor, and giving out a strong sulphurous smell. Flashes of lightning issued from it, and a great quantity of water was thrown off.

It moved forward in one direction over high grounds and valleys, and crossed the course of a river, but on coming to hills of a conical form, passed round them.

As we said before, the appearance of a waterspout at sea sometimes causes great alarm to sailors. The bursting of a large spout may be sufficient to overwhelm a vessel. On this account sailors frequently fire cannon at waterspouts, in the hope of accelerating their fall by the concussion produced



in the air, a plan which is frequently successful in averting the dreaded evil.

The excellent illustrations which accompany this article show the several forms of waterspouts as they appear on land and sea. Our readers can study them at their leisure, satisfied that it is much more agreeable to look at them in our Magazine, than to encounter them in all their fury and grandeur, on land or sea.

A ROMAN FEAST, HADRIAN'S VILLA.

Let us follow the emperor, and pass invisible through the guards at the portal, and the crowd of Sicilian cooks, pantomimists, slaves and dependents in the outer hall. Guided by the sound of music, let us penetrate to the cœnaculum itself. Here, on semi-circular couches, recline the emperor and his guests, their hair redolent of fragrant ointments, their fingers covered with rings, and their jewelled slippers lying beside them on the floor. Each man holds in his left hand a nap-

kin with a gold and purple fringe. On the table stand small images of the gods. At the lower end of the room is an elevated stage, on which a party of buffoons are performing a comic interlude. The visitors play at dice between the courses. Now and then, through revolving compartments in the ceiling, flowers and perfumes are showered down upon the feasters, while slaves stand by, whose duty it is to fan away the flies and bring fresh towels and scented waters to the guests after every dish.

The feast begins to the sound of trumpets, and slaves carry round cups of Falernian wine flavored with honey. Then come oysters from the Lucrine lake, cray-fish from Misenum, mullets from the Baise lampreys and perhaps a sturgeon, which is weighed alive at table, allowed to expire before the eyes of the guests, and then carried off to the kitchen, presently to appear again, cooked with a rich sauce of wine and pickles. Then come dishes of nightingales, thrushes, roasted shrimps, African cockles, Melian cranes, Ambracian kid, and a boar from the Umbrian forests, roasted whole and stuffed with beef and veal. This is carved by the *carptor*, with pantomimic gestures, to the sound of music.

Next some jars of rare Massic and Chian wines are opened, a libation poured out to the gods, and the emperor pledges his guests. Then enter four musicians playing on double flutes, followed by as many servants crowned with flowers. They bring the royal dish of the entertainment—a peacock with all its plumage displayed on a salver garlanded with roses. At this sight the guests burst into murmurs of applause, and salute the emperor. The buffoons now retire, and a couple of gladiators make their appearance upon the stage, armed with helmets, bucklers, greaves and short-swords. The serious business of supper being now over, and the dessert about to be brought on, the feasters have leisure to enjoy this more exciting amusement. Additional cushions are brought, spiced wines are handed round, the tables are cleared, fresh cloths are laid, the guests lean back; the emperor gives the signal, and the gladiator begins the combat. Now pistachio nuts, dates, Venafran olives, Matian apples, pears, grapes, dried figs, mushrooms, sweet cakes, preserves, moulded into curious and graceful devices, are placed upon the table. Conversation becomes more animated. A gladiator falls, mortally wounded; the spectators cry aloud "*habet!*" a fresh combatant replaces him, and the emperor him-

self deigns to bet upon the victor. Thus amid bloodshed, dicing, wine and feasting, the hours pass by, and the entertainment draws to a close. Valuable presents are distributed to the guests. One gets a precious ring, one a robe of Tyrian dye, another a sketch by Parhassius, another a bust of Hadrian in colored marbles; and thus each takes his leave enriched and feasted, and pours a last libation to the health of the emperor and the honor of the gods.

THE LIBRARY BUILDING

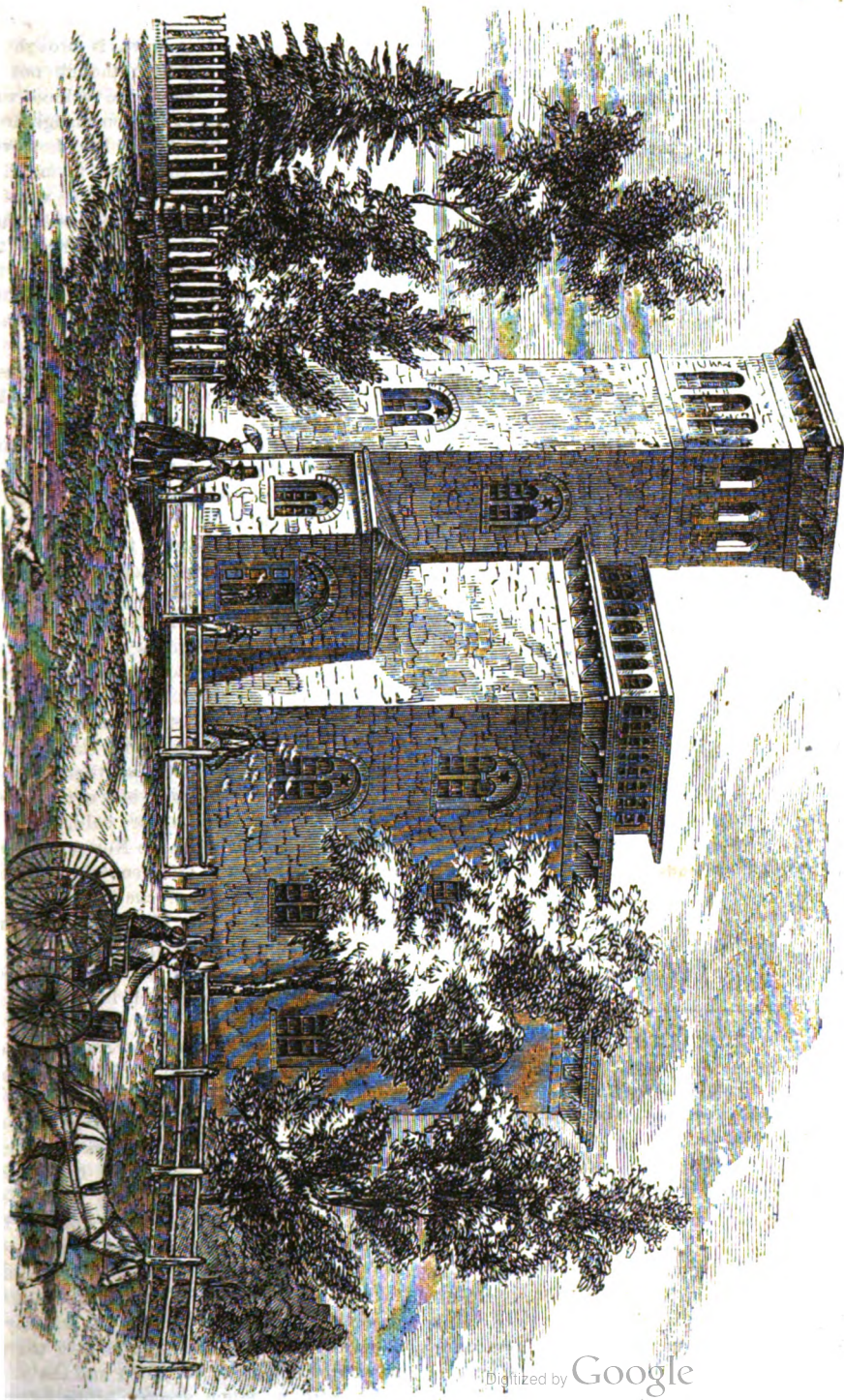
AT AMHERST COLLEGE.

Massachusetts believes in books, free schools, colleges, and all that goes towards making men wise. We are not so certain that our people improve the opportunities offered them; but at any rate, the old Bay State turns out quite a number of able men, and smart, thinking women, in the course of a presidential term, so we must attribute the fact to the circumstance of our fostering public schools and in taking good care of our libraries.

Amherst College is situated on high ground, four miles east of the Connecticut river, and opposite Northampton. An aristocratic village, possessing some able men and rather pretty girls; the latter with smiles just sweet enough to make amends for the frowns of the sterner sex.

The library of Amherst College stands between the president's mansion and the village church. Its exterior aspect may be learned from the sketch of it. It was built in 1854, at a cost of ten thousand dollars. The material is limestone, undressed, and the style Tuscan, the simple massiveness of which, together with the rough surface of the stone, gives the structure a very substantial and effective appearance. The first floor has a room devoted to coins, medals, Indian relics, and some large sculptures from Nineveh; also a reading-room, librarian's apartments; and the next story, a double one, is the spacious library proper, with a goodly number of volumes, and adorned with portraits of some of the great benefactors of the institution, such as Mr. Williston, of Easthampton, and others. The library is constantly resorted to by the students, and by those who desire to hunt up facts and dates. Most excellent care is taken of the books. We believe the library is regarded as one of great value, and is constantly increasing in the number of its volumes.

LIBRARY BUILDING AT AMHERST COLLEGE.



THE VILLAGE OF WAROU.

The village of Warou is on Ceram, an island in the Indian Archipelago, and is owned by the Dutch; but as the latter have not been noted for an investigating turn of mind, except where money is to be made, very little is known regarding the island on which Warou is located.

The vegetation of Ceram is luxuriant and gigantic; the sago-palm, in particular, is more abundant here than in any other of the adjoining islands, to which, consequently, supplies of sago are exported. It grows 100 feet high, and, instead of 400 pounds, as at Ambona, a single tree will sometimes yield 1200 pounds of starch. Clove and nutmeg trees grow wild in the woods, which abound, likewise, in magnificent forest trees, but none have been found, as yet, adapted for ship building.

The coasts are peopled by a Malay race of bold and enterprising fishermen and traffickers, who carry the produce of their fisheries in large prahus, called *kora-kora*, with from thirty to sixty rowers each, to the Sunda islands and Singapore. The interior is peopled by the Alfoories or Halafoorahs, identical, apparently, with those mountaineers of Celebes and the Philippines. Though the past policy of Holland has retarded the cultivation of the land in Ceram, her Christian missions have not only made numerous converts along the coasts, but have extended a softening influence even among the idolaters of the interior. It is doubted whether the cutting off of heads, for the mere purpose of giving *eclat* to a marriage or other festivity, now exists in Ceram. Such things were once known and winked at by the Dutch, for they could not help themselves.

LIFE IN NORWAY.

During the summer, which may be reckoned to last from the middle of May till towards the latter part of August, the port of Hammerfest in Norway presents a lively appearance. The weather then is intensely hot, for, as the sun never sets from July 19th till August 24th, the earth and the air can never become cool.

We would recommend the traveller who may be bound for the far north, to see the mid-night sun, or to place his foot on the extreme verge of the European continent, not to forget to bring with him a liberal supply of eau-de-Cologne. He will find it useful at

Hammerfest, for the whole place reeks with a fishy odor.

A good deal of elder-down is brought to Hammerfest for exportation, though not so much as formerly, owing to the reckless way in which these birds have been slaughtered. The Norwegian Storthing has, however, recently passed a law to protect them. The elder-duck abounds along the whole coast of Norway. Generally speaking, they build their nests on the small islands which fringe the coast, though they will often repair to the mainland, building close to the farmhouses and fishermen's huts, even under the very doorsteps.

The best elder-down is taken from the nests, which the female bird has plucked from her own breast. This is termed "live down," in contradistinction to the "dead down," which is stripped off the dead bird. A quarter of a century ago, it was by no means a rarity for small vessels to bring from five to six thousand pounds of elder-down to this port from Spitzbergen. The usual price for elder-down in London is about a guinea the pound, but I have bought it direct from Hammerfest at about one quarter the price.

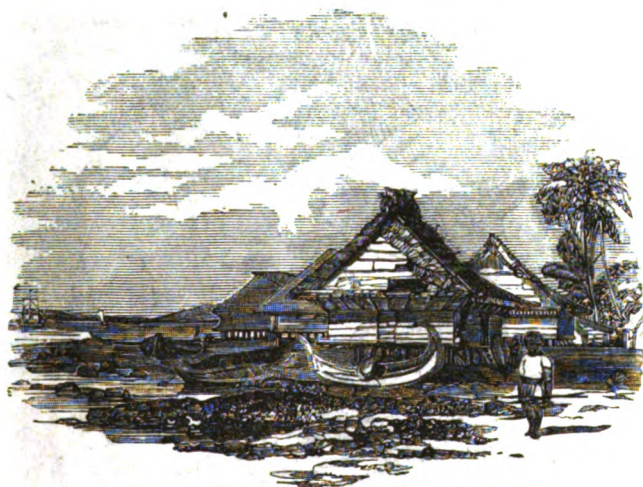
A great quantity of multer berries (*Rubus chamæmorus*) is exported from Hammerfest, principally for the Christiana market. These have a much finer aroma than is the case with those that are grown in the southern parts of the country. To give some idea of the importance in which these fruit are held, it will be sufficient to mention that the Norwegian Storthing passed a law in 1854 rendering any one amenable to a fine who plucked the berries on the "multer lands" in Finmark and Nordland, unless to eat on the spot.

I can scarcely imagine anything but necessity inducing a man to pitch his tent so far north as Hammerfest, and yet a friend of mine, who has lived there several years, declares it to be a delightful residence, and one which he would on no account leave. It should be added, that he does a large business as a general merchant, that he has taken unto himself a Norwegian wife, and has several pledges of affection. From May 24 to July 19 the sun never sinks below the horizon, but for a corresponding time in the winter not a glimpse of him is to be seen. But it is a mistake to think that even then there is total darkness during the daytime. At mid-day it is usually sufficiently light to be able to read without candles, for the moon and the stars shine with a much greater brilliancy the

further north one goes; while the reflection of the aurora borealis on the snow contributes in no little degree to illumine the scene. I have witnessed some very brilliant appearances of the northern lights in the south of Norway, but have never been so fortunate as to see them in the far north. The phenomenon is said to be extremely beautiful in Finmarken. The following description may serve to give a faint idea: "Across the sky to the north stretched a white arch of light, with a span as broad as a rainbow. A large streak shaped like a comet lay within the arch, and this was continually changing both its figure and position. Sun, moon, or stars never gave so lovely, so hallowed a light." At times it appears like a curtain of fire falling perpendicularly to the

happ, the most contemptuous epithet you can apply to any one. The mode of fishing is as follows: Let the line run out till it touches the bottom, then raise it three or four feet, and keep jerking it. Presently you feel a snatch. Now is the time to draw in quickly hand over hand. We caught several fine fellows; the largest, I should think, weighed fifteen pounds, and it was rare sport, increased, perhaps, by the fact of my friend B., in a moment of excitement in pulling up a big one, losing his balance and toppling overboard.

There were several Lapps in Hammerfest when we were there, bartering reindeer skins for the necessities of life, especially for brandy and tobacco. They are queer little fellows,



VILLAGE OF WAROU, INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

earth and lifting again; at others, like a golden shower; or, again, like a huge fan, displaying all the colors of the rainbow.

During my visit to the north I had occasion to pass a few days at Hammerfest, waiting for the steamer round the North Cape. What with playing billiards and catching codfish, we managed to pass the time. It is rather good fun this fishing. They call it "piking." At the end of a long plaited horsehair line, several fathoms in length, a piece of lead is attached, armed at the extremity with two hooks, like a gorge bait for pike. It bears the very faintest resemblance to a small fish, so that it was always a matter of surprise to us that any fish could be so stupid as to take it. But codfish are very stupid creatures, and the Norwegian word for them, "Torsk," is, per-

more agreeable at a distance, I am inclined to think. I speak feelingly, for once I had to pass the night in a Lapp hut, having been overtaken by a storm in the interior of Finmarken. That they never wash I need scarcely say, but they wear next the skin a thick woolen jersey, which I feel convinced is only changed once, and that is when it is quite worn out, and has to be replaced by another. It will not, therefore, be a matter of surprise when I remark that I found them very lively companions during the night.

It is a strange phenomenon, but I never stayed twenty-four hours in any place in Norway without having at least one invitation to go after a bear. Once, but only once, was I fool enough to accept it, for after having lain flat on my stomach all night in close proximity

mity to the putrid carcase of a horse, and getting nearly devoured by mosquitoes, and, of course, seeing nothing, I made a vow never to go bear hunting any more. There are, however, several bears in Finmarken, and large numbers are annually slaughtered by the Lapps, mostly in the winter-time or early

spring. The account a merchant in Hammerfest gave me of a bear hunt put me much in mind of rabbiting at home.

When the ground is covered with snow, the hunter repairs to the bear-den, whither Bruin has been previously tracked. He generally takes with him three or four companions. All

THE PETTED.



THE THEATRE.

Through her mullioned window's crystal panes,
Over the drip-stone's scarlet vine,
The eyes of the Lady Alice sought
Her carriage on the road's white line.

With her hair drooped downward, clustered and brown,
She leaned, and was seen, like a picture rare,
By a wretched woman of the town.

Over the hill the carriage swept,
Slowly ground up the gravelled drive;
Lady Alice came to the door,
Her stately father at her side:

Over the marble steps came down
To the carriage-seat, still closely watched
By the wretched woman of the town.

In the theatre's dazzle of shining light,
A pearl lorgnette in her whiter hand,
The Lady Alice sat till late,
Viewing scenes of a foreign land.

But outside, wandering up and down,
Dazed by the lady's lovely face,
Was the wretched woman of the town.

of them go on "skie," the Norwegian snow-shoe, whereby they can skim over the surface of the snow at railroad speed. They are armed with rifles, axes, and bear-spears, long poles about eight to ten feet in length, furnished at one end with a sharp iron head. On arriving at the entrance to the den, which much resembles a fox-earth, they range themselves round it. One of their number now

tries to arouse Bruin from his profound slumber by "stirring him up with a long pole." This generally has the desired effect, for presently the bear comes sleepily to the hole and puts his head out to see what all the fuss is about. Down comes an axe upon his "devoted head," which is quickly drawn in again. Again the pole is inserted, and at last Bruin gets so savage that he determines to make a

THE DESPISED.



THE TAP-ROOM.

Wretched Meg is grimmed and coarse,
Foul without and foul within,
Patterned after lives deformed,
Marked by years of wretched sin.

But if she is wholly lost,
Quite depraved, as some have said,
Tell me, if you know the cause,
Why she prays so to be dead.

Tell me why she watches, sad,
Lovely ladies of the town;
Gazes at their peaceful brows,
And their ringlets' glossy brown!

Born in ignorance and sin,
Bred to crime, to sorrow wed,
Think how horrible her life!
Well she wishes to be dead.

ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

bolt. Gathering himself up, he makes a dart out, like a rabbit with a ferret behind him. The dogs are then slipped, and set off in full chase. Bruin is easily caught up, for his heavy weight sinks deep into the snow. Squatting on his haunches to secure his most vulnerable parts against the attacks of his nimble assailants, he deals out tremendous blows right and left with his powerful paws. Woe to the luckless dog if he comes in for one of them. Meanwhile the hunter comes up and calls his dogs off. He then takes his cap off and throws it in Bruin's face, and defies him to the contest. If the bear accepts it, he rears himself on his hind legs and rushes at the hunter, who now, for the first time, uses his rifle, and generally Bruin succumbs to his bullet; for the Lapps are unerring marksmen.

But even though mortally wounded, the beast will not "throw up the sponge" in token of defeat, but dashes against his adversary, who keeps him at a respectful distance with his bear-spear, till the others come up and administer the "coup de grace." On one such occasion, it happened that the hunter's spear broke short off. The bear, though mortally wounded, was still dangerous. It managed to reach the hunter, and gave him such a hug in his paws as nearly to squeeze the life out of his diminutive body. "But I knew," said the plucky little Lapp, "that his strength would soon fail, and that my 'pels' (reindeer skin) would protect me against his claws; so watching a good opportunity, I plunged my knife into his heart."

But it is not the men only that are good hunters. One day a Lapp woman went out to fish on a lake, accompanied by her son, who was fourteen years old. When they had caught a sufficient supply, they landed on a part of the shore which was thickly overgrown with fir and underwood. Presently the woman's quick eye fell on a large heap of boughs, reeds, moss, etc., and, on nearer inspection, she found a large hole underneath the mass of rubbish, and felt convinced it was the entrance to a bear's "Hi," or cave. She was a courageous and resolute little body, and, nothing daunted by the discovery, nor reflecting that she was alone, hastened back to the boat to fetch her axe and rifle (for a Lapp woman generally goes armed, and is usually an expert shot.) Now, her sisters in other parts of the civilized world would most probably have been frightened out of their wits, and have beat a speedy retreat under

such circumstances. Her only anxiety was lest the bear should get off.

On returning, she proceeded to cut down a small fir sapling, which she pointed at one end, and gave it to the boy to braddle about in the hole to ascertain whether it was occupied or not, while she stood with uplifted axe a little on one side. No sooner was the pole inserted than out came the head of a monstrous bear, and down came the axe on her skull with such force that it remained sticking fast in the wound, and accompanied Bruin as she retreated to the furthest end of the cave. Time being up for round number two, and her opponent not putting in an appearance, she determined to try the effect of a shot. No sooner had she fired down the hole, than out bolted a cub about the size of a sheep dog, which her son cleverly managed to catch hold of by the hind leg. But it was too strong for the little fellow, and, after dragging him for some distance, managed to get away. Determined, however, not to lose him, mother and son went in pursuit, and speedily overtook the animal, which had taken to the water. A few well-administered taps with the end of the oar soon rendered him hors de combat.

Having secured him, the courageous little woman went back again to the "Hi," and gave it another stirring up. But all was still. Next she fired a second shot, but nothing moved. Concluding that the bear must be dead, or else have escaped during her absence, she determined to dig her out, a work of no small labor. Success, however, attended her exertions, for at length she found the bear lying quite dead, with the axe still sticking in her cleft skull, and, by her side, another cub as big as the first, with a bullet wound through his neck, also dead.

No mean achievement for a woman and her boy!

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.

In a previous number of our Magazine, we have alluded to Norwalk, Connecticut, and illustrated several of the noted views of the town. The day after our publication went to press, we received from the hands of our artists the engraving to be found on page 183, which they had overlooked when they returned their work. This was about two years since, and during that time we have been endeavoring to find a place for the neglected representation, and at last have succeeded.

Norwalk is the residence of many persons who do business in New York. It is located

on the line of the New Haven railroad, and was the scene of a terrible railroad disaster which occurred there a few years since, many lives being lost by the carelessness of some one, a train plunging into the river through an open drawbridge. The accident created an intense sensation at the time, and newspapers teemed with an account of it. We are more accustomed to such things now, so that

ANIMAL FOOD IN THE EAST.

Not to eat meat "with the blood thereof," involves the necessity of preparing it in some way. But meat may be prepared without being boiled, or broiled, or roast. It may be dried in the sun. Even this trouble is scarcely taken by the lowest form of aboriginal savage. He dines like the vulture. There are those, also, who claim to rank above him,



NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.

terrible catastrophes are hardly noticed, and do not produce indignant leaders. The war has hardened us.

The days on which I make myself uncomfortable with repining are charged to me as well as my happiest, and contribute as much to swell the sum of years which restricts my life.
—*Barrow.*

who are careless as to cookery. "When, in campaign, we feel hungry," said a Croat captain to M. Brillat Savarin, "we knock over the first animal we find, cut off a steak, powder it with salt, put it under the saddle, gallop over it half a mile, and then eat it." This is an improvement on slicing a steak, as the Abyssinians do, according to Bruce, from a living ox, and eating it quite raw.

Among the Orientals the old restriction seems to be far more closely followed than it is among other races. But no people are more particular on this matter than the Jews; among whom animals are killed by a person specially appointed for that purpose, and are afterwards carefully examined, that there may be no doubt of their soundness. Should the least blemish be perceived, the animal is rejected as food. If it is in the state required, it is sealed with a leaden seal, having on one side the word "koeshar," and on the other the day of the week in Hebrew characters. Without such a seal, no orthodox Jew will purchase meat. Before it is dressed, the meat is put for half an hour in water, an hour in salt, and then again in fresh water. This, however, diminishes the tenderness, and draws out all "the gravy."

Among the Jews there is still preserved, as most of us are aware, the distinction between clean and unclean food. Those quadrupeds only which divide the hoof and chew the cud are regarded as clean; there are also distinctions of clean and unclean among birds, reptiles, and fishes. These distinctions have in all ages separated the Jew from the Gentile, and at times were the occasion of great bitterness between them.

Among the Mahometans the restrictions as to abstaining from blood, from pork, and also from wine—which was not forbidden by this Mosaic law—are in full force. The follower of the prophet who is faithful to his creed would no more tolerate the butchery or the cookery practised by a Christian than would a Jew. The food must be prepared by Mahometans: touched by other hands, it is unclean. This is sometimes so strictly carried out, that men who have been laboring all day have refused an excellent supper because it was dressed by an "infidel." The Turkish butcher, notwithstanding the importance which belongs to him as a true Mussulman, and consequently fits him to kill for his brethren, is a man of far less account than his English representative. The prime joints, the juicy beef, the milk-white veal, the tempting haunch of the English butcher, offer a striking contrast to the heads and carcasses exposed by the butcher of the Sublime Porte. Mutton he has chiefly for sale, scarcely anything else; and he stands or lounges at his stall, smoking his chibouque with an air of a man who believes in destiny, and not in "What d'ye buy."

In preparing meat for table, the Turks and

the Egyptians are careful first of all to cleanse it from every ceremonial pollution; they then fill up small dishes with cucumbers and other vegetables, stuffed with minced meat, highly spiced. Minced meat, wrapped in vine leaves, cooked so that each leaf, with its contents, can be taken easily in the fingers, is also in favor; and fried meats, made into cakes or sausages.

The food of the lower classes in Egypt is almost exclusively vegetable. It consists of a piece of bread badly baked; occasionally a small portion of cheese, or a little fish. "The modern Egyptians are in general extremely temperate in regard to food. Even the richest among them take little pride, and perhaps experience little delight, in the luxuries of the table. Their dishes mostly consist of pilaus, and stews, prepared principally of onions, cucumbers, and other vegetables, mixed with a little meat cut into small pieces."

The Arabs are no less scrupulous than the other sons of the prophet in their regard for ceremonial purity. Some of the principal people in the more fertile parts of Arabia eat nothing but boiled rice, served up in a large wooden plate. In those pastoral parts of the country where flocks and herds abound, the flesh both of the sheep and camel used as food; but the animal is always slain with humanity and cleaned with care. Patriarchal hospitality still prevails among the nomadic tribes; and they are generally ready to kill a kid or bake a cake for the entertainment of the stranger—or to give him, at all events, a share of what they have.

Wherever we find the religion of the Koran to prevail, there the rites of ceremonial purity in the preparation of food are observed. This is the case throughout almost the whole extent of Persia, Turkey, Egypt, Arabia, etc.; but the same, or a very similar connection between religion and cookery, is found among those who have no faith in the prophet. Among the Hindoos, for example—and under that general name, are comprised an infinity of sects and castes—eating and drinking are associated with numerous ceremonies. Among the Brahmins of Bengal there are no less than one hundred and sixty-eight subdivisions, claiming various degrees of purity, not one of which eat or drink with the other, or partake of food unless prepared by themselves.

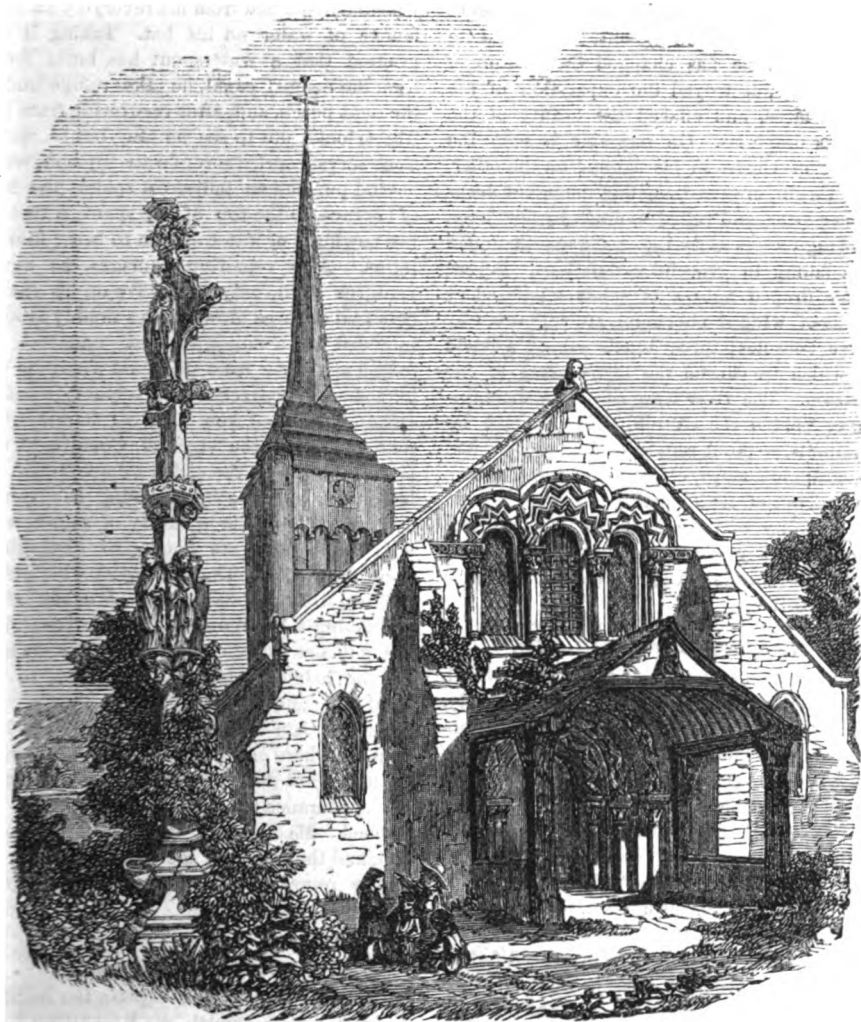
Fastidiousness in the matter of food is a characteristic mark of purity of caste. The most essential thing of all is to abstain from eating the flesh of the cow. He who eats

beef is no Hindoo, but an outcast. He who kills an ox by accident is liable to excommunication; he who kills one designedly is, by Hindoo law, subject to the penalty of death. That is, perhaps, the only religious precept which is of universal acceptance among all Hindoos, in the same manner as

CHURCH OF LERY,

DEPARTMENT OF EURE, FRANCE.

The church of Lery, delineated on this page, is a beautiful example of ancient ecclesiastical architecture, taken as a whole, though open to criticism in many of its details. The general effect is certainly picturesque and strik-



CHURCH OF LERY, FRANCE.

abstinence from the flesh of the hog is incumbent on all Jews and Mahometans. "The higher classes generally abstain from eating the flesh of all domestic animals, except that of the goat or sheep." Most Hindoos partake readily of nearly all descriptions of game, the wild boar included.

ing, and the edifice will have many admirers. The church seems to have been constructed or at least founded about the 11th century. The plain and rather monotonous ornaments of its portal are not very elaborately executed. Yet the whole building is not inharmonious. The three conjoined windows which surmount

the entrance have an agreeable effect. The caps of these windows are ornamented with acanthus leaves, which are carved delicately, and turn gracefully in volutes over the angles. At the summit of the gable is the figure of a man seated, and appearing to look upon the passers-by. The tower, delicate and graceful, has a heavy cornice supported by modillions with heads of men and animals. The cross of the cemetery, seen on the left, is in exquisite taste; but time has changed the delicacy of its outlines, destroyed the expression of life in the faces, and effaced the beauty of the chaste draperies. On one side is seen the figure of Christ in his agony; on the other, the Virgin, crowned, holding the infant Jesus in her arms, and veiled as much by her long, flowing tresses as by the ample mantle folded and falling in graceful undulations. Below, three draped figures of saints, separated by heads of winged cherubim, are supported by three consoles; three angels sustain a shield on which are carved the instruments of the Passion. The river Eure runs at a short distance behind the church. The riparian inhabitants, without regard to dictionaries and geographical maps, called it the *Dure* (hard), on account of its inequality, its caprices, and the rapidity of its course. Beyond, extends the rich valley of the river Seine, which receives the waters of the Eure, a short distance from the Lery.

NEATNESS IN HOLLAND.

Amsterdam is the cleanest city in the world. It is kept in this condition systematically, and undergoes a rigid purification every Saturday. Every house then presents a scene of unexampled activity both inside and out. Then are put into operation all the mopping and sweeping, and brushing, and scrubbing, and dusting, that the housewives of the old school know so well how to make use of in the practice of their profession. This process is not confined to the threshold and marble steps, a flight of which is soon rubbed full of holes; the pavement, walls, windows, and each individual brick in front of the building are all cleansed in the same thorough manner. Spots out of reach of the hand are visited by a well-aimed stream from a small engine kept by every family for that purpose.

The results of all this weekly expurgation are sometimes disastrous to the unsophisticated stranger. On emerging from his hotel for the first time early on Saturday morning, he meditates in a philosophical way on the pros-

pect of a delicious walk before breakfast. He walks on in a sort of dreamy abstraction, thinking of the solemn and impressive appearance of a great city in its slumbers, the entire desertion of streets lately so crowded, and the absence of that busy hum of industry "which," he says to himself, "one short hour will call into fresh life and action, how short," when he is startled from his reverie by an avalanche of water on his hat. Taking it for granted that a waterspout has burst forth from the nearest canal, he takes refuge under the next porch, and, after recovering from his fright, looks out to see nothing but an ambitious servant-girl, a sort of water-nymph, who, having pursued an indiscreet spider, the last of his race, to the top of the spout, is throwing bowlfuls of water at him to bring him to terms. After repairing damages, he again ventures forth, only to receive on his shoulders two or three blows from a muddy broom, intended for a mosquito that had been so foolish as to rise from the canal where he belonged. He progresses still further, when a stream propelled from a small hand-engine with more than the vigor of Cochuatate, demolishes entirely the elaborate efforts of his laundress. At length, becoming bewildered and unable from the quantity of water with which the streets are flooded to distinguish them from the canals, he completes his philosophical tour by walking into one of the latter and taking a delicious bath before breakfast. Being thence fished out by the nearest domestic, the helpless *savant* is conveyed to his hotel in a state of insensibility.

Flies in Amsterdam would enjoy life less than anywhere else in the world. Their race has long since died out, and were one to make his appearance in the street he would be mobbed. Mud is kept down with a strong arm, and the rising of a cloud of dust is instantly repressed with the most stringent rigors of the law.

FEMALE CURIOSITY.

The following verses explain the spirit of the fine picture which we present on page 187. It is a suggestive subject, and the readers of the MONTHLY will regard it with interest.

Betsy! art thou Eve's true daughter?

Betsy! hast a peering eye?

Wouldst thou read as clear as water

All the honeyed terms that lie

Within that letter's fragile folds—



Spell every word that letter holds,
And know when thy young master, Harry,
Or Lady Jane intends to marry?

What! not yet in the secret, Betsy!
That's very puzzling—very! Let's see—
The letter's *not* from Lady Jane.

For people say that there Sir—
(We never like to mention names)
Punished the men who oped the letters,
Or of their worsers of their betters.
You ope no letters, Betsy; but
Strive hard to read them while they're shut.
How long shall this most paltry vice



TOM HIGGINS RESCUING HIS COMRADE.

No, no! you need not peep again.
A lady's hand—the envelope
Perfumed—the seal expresses "Hope."
The waiter waits—no longer tarry—
Go! give the letter to Lord Harry.
Betsy! St. Martin's—hight Le Grand—
Might give thee a strong reprimand;

Be linked with woman's honored name?
Shall curiosity entice
The fair to libel their own fame
Forever? No! The female mind
Looks down upon the "*petitesse*."
Woman's pure spirit was designed
To trust, to comfort, and to bless.

TOM HIGGINS RESCUING HIS COMRADE.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

DURING the war of 1812, Tom Higgins, as he was called by his comrades, enlisted in the Rangers—a company of mounted men, organized expressly for the purpose of protecting the inhabitants of the western frontier. He was one of a party of twelve men, commanded by Lieutenant Journey, and posted at Hill's Station, a small stockade fort, about three miles south of where the village of Greenville, Illinois, now stands, and about twenty miles from Vandalia, neither of which towns were then settled, the whole country, for miles around being nothing but a vast wilderness.

On the 30th of August, 1814, signs of Indians were seen about half a mile from the fort, and at night the savages were discovered prowling around, but no alarm was given. Early on the following morning, Lieutenant Journey, with a part of his men, started in pursuit of the Indians. Passing around a field of corn which adjoined the fort, they crossed the prairie, and had proceeded but a short distance, when, in crossing a ridge, covered with a hazel thicket, in full view of the fort, they fell into an ambuscade of a large party of Indians, numbering some seventy or eighty, who suddenly rose around them and fired, killing four of the party, among whom was Lieutenant Journey, and badly wounding another; the rest fled, with the exception of Higgins.

The morning of a sultry day was just beginning to dawn. A heavy dew had fallen the preceding night, and the air was still humid, causing the smoke from the guns to hang in heavy clouds over the spot; and under cover of these clouds the remaining companions of Higgins had escaped, believing that all who were left were dead, or that at any rate it would be useless to attempt to rescue them from such superior numbers. Tom's horse had fallen upon his knees several times, and believing him to be severely wounded he dismounted; but upon examination he found he was only shot in the neck, and not seriously disabled; he still retained his hold on the bridle, and as he now felt sure of being able to retreat in safety, he determined to have one more shot at the savages to avenge his comrades. He looked around for a shelter, but could see only one small elm, for which he

started; just at that moment the smoke lifted, disclosing to his view a number of Indians, who had not yet discovered him. One of them stood only a few paces from him, loading his gun. Tom instantly raised his gun to his shoulder, and taking aim, fired, and brought him to the ground. Being still concealed by the smoke, he re-loaded his gun, mounted his horse, and turned to fly; when a faint voice hailed him with, "Tom, you won't leave me, will you?"

On looking round to see from whom the voice proceeded, he discovered it to be one of his comrades named Burgess, who was wounded, lying on the ground, and unable to move; he instantly replied, "No, I'll not leave you; come along, and I'll take care of you." "I can't come," replied Burgess. "My leg is smashed all to pieces."

Higgins sprang from his saddle, and finding his ankle bone broken, took him in his arms and attempted to put him on his horse, telling him at the same time to make the best of his way to the fort. But the horse taking fright at the same instant, started off, leaving Tom and his wounded comrade behind. Still Tom's coolness and bravery did not desert him, and setting Burgess down, he said, "Now, my good fellow, you must hop off on three legs, while I stay between you and the Indians, to keep them off, giving him instructions at the same time, to get into the highest grass, and keep close to the ground as possible.

Burgess followed his advice, and escaped unnoticed to the fort.

The clouds of smoke still hung thick around Higgins, hiding him from the enemy; and as he plunged through it, he left it, with the ridge and the hazel thicket between him and the Indians. He was retreating unobserved by them, and if he had taken a direct course towards the fort, might easily have effected his escape. But his friend was slowly crawling away in that direction, and the noble fellow, after coolly surveying the whole ground, saw, that if he pursued the same course, and should be discovered, his friend, being unable to defend himself, would most likely be sacrificed. He therefore determined to take a circuitous route, and by drawing attention to

himself, he hoped he might save his friend. Carrying out his design, he moved stealthily through the bushes, intending, when he emerged, to run at full speed. But as he left the thicket, he discovered a large Indian near him, and two others between himself and the fort. Tom stood coolly surveying his foes, and considering the best course to pursue under existing circumstances. Although confident in his own powers, but surrounded with enemies, he still considered it necessary to act with caution; and wishing to separate them, he started at full speed for a ravine not far off, but soon found he should be unable to reach it, from the effect of the wound in one of his legs, which until now he had scarcely noticed. The largest Indian was close upon his heels, and Tom turned several times to fire, but the Indian would stop and dance about to spoil his aim. Tom was aware he could not afford to lose a shot by firing at random. The other two were now fast coming up with him, and he found that unless he could dispose of the larger one he must inevitably be overpowered. He therefore stopped, determined to receive a fire. Facing his foe, he watched his eye, the Indian, raising his gun, fired; but Tom, cool and wary, just as he thought his finger touched the trigger, suddenly threw his side to him, and by this means probably saved his life; for the ball, which would otherwise have entered his body, was lodged in his thigh.

Tom fell, but instantly rose again and ran, and the largest Indian, now certain of his prey, loaded again, and with the two others, started in pursuit. They soon came up with Tom, who had again fallen, and as he rose they all fired, lodging three balls in his body. Being now weak from loss of blood and great exertions, he fell and rose again several times, when the Indians, throwing away their guns, rushed upon him with spears and knives, but upon his presenting his gun at one or the other of them, they fell back; until the largest, probably thinking, from Tom's reserving his fire so long, that his gun was unloaded, boldly rushed up to him; when Tom, with a steady aim, fired and shot him dead.

Almost any other man, under like circumstances, with four bullets in his body, and an empty gun in his hands, would have given up in despair. But Tom Higgins had not the slightest idea of it. The largest and most formidable of the three was now out of his way, and of the other two he had but little fear, having seen from their eyes that he was their

superior in courage and strength. He therefore faced them, and began loading his rifle. They raised their whoop and rushed on him. In telling the story, Tom said:

"They kept their distance as long as my rifle was loaded, but when they knew it was empty they were braver soldiers."

A fierce and bloody conflict now ensued. The Indians, rushing on Tom, stabbed him in many places; but fortunately for him, their spears were nothing but small green poles, cut hastily for the occasion, and bent whenever the point came in contact with Tom's ribs, or one of his tough muscles. In consequence of his continued exertions with his hands and rifle in warding off their thrusts, the wounds were not deep, but his chest, and indeed his whole front, was covered with gashes, the scars of which always remained, in proof of his courage and skill.

At last one of them threw his hatchet, the edge of which struck him in the cheek, passing through the ear, which it severed, laying bare his skull to the back of his head, and stretching him on the ground. The Indians rushed in, but Tom, cool as ever, was still enough for them, and kept them off with his feet and hands until he at length succeeded in grasping one of their spears, which, as the Indian attempted to withdraw, aided him to rise; and clubbing his rifle, he struck the nearest of his foes, and dashed out his brains, in doing which he broke the stock, leaving nothing in his hands but the barrel. The other Indian, having until now fought with much caution,—probably considering his character as a warrior at stake, and that to run from a man badly wounded, and almost entirely disarmed, or to suffer him to escape, would subject him to the ridicule of his tribe—uttered a horrid yell, rushed on, and attempted to stab the almost exhausted soldier; but Tom was again too quick for him, and warding off the spear with one hand, raised his rifle barrel with the other. The Indian not being wounded, was physically much stronger than his adversary, but the moral courage of Tom was too much for him, and quailing beneath the fierce glance of his eagle eye, he began to retreat slowly towards the place where he had dropped his rifle. Tom, feeling that if the Indian recovered his rifle it would be a hopeless case with him, threw away his rifle barrel, and drawing his hunting knife, rushed upon him. A desperate struggle ensued, and several deep cuts were inflicted, but the Indian finally succeeded in

casting Tom from him, and ran to the spot where he had thrown his gun, while Tom searched for the gun of the other Indian; thus both, bleeding and almost exhausted, were searching for arms to commence anew the battle.

The smoke that hung between them and the Indians had now cleared away, and some of them having passed the thicket, were in full view, and seemingly, there was no chance of escape for Tom; notwithstanding, relief was at hand.

The little garrison at the fort, now numbering six or eight, had witnessed the whole of this desperate conflict. Among them was a Mrs. Pursley, a woman long familiar with deeds of daring, from having passed much of her time on the borders, and in association with the Rangers—who, seeing Tom bravely fighting with such odds against him, urged the men to go to his rescue; but they, considering the attempt useless, the Indians so far outnumbering them, refused to go. The brave woman declaring that so fine a fellow as Tom should not be scalped for want of help, snatched a rifle out of her husband's hand, and jumping on a horse, sallied out to the rescue. The men, ashamed to be outdone by a woman, followed at full speed towards the place of combat. An exciting scene ensued; the Indians at the ridge having just discovered Tom, were rushing towards him, swinging their tomahawks, and yelling like very devils; and his companions, urging their horses to the utmost, were trying to reach him first. Tom, exhausted with the loss of blood, had fallen fainting to the earth, while his adversary, too intent on his prey to notice the approach of the Rangers, was searching for his rifle. The Rangers were the first on the ground.

Mrs. Pursley, knowing Tom's spirit, thought he had thrown himself down in despair at the loss of his rifle and the fearful odds against him. She offered him the one she carried; but Tom was past using it for the present. His friends hastily lifted him up before one of their number, and turned to retreat just as the main body of the Indians came up. They made good their retreat, and the Indians retired without molesting them further.

After being carried into the fort, Tom remained insensible for several days, and for some time his recovery was doubtful. His friends extracted two of the bullets, leaving two in his thigh, which they were unable to extract, one of which continued to give him

much pain for several years, although the wound was healed. At length, hearing that a surgeon had settled within a day's journey of where he was, he went to see him. The surgeon told him he could extract the ball, but charged him the enormous sum of fifty dollars for the operation. This Tom considered exorbitant, and refused to give, as it was more than one half of his yearly pension. On his way home he thought the matter over, and concluded he could do it himself, and save the expense. Accordingly, on reaching home, he requested his wife to hand him his razor. The ride home had so irritated the parts, that the ball, which at other times could not be discovered, could now be felt. With the assistance of his wife, he deliberately laid open his thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the ball, and then, inserting his two thumbs into the gash, he, as he termed it, "flirted it out without costing a cent." The other ball still remained in his thigh, but caused him no pain, except when he used violent exercise. He continued to be one of the best hunters in the country, and it still took a strong man to handle him.

History nowhere records a nobler and more disinterested act than the one here related. Higgins, having the sure means of escape from what would be considered by most men as almost hopeless peril, unhesitatingly gave it up to a wounded comrade, by offering his horse; and when that intention was defeated, by the flight of the horse, and there was still a chance of retreat for himself, remained at the hazard of his own life, to protect his wounded friend. Were not the facts corroborated, they could hardly be believed.

INSECT LIFE.

There is a Chinese coccus that produces from the trees it inhabits tumors as large as a walnut, of a wax-like spermaceti. It begins to appear about June, and is gathered at the beginning of September. In China alone (where it is chiefly cultivated in the province of Xantung), this insect thus produces wax enough for the want of the whole nation. It is reared also from the frontiers of Thibet to the Pacific Ocean. France pays four millions of francs a year for wax. This coccus alone produces in a year wax to the value of ten millions of francs, so that we do not now depend, as we used to depend, wholly on the wax of bees.

As to the bees and their wax, they do not

obtain it at all—as they do their honey—from the vegetable world, but secrete it themselves in thin plates, from special organs on each side of the abdomen. There is a wild bee of Ceylon that, though it makes much honey, is itself barbarously eaten as a delicacy. Elsewhere all the world over the bee is honored as a liberal friend of man. In the Ukraine some of the peasants make more profit from their bees than from their corn. There are varieties of honey yielded by varieties of bee, and there are varieties of honey yielded by our own familiar honey-bee, who suits his taste to his country, and in the Highlands of Scotland prefers gathering honey from the heather, in Scania from the buckwheat, in Poland from the lime-trees, in Corsica from the arbutus, in Narbonne from the rosemary, and in Greece from the thyme.

It is no longer thought necessary to kill bees to get at their honey. They may be "chloroformed" by the smoke of the puff-ball fungus; but Mr. Nutt's system of hive makes even this unnecessary. Great care and attention is necessary to successful bee-keeping. Near Paris the average clear profit from each beehive varies from ten shillings to a pound a year. The chief losses occur in the winter. M. Antoine of Rhelms has lately been teaching that the best way to winter the hives is to bury them, with the utmost care and the least possible motion and noise, in a pretty deep trench dug about the middle of November, their sides protected with boards and straw, and the whole covered with earth, on which seeds are sown to hide the buried treasure. The trench is opened in the middle of the following February—in the evening—with the same precaution against every avoidable stir and noise. It is said that in hives thus treated, the bees consume three-fifths less honey than when they are not buried; there is almost no mortality, and the queen begins to lay three weeks sooner than usual.

Honey can be made of wood, linen, cotton, or starch, by boiling them for ten or twenty hours in water acidulated with sulphuric acid, and replacing the water as it evaporates. If the acid liquid be then saturated with chalk, filtered and evaporated, the result is artificial honey, composed, like honey itself, of grape sugar mixed with a little liquid sugar. So says the chemist, but no busy bee among our prudent housekeepers has yet tried to gather honey from her linen and cotton rags.

Manna is got from the sap of the ash-tree

by the puncture of an insect of the cochineal family, and it is produced also from other trees. A sweet substance, like manna, exudes from the leaves of an Australian tree—the *Eucalyptus seslinifera*—dries in the sun, and, when the trees are shaken in the wind, falls like a shower of snow. The manna of Mount Sinai is drawn from the tamarisk by puncture of the coccus. It exudes as a thick syrup during the heat of the day, falls in drops, congeals during the night, and is gathered in the cool of the morning.

Then we have a little friend in sickness, to whom we are not always grateful while he is serving us, in the cantharides, or Spanish fly. He is rare in England, but is found now and then in the southern counties on the lilac, privet, and some other shrubs. In Spain he is common, and in Italy, and other southern lands. In some parts of France, especially Poitou, ash-trees are never planted, because the quantity of cantharides that breed on them becomes a nuisance to the inhabitants of the district. Other beetles, as the oil beetle, and the golden beetle, have inflammatory power, and it is said to be by virtue of this that a live ladybird imprisoned in a hollow aching tooth will cure the most violent toothache.

In Africa they eat ants stewed in butter. In Sweden they distill them with rye to give a peculiar flavor to brandy. Pressed ant-eggs yield a mixture resembling chocolate with milk, of which the chemical composition really resembles that of ordinary milk. The large termites, or white ants, which are so destructive to houses and furniture, are roasted by the Africans in iron pots, and eaten by handfuls as sugar-plums. They are said to be very nourishing, and to taste like sugared cream or sweet almond paste. As for locusts, "the Africans," says Dr. Phipson, "far from dreading their invasions, look upon a dense cloud of locusts as we should so much bread-and-butter in the air. They smoke them, or broil them, or stew them, or grind them down as corn, and get fat upon them." An inch-long spider is roasted over the fire and relished as a tit-bit by the natives of New Caledonia. The eggs of a sort of boat-fly are found strewn by thousands on the reeds on the banks of the great fresh-water lakes Texcoco and Chalco. The Mexicans shake them into a cloth, set them to dry, then grind them like flour, and sell the flour in sacks for making a peculiar kind of cake called *haulte*. The underground eggs are used also for feeding chickens.

THE HEART'S "DIAMOND ISLE."

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 BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.  
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'Tis an island, that splits the blue river apart,
 Enthroned in its breast, and enthroned in my heart!

* * * * *

In the sunshine of soul, I will see it still smile,
 And my Eden of youth will be Diamond Isle!—W. W. FOSDICK.

There's an isle that is brighter, afar in the west,
 Than the beautiful one that thy footsteps have pressed;
 Its sands gleam like carpet of silver unrolled;
 And the waves that flash round it are ribbons of gold!
 Its emerald foliage no winter can fade;
 Its spring is eternal, and e'en in the shade
 Of its hoary old cedars, there steals from above
 A light, rosy-hued as the dreamings of love!
 It is moored in "the river," just off from the shore
 Of that far distant land angels call "Evermore!"

Like a cloud that at twilight floats on mid the ether;
 Like a gull riding softly the bright waves beneath her;
 Like a motionless bark upon Erie's blue deep,
 When the zephyrs have sung e'en the ripples to sleep;
 And the streamers of morn, as the sun rises higher,
 Flush its bulwarks with crimson, and fret them with fire;
 And banner and pennon, sails, masts, and lithe spars,
 Are frosted with silver and powdered with stars.
 O, brighter by far, in its wave setting clear,
 Than thy love-painted isle in *La Belle Riviere*!

Its rocks are all crystal, with amethysts gleam,
 Flashing out from each crevice, to purple the stream
 That reflects every hue, till the waves as they pass
 Seem a rain all shivered to atoms—a glass
 Formed of myriad diamonds, that swung in the sun,
 Gives back countless dyes, though receiving but one!
 And deep from its heart flashes forth into light
 A spring, whose pure waters e'en dazzle the sight,
 As they leap in the sunlight from chambers of spar,
 And bind in their tresses of foam every star!

'Tis the fountain of Hope, so long sighed for in vain;
 'Tis the spring, for which Leon the brave crossed the main;
 'Tis the water, not fabled, but gifted in truth
 With power to give to the heart lasting youth;
 And clearer than dewdrops it flashes along,
 With footsteps that ever keep time to its song:
 Giving life to the herbage, and as if loth to part,
 Leaving ever a drop in the rose's red heart!
 No winter can chill it, bid its sweet voice be dumb,
 For it rolls through the climes where "to-morrows" ne'er come.

That island of beauty gleamed brightly as now
 Ere light wreathed with jewels Creation's dark brow;

The sapphire waters its shores softly pressed,
 Ere the thunder broke loudly o'er Sinal's crest;
 It glittered a gem ere the sweet, starry chime;
 It is younger and older—will e'en outlast Time!
 When the sun first its glittering banner unrolled,
 'Twas the first to give back its bright flashes of gold;
 And when its last rays shall fall feebly to earth,
 'Twill gleam just as bright as it did at its birth!

O, that heart Diamond Isle! O, that radiant sod,
 Lighted ever with sunshine, the smile of a God!
 O, thou garden of beauty!—thou soul's brightest dream!
 Moored just off of heaven—anchored fast in its stream.
 Shall ours be the lot?—will death give us wings
 To fly to thy bowers and bathe in thy springs?
 Shall we drink of thy waters, sing anthems of truth,
 Have the plumage of angels, gain eternal youth?
 O, answer, ye loved ones, who, freed from all gulle,
 Roam forever the shores of the heart's "DIAMOND ISLE!"

A REVENGE.

BY RUTH REDMOND GAGE.

CHAPTER I.

And I swear, as I thought of her then in that hour,
 And how, after all, old things are best,
 That I smelt the smell of the jasmine flower
 She used to wear on her breast.

OWEN MEREDITH.

"A 'MESALLIANCE'" Philip Fleming was saying, with his eyes fixed remorselessly on his companion, "a *mesalliance* is, of all things under the sun, the most productive of married misery. There's Tom Howarth who has just filled *le beau monde* with choice scandal by eloping with his mother's governess—poor devil! he has not a shilling in the world, and is about as well fitted for the dog's life before him as you or I would be. Of course he will blow his brains out before a six month."

The windows were open—it was the parlor of a quiet country inn—and Alf Ryder turned from smelling clover and toying with a honey-suckle-vine that had laid its spikes of scarlet upon the sill, to look Fleming in the face, with a flush on his brown skin, conscious enough to make assurance doubly sure.

"Well?"

The tone implied a knowledge of the coming attack, with just a shadow of defiance behind it: Fleming knocked the ashes listlessly from his cigar.

"What do you think induced me to come rushing up here of a sweltering afternoon like this, my dear boy?"

"Not knowing, I couldn't say," answered Ryder.

"Never doubt my devotion to you again," said Fleming. "I met with a friend of yours yesterday—Rose Earle, you recollect her, don't you?"

As the questioner was aware of every love-passage that had ever passed betwixt the two, his question had rather of a facetious tone.

"Well, yes—a trifle," answered Ryder, coolly; "a handsome coquette, is she, with great expectations? I believe she jilted me once."

Fleming laughed.

"Quite possible—Miss Earle is somewhat given to that sort of thing. However, she was anxious enough yesterday to know why you were hiding so long in this little, country village, instead of being at Saratoga, and what the great attraction could be here, and, really—you'll excuse me, Ryder, but she hinted at a deuced unpleasant thing."

"Ah?" said Ryder.

"She did. It was nothing more nor less than that you had become enamored with some red-cheeked milkmaid up here, to an extent that seriously threatened your peace of mind—not to say anything of your reason."

A streak of fiery red shot across Ryder's face. His eyes flashed dangerously at the imperturbable Fleming.

"And so you came to test the truth of the matter?"

"Partly," replied Fleming, knocking the ashes from his cigar. "I never see a friend taking an affectionate leave of his senses but that I feel an inclination to stop him—it's a little weakness I have—that is all."

"And pray," cried Ryder, "why shouldn't I fall in love with a milkmaid, and marry one, too, if I choose?"

Fleming's wide brown eyes opened; then he laughed outright.

"First of all, my dear boy, you do not dare to."

"Dare?" flashed Ryder.

"Dare. What would Mrs. Grundy—what would your fashionable mother and sister say to such a match? Talk of poor Tom Howarth! 'Society' would thrust you from its charmed circle, neck and heels. What then? You have no fortune, and certainly ought to know that you cannot afford to marry, unless it be some woman worth more than a potato-patch and a feather-bed. Ah, Ryder, my dear boy, don't be a fool."

Ryder had arisen from the window, and was pacing the floor with long, excited strides, every nerve in his body quivering under that light, cruel voice.

"If you could only see her, Fleming," in a broken tone.

"Pshaw!"

"But I tell you she is the purest, daintiest little blue-bell that ever trusted in a poor, worthless devil like me. What am I to do? Good heavens! we are more than half engaged. Would you have me play the villain? I swear to you, Fleming, that this little village-girl has more heart than a dozen women like Rose Earle, and, fortune or no fortune, it shall not break for me!"

Still that merciless face opposite never changed. He laid down his cigar, smiling inwardly at his companion's weakness, and pitying, even while he scorned it.

"Never fear, my dear fellow, hearts do not break so easily. Men, and women too, die and are buried every day, but not for love, you know. You have been indulging in a little flirtation, and got beyond your depth—that is all. Sit down now, and listen to reason, Ryder."

Ryder threw himself into his chair again, tossing back his hair with angry impatience.

"Well, be so kind as to remember the rules of brevity, for I generally hold tryst with Miss Drummond about this time, and it is impolite to keep a lady waiting."

"Drummond? Is that her name? It's a pity about the tryst, for the matter is simply this, Ryder: Your mother and Rose Earle last night extorted from me a promise that I would bring you back to them before to-morrow. Now, I never break my word."

"O, you don't," cried Ryder.

"No. There is no use in getting angry, my dear boy. You will forget this bit of moonshine in a week, and so, probably will your pretty milkmaid. I've been in love myself, a score of times. It is better to take things in a natural way. There's Rose Earle, a nice girl, worth half a million, who will consent to become Mrs. Ryder to-morrow, if you ask her, which, let me add, is a much more sensible thing for indolent, luxurious Alf Ryder to do, than to settle down to digging potatoes in this remarkably rustic place."

Ryder winced, visibly.

"Good heavens! Fleming, you are enough to drive a man mad! What do you want me to do?"

"Return to town in the next train," said Fleming.

Ryder's head fell down on his arm.

"Poor little Blue-bell! Fleming, I am a villain," he groaned.

Fleming took a turn across the floor, with his hands crossed behind him, and whistled an air from "Trovatore."

"A weak fool, not a villain," he thought.

"Come, my young friend," touching Ryder's arm, at last, "it does not require a great deal of penetration, to see through your little delusion. You are as much in love with Rose Earle as you ever were in your life. You are beginning to tire of this heartless little flirtation of yours, as thoroughly as your anxious mother could wish. You hail me in secret, as a deliverer, and—the trains starts in an hour."

With a guilty glow mingling with a dark remorse in his face, Ryder shook the hand off his shoulder.

"Let me think of it," he said.

"As long as you please." And Fleming, nothing loth, strolled out into the narrow hall, closing the door behind him, through which, in spite of the precaution, his light whistle was borne mockingly back. He drew out his watch—Ryder should have a half hour for meditation, and the result he did not doubt.

So, under the honey-suckle vines that clustered in scarlet and green about the door of the village inn, Fleming went pacing slowly, mingling with their honeyed fragrance, the aromatic scents of his cigar. That his straight, elegant figure should have attracted the stare of the villagers passing in the quiet street, and of all the feminine eyes in range of his promenade, was no wonder. Such visitors were but numerous at the inn. Ryder's stay there had been a great event, and Ryder himself a *rara avis*; but Fleming, with a most ungallant disregard of all the attention he was attracting, continued to walk under the dropping scents of the scarlet honey-suckles, until, through a cluster of apple-trees standing in an angle of the garden wall, he suddenly espied a round, red star.

He mounted the stairs to Ryder's room. The result of half an hour's thinking had taken the exact shape that Fleming had anticipated—a disordered room, a travelling-bag packed and ready upon the table, and a sulky figure waiting for him by the window, holding in his hand a curl of shining, yellow hair.

"Remember me to your mother and Miss Earle," said Fleming, carelessly. "I think I shall stay here and catch trout for a day or two. Here comes the stage."

The curl of yellow hair vanished, like a sunbeam—whither, Fleming could not tell, although he was watching it very closely. Ryder brushed the dust from his travelling-cap.

"You are a heartless dog, Fleming. Poor little Blue-bell! She will be waiting for me at the bars, to-night."

"And Rose Earle under the gas-light," said Fleming, from the doorway.

That was the last struggle. Whoever heard of a weak will overcoming a strong? Fleming's purpose was accomplished, and, if anything, his triumph had been too easily attained. He yawned, as he turned from a last view of the stage, disappearing among the trees.

Supper at the inn was a very quiet affair. At its close, Fleming strolled out into the moonlight, and down the dusty streets of the village, looking about him with a sort of listless curiosity, and returning the shy glances of the pretty, blooming girls he met, with interest, and more. Perhaps Ryder's charmer was among them—hardly, though, if she was waiting for her fickle lover. A patch of moonlight lay here and there on the sweet, red clover, but the moon was still glowing with

purple and saffron. There was a scent of wild roses along the roadside, where Fleming paced slowly humming, and a night-bird far off in the dew and fragrance of the warm, rich night, called to its mate plaintively, over reaches of long, wet grasses and aromatic pines.

Suddenly Fleming stopped. He was in a narrow, green lane, shut in with clumps of apple-trees and blossoming lilacs. A pair of bars opened into the fields, beyond, and at them, with her sun-bonnet swinging from her hand, Fleming saw a young girl.

It was too late to retreat—she had heard his footstep in the clover. A revelation, bright and sudden flashed upon him in the form of a banner of yellow curls, like the one he had seen in Ryder's hand, waving loose in the night wind, and the next moment the little figure had sprung forward with a little, glad cry: "O, Alfred!"

Ryder's trysting-place, and the "milkmaid."

"Good heavens!" said Fleming, through his teeth, "it is a child!"

He thought so at first, and with good reason. A delicate, diminutive figure, in a pink, fluttering dress, with long, yellow curls streaming in the wind. Her small, lily face was uplifted—tenderly young, and so pure and wistful, that, though man of the world as he was, and not easily given to such feelings, Philip Fleming's heart ached for her. Such great, dark eyes as she had! Such a winsome, innocent little mouth, red as a strawberry—such faint, baby flushes on the waxen cheeks! They deepened now, like the pinks of sea-shells under the light curls, as she sprang to meet him.

His idea of Ryder's country love had been a buxom damsel with red cheeks and muscular arms, who milked cows, or dug potatoes, if necessary, but surely not such a delicate, lovely child as this. He lifted his cap in the moonlight, and she started back with a low, frightened cry.

"Mr. Ryder," said Fleming, with a deferential bow, "has been unexpectedly called to town. I have the honor, I presume, of addressing Miss Drummond?"

She bowed, with a startled, uncertain look on her small, fair face.

"My name is Fleming. I beg your pardon for intruding here—I did not know on what ground I was trespassing."

"Did he—" with a timid hesitancy, "did Mr. Ryder send you to tell me?" asked the low, sweet voice.

"No," said Fleming, embarrassed at his position, in spite of himself. "He left very suddenly—"

The first shadows of doubt crept into her large eyes. She clung to the bars, and the color all went out of her face.

"Do you know when he will return?"

"Not for the present, I think."

"And he gave you no word for me?" she pleaded, with her hand pressed tight to her heart.

He shook his head, half-pitying, half-cynical.

"My dear child, this grass is reeking wet—you will get cold standing here—let me walk with you home."

"No," drawing back, white to the lips, "only tell me—is he never, never coming again?"

Gently, "I hardly know; but whatever you do that is foolish and unsatisfactory, do not wait for him any more. These little mistakes are made in the wisest of lives—a year hence, and you will laugh at yours—it is scarcely worth tears."

Little enough he knew about it. She was not such a child as she seemed. Still clinging to the bars, with her white face averted, she made a faint gesture.

"Leave me!"

"But, my dear child—"

"O, do go!" like a cry.

He lifted his cap, his heart smiting him for the part he had played in the little drama.

"Then, good-night. If I can ever serve you in any way, command me."

Did he mean in atonement for what he had helped to do? He turned, and retraced his steps through the green lane, slowly, but without looking back.

"What demon possessed Ryder," he was saying to himself, "to trifle with such a mere child? What ever tempted me to meddle with the affair at all?"

And the slender figure left at the bars, was lying prostrate on the earth, with her face in the long, wet grass, and the dew on her hair, as dumb and still as the stars above her.

in remote corners, tall cabinets, and steep staircases, with shadowy niches in their lengths, where still, dark figures stared dully down. It was no wonder that Philip Fleming, casting about for some fresh novelty one summer's day, should have been thrilled with a sudden recollection of all these things, for the stone house was his birth-place, and the proud old dame left alone in its grandeur from year's end to year's end, and growing grayer and lonelier every year, was sending from time to time little querulous reproaches, where she had hitherto been silent, and intimating to this not over-dutiful son, that his mother still lived and loved him.

He was fond of her—more, perhaps, than of anything else living. Of the old place, too, he had many pleasant memories. From beating about the world as the caprice of the moment demanded, *blase*, likewise, a siesta under the English elms of the old play-grounds did not strike him as a disagreeable prospect. So it happened that Mrs. Fleming, tall and gray and stately, looking through her gold-bowed glasses, from an easy-chair on the shady verandah, found her tall son sitting composedly beside her, with his arm resting on the back of her chair.

"Well, mother?"

"My dear boy!"

Whereupon he kissed her affectionately.

That was his coming. The green hollow lay around them like a great mosaic of sunlight and shadow. Nothing was heard but the twitter of the robins in the thicket, and the rustle of Mrs. Fleming's brocade. Presently, from looking into his dark, smiling face, her eyes fell down on the well-worn wedding-ring, shining under the rich lace that shaded her hand.

"I am growing old, Philip."

"Old? No, indeed!" said Philip.

She shook her head.

"You must bring a younger mistress to the Hollow; it needs one. You have wealth enough. Look for good blood and a good heart."

"Humph!" said Fleming, shrugging his shoulders.

"What do you mean by that?" firing.

"I do not want a wife, mother."

"I tell you you do!"

"Well, then I do," with a horrible grimace.

Mrs. Fleming was quieted, at least. By-and-by, when she had gone to see with her own eyes that the choicest plate at Sevres were laid before this returned prodigal, the

CHAPTER II.

A RAMBLING stone house with mossy gables and iron gateways, sheltered in a green hollow by English elms and chestnuts a century old. Wide, dark drawing-rooms, always silent, and made impervious to the sunlight by inexorable shutters. Dusky oil paintings

latter was engaged in strolling through the lower rooms of the house, criticising, as he went, with something like surprise.

First of all, the shutters were open. What earthly influence could have induced his mother to open those shutters? She had actually re-hung the pictures, too, and with such an eye to light and shade, that he could not but look and wonder. Then, a peculiar, subtle smell filling the atmosphere, led to another discovery—the long-neglected conservatory rejuvenated, and all but running wild with rank, intoxicating bloom. The little fountain in the centre, bordered with Indian shells, was playing once more, and a great cluster of white water-lilies floated loose in the basin, their golden hearts laid bare to the sunlight. Heavens! what scents of jasmine, musk and orange! He stepped through the glass door, setting a scarlet creeper all in a quiver.

"Non di scordar di mi,"

sang a voice, whether from the heart of the roses, or the fountain, or from some room beyond, he could not tell. For sweetness, it might have come from heaven itself, he thought, as it cut through the fragrance and silence with its one clear, silvery spear of sound. He had heard a voice like it once, among the pale nuns in an old French convent, but that was years before—what enchantment held the house?

No repetition of the song came, although he listened, but in its stead, the sharp jingle of the tea-bell made the place ring. He went out, bent on a more thorough investigation.

"Mother," said this dutiful son, oddly, noticing that the table was spread for three, and that a chair stood in waiting, opposite his own, "have you any particular knowledge of Italian operas?"

"What!" cried the old lady, scandalized.

"Or have singing skeletons gotten into your closets? I beg your pardon—you are waiting?"

"For Miss Drummond," said the old lady.

"Miss Drummond?"

Click, click, sounded a pair of high-heeled slippers in the hall. A gray dress that shimmered with violet shadows in all its long, sweeping folds, rustled against him, and some one had glided into the seat opposite, before he was aware.

"My son Philip," said the stately dame behind the tea-urn.

Two large, white lids were uplifted from a

pair of hazel eyes, and Miss Drummond looked at the said Philip—then bowed.

"What *rara avis* is this?" questioned Fleming's glance of his unheeding mother. She had not mentioned the presence of a visitor in the house—had not given him the slightest warning of the fact, only through the medium of the three plates. A family connection? He had never heard of any by that name, and, besides, the Flemings were all dark.

"Belle, have you been singing operas?" said Mrs. Fleming, handing the owner of the hazel eyes her tea.

"No," clear and sweet.

"Little Jesuit?" thought Fleming, "it's the very voice."

"You have been dreaming, Philip," said the old lady.

"No, it was a spirit hidden among the roses," answered Philip, spreading his roll.

"Do spirits indulge in operas?" asked Miss Drummond.

"I was tempted to believe so," gravely.

"You are quarrelling already?" said the old lady, eyeing them askant.

"No," answered Fleming, "but the house has been laid under a spell in my absence, I think."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Fleming, grimly, looking at Miss Drummond.

Her white lids fell. Just the slightest perceptible curve of the nostril rebuked Fleming; but he had a rare opportunity, in consequence, of observing her at his leisure. Scores of lovely blondes had he seen before, but never such a rare one as this, with hazel eyes and black lashes, combined with golden hair and a purity of skin that was all but dazzling. Then the calm consciousness of the face piqued him. Every feature had the same cold, clear-cut look, even to the little, scarlet mouth. All warmth and softness seemed to have ebbed into the great knot of silken hair, with brown shadows in it, fastened at the back of her small head, and into the large eyes, which, behind all their pride and darkness, still kept a look that reminded him of an innocent, wondering child. It was a face, he said to himself, to first repel, then attract, then dazzle, then madden.

Over his mother's rare jellies and rolls, Fleming pondered. The scent of a sprig of hellotrope, nestling in Miss Drummond's corsage floated across the table to him, faint and sweet; with it, too, came a memory.

"Mother," he whispered, leaning over the old lady's chair in a distant corner, after tea, "who is your stray princess?"

"Isn't she lovely, Philip?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"That does not enlighten me."

"Well, then, the name is Belle Drummond, as you know," testily.

"A vision?"

"No, she has been with me two years. You would have known it before, had you taken the trouble to come home."

"And where did you find her, pray?" carelessly, ignoring the reproach in the last sentence.

"I did not find her. The Vernons brought her to me. They took her from the desk of an old school-house up the country—would you think it?—such a well-bred, aristocratic person as Belle!"

"And you keep her as a companion?"

"Yes; she makes the house pleasant."

"I see," said Philip Fleming.

The child of fifteen is never the same as the woman of twenty. He had heard of such gorgeous developments before—seen them, too. They are not uncommon. A few inches added to the figure, a few years to the face, and knowledge of life and the world, had done it all. He turned and saw her standing in the doorway in a purple half-light, a scent of heliotrope all around her, and the gold of her hair glimmering dusklily through the shadows, holding in one hand a slender Roman jar of white marble, running over with half-closed water lilies.

Then he remembered the bars in the old lane, and the moonlight, and the little girl with yellow curls, in her pink, fluttering dress, waiting for Ryder.

"The same, yet not the same. I will try an experiment," thought Philip Fleming.

Presently he saw that she was sitting in a window recess, looking dreamily out into the chestnuts beyond. He paused to admire one moment the faultless hands lying upon the sill, their white wrists bound with Etruscan gold. Then he measured the distance between them, and began, "Mother," carelessly.

Mrs. Fleming started from a little doze.

"Alf Ryder, an old chum of mine—you remember him—"

"Yes," said the old lady.

"Is coming here this day week to shoot woodcocks with me. Poor Alf!"

"He has lost his wife, or something, hasn't he?" said Mrs. Fleming.

"Yes. Rose Earle that was—once the belle of New York—she died more than a year since."

Not a flush, not a sign of emotion in the calm face in the window. His cruel eyes watched in vain. The band was playing across the river, and on the sweet night air stole in the plaintive music of "Love Not." Was she listening? Not to his words, surely. The experiment had failed, and Mr. Philip Fleming was sorely baffled.

"I shall be very glad to see Mr. Ryder," said the old lady, courteously. "The Vernons, too, are coming next week. You will not be so very lonely here, Philip."

Philip did not intend to be. The household had taken a new aspect—he was delighted with it. It was not long before he discovered that this fair, stately girl had somehow become a part of his mother's daily life. Her pride in the beauty and grace of her protegee was inordinate, and the liberality lavished upon her, without bounds. Rare old brocades, rich laces, and family jewels that had been laid away in the dark closets of the house to moulder, years before, were now drawn out to the light once more, and cast by the stately old dame as offerings at Miss Drummond's feet. To see her in the ancient rooms, or rustling down the steep staircases in those rich old fabrics, half laughing at her masquerade, one might have thought, as Philip Fleming did, that from the old portraits of his haughty line, some daughter, radiant in the time of the cavaliers, had suddenly stepped forth into life and youth again—only among them all there could not be found such a deadly fair face.

In the week preceding Ryder's coming, Mrs. Fleming, through her gold-rimmed glasses, watched the slowly progressing acquaintance of the two in some surprise. If they walked, it was always apart; if they rode, it was never together. Philip was polite, unobtrusive and—indolent. Miss Drummond never bestowed upon him more than a moment's passing notice. The worthy dame surely lost nothing in attention from either by his presence in the house.

One afternoon Miss Drummond's little row-boat, painted green and white, came dancing across the river to the landing under its willows, royally freighted with Miss Drummond herself and a heap of water-lilies, when there suddenly upstarted from the grass six good feet of heavy material which might have been a gourd, but was only Mr. Philip Fleming, quietly smoking a cigar.

Up and down, back and forth, in the most elfish manner at this apparition, danced that

green and white row-boat. The plumes in the rower's jaunty little cap fluttered mockingly in the wind. She toyed with her slender oars, watching the water steeped through with sunshine fall in opal drops along the blades, like a mermaid counting her pearls. Scents of summer luxuriance dying on the shores made the air heavy. The river lay like a track of molten gold, with that one speck of color dotting it, and far off, faint and tremulous, sounded the song of reapers in the harvest fields. Mr. Fleming stood waiting. The bit of green and white thistle-down, after obeying all its mazy whims, began to approach the landing. A ribbon in her hair fluttered on the wind, and she rose up in the boat like a tall, fair-haired water-sprite, with the last sweep of the oar.

"Be careful," warned Philip Fleming; "the bank is wet and slimy—give me your hand."

Instead of sensibly obeying, Miss Drummond leaped at a venture.

"Shall I moor the boat?" said Fleming.

"If you please," in a low voice.

She had sat down on the bank, and her head had fallen on her hand. A single line of pallor marked her lips. Fleming secured the little cockle-shell and came quickly to her side.

"Are you hurt?"

"No, it is nothing," hurriedly. "If you will give me your arm I will go home."

She walked up the bank in a slow, weary way, but with the most quiet of faces.

"Miss Drummond," said Fleming through his teeth, "what would induce you to acknowledge to me that you are human?"

"Another leap like that, I think," with a low laugh.

"Then you are suffering?"

"My foot slipped."

"And—"

"O, I loved in my youth a lady fair,

For her azure eyes and her golden hair,"

rang out a gay, tenor voice, and leaning against the gate, teasing Fleming's greyhound with his silver-mounted riding-whip, dark, smiling, handsome, stood Alf Ryder.

Miss Drummond had ample time to take in the figure as they came up, and as they stood in the gateway side by side, while Fleming eyed both, as he presented them, like a lynx. With not the faintest pink striking through her pearly cheek, she met and flung back the gaze of both. Ryder lifted his cap, his dark, knowing eyes bent on her face in the most profound admiration.

"Welcome to the Hollow!" said Fleming, gaily. "How long have you been waiting at this gate?"

"O, some ten minutes, or more," gazing at Miss Drummond. "You did not inform me of all the attractions I was to meet here, Fleming, or I might have appeared upon the scene earlier."

"Where ignorance is bliss, etc.," said Fleming.

Miss Drummond swept them a low courtsey in the doorway, half mockingly, though the pale face had grown still paler.

"Let me call my mother," pleaded Fleming, in a low tone.

"No," waving him back and smiling. The next moment she had disappeared up the steep stair.

"Whew!" whistled Ryder, "any property of yours, Fleming? Shade of Juno, what a face!"

"Miss Drummond is a friend of my mother's."

"Indeed! Well, I'll be hanged if she is not a subject well fitted to confuse and distract the mighty mind of man! Have you got such a thing as a heart left about you?"

The same gay, dashing Alf Ryder of old—susceptible as ever, too. Fleming thrust his hand into his left vest pocket with preternatural gravity.

"I think so. At least, here's a slight pulsation. You never met Miss Drummond before?"

"I? Where should I meet her?" with a little start. "Such angels don't cross one's path every day."

Fleming looked at him oddly. It was an unconscious truth that was to return to his memory in the after time.

Miss Drummond was invisible at tea; but the Vernons, instead, were in full force. Ryder's disappointed face, at the vacant seats filled, and no golden hair and hazel eyes made their appearance, was a sight to behold. He looked up and met Fleming's sarcastic gaze as the latter unfolded his napkin.

"Miss Drummond is suffering from a sprain—you will not see her to-night," drily.

"Don't be such a cynic, Phil," shrugging his shoulders. "I have made a discovery."

"You have?"

"Do you remember that little country love of mine at Fern-Side farm five years ago?"

"A trifle."

"I was smitten of her—that is all."

"Singular!" said Fleming. Straightway after tea, a rare bouquet of

geraniums and late roses went up the stairs to Miss Drummond, with the compliments of Mr. Ryder, and Fleming laughed as the fragrant messenger passed him on the stairs. He foresaw in it a herald.

The next day another followed, with a little slip of writing thrust in among the roses. Miss Drummond still remained a prisoner. The Vernon belles and Mrs. Fleming kept tryst in her room, and Philip shot woodcocks with Ryder in the lonely pasture lands. The latter smoked his cigar at night, pacing slowly back and forth beneath Miss Drummond's window, watching for the stars, and—for a sign.

On the third day, a velvet couch, piled with soft, silk cushions, was wheeled out of a corner of the drawing-room to a place by the window opening upon the lawn. Alf Ryder, coming in from a row on the river with Ada Vernon, found a lovely, golden-haired figure in pink cashmere, half-sitting, half-reclining among the cushions, with the sunlight shaded away from her pale face, and in her hand as simple a thing as ever awakened a jealous pang, viz., a book in green and gold binding from Philip Fleming's private library. She looked up with a quiet good morning.

Flushed, admiring, yet with a strange humility in his air, Ryder knelt gallantly by the couch and laid a cluster of water-lilies upon its cushions.

"Sweets to the sweet," in a low, passionate tone. "Belle, for the sake of the old days, shall not mean peace?"

Her hazel eyes opened in faint surprise. She took the white clusters carelessly.

"Why should it be otherwise?"

"And you have not forgotten five years ago?" eagerly.

"I have forgotten nothing," with the same unchanging face.

"O, my! how pretty!" said Ada Vernon, fanning her flushed cheeks in the window. "Mr. Ryder, you are an adept. How many hearts do you break yearly? Of course we are not *de trop*."

"We" meant her own saucy, tantalizing self, and Philip Fleming, standing beside her.

"No, not *de trop*," dashing back his hair with dark, triumphant eyes—an old gesture. "Miss Vernon is never that when she comes through the door and not the window."

The little vixen laughed saucily.

"I forgive you; but I am not coming at all. Mr. Fleming and I have ordered horses for Red Lake."

On returning Fleming found Miss Drummond in an easy-chair on the verandah, in a most distracting dinner toilet, looking like a second Cleopatra, for whom a new world might be lost; found the three remaining Vernon belles green with envy, and, more than all else, found Alf Ryder a flushed and happy captive in the toils of Circe, leaning over Miss Drummond's chair, in the shadow of the chestnuts, with his guitar resting on a Turkish cushion near by, and his clear, tenor voice singing to her ear the old, old refrain:

"O, I loved in my youth a lady fair,
For her azure eyes and her golden hair;
O truly, O truly I loved her then,
And naught shall I ever so love again."

"Miss Vernon," said Fleming, drily, "once loving, can a woman ever forget?"

"My dear Phil, what an innocent! I fall in love three hundred and sixty-five times a year, and 'forget' as many more. Now help me from my horse."

He obeyed, with an odd, whimsical smile.

"But there's Belle Drummond," was Ada's parting shot; "women like her are different. They do all things grandly."

Even to flirting, Philip Fleming thought. In the long, bright days that followed at the Hollow, couch and chair were abandoned and Belle Drummond moved through the old house again, a syren, more invincible, more deadly, because of the calm, unconscious grace that marked whatever was done. She repelled and lured like no one else; but O, the darkness and passion in her great eyes, the masses of golden hair, like a beautiful serpent's coils, that were wound day by day closer around Ryder's heart, until he came to hang upon a word, a smile, as if for very life. The story is as old as the hills. Ada Vernon laughed behind her fan, and Mrs. Fleming grew sarcastic on the subject of woodcock shooting; and in the meantime, Belle Drummond's task, if such it was, drew near its accomplishment.

She rowed with him of moonlit nights under the willows of the river, she walked with him through dreamy old paths around the Hollow, over beds of crisp autumn leaves, she was before him everywhere—fair, stately, bewildering. Years before he had loved her; he said it to himself over and over again. As a child of fifteen she had charmed him into a temporary forgetfulness of Rose Earle, with all her beauty; and now for this glorious, perfected woman of twenty, wearing her graces as regally as a queen, that old fancy

came back in a full flood-tide of jealous, passionate love.

The madness of manhood is more incurable than that of youth. Indeed, he questioned if he had ever really forgotten her. There was a long, yellow curl that he had kept sacred through the five years from all other eyes than his own. He drew it from its old resting-place now, and laid it upon his heart.

There came one afternoon in the last of the sweet September, heavy with clouds and threatening storm. The household at the Hollow had gone to Red Lake by sunlight—Belle Drummond and Ada in Mrs. Fleming's carriage, the three elder Vernon belles under Ryder's escort—an arrangement quite above that young person's appreciation—and Phillip, as an out-rider, on his own horse. At night-fall it was raining furiously.

A rush from under the scarlet maples into the carriages was deemed expedient. Mrs. Fleming found herself nearly extinguished beneath the dampened skirts of Nett and Ada Vernon.

"Belle has gone in the carryall," explained Ada. "Only look at my hat—it is just ruined."

They drove back to the Hollow through mist and gathering darkness. At the door, as Ryder luckily stood assisting the ladies to alight, Mrs. Fleming suddenly and uneasily called:

"Belle!"

No reply.

"She is in your carriage," said Ryder.

"No; Nette and Ada are with me," in alarm.

"O, Mr. Ryder! O, O!" shrieked Ada, "I thought she was with you."

Neither in the group that had alighted, nor in the carriages. Miss Drummond had been left behind.

In the midst of the consternation that followed, Ryder mounted a horse and dashed off through the stormy twilight on a gallop back to Red Lake. He remembered a farm-house that they had passed that afternoon in a lonely piece of wood near it. Perhaps she had taken refuge there. It was torture to think of anything worse.

The thick rain drove out of the east, white and slanting overhead. The wind jabbered and moaned in the chattering treetops, like a soul unshriven. Such an intensely disagreeable night Mr. Ryder had never seen before. He dashed up the miry road in the very teeth of the storm, a second Wild Huntsman, blaming himself, blaming everybody at the Hollow

for the mishap, and trying to banish from his uncomfortable mind the bare possibility of anything like harm befalling that fair, delicate girl. The farm-house was near by the lake. She *must* have sought shelter there. O, how long, and dark, and lonely the road seemed! How slowly his panting horse traversed it!

Perhaps he had never known until that moment how madly he loved her; how she had grown closer and closer every day into his life. He had never looked back upon the past years with so much regret—never blamed himself for his desertion of her with so much severity. "Ah, well, she has pardoned it long ago," was the thought he hugged close to his heart.

Red and bright shone the windows of the farm-house through the trees. The long, dreary ride was over, at last, and a smiling, comely matron, with a child clinging to her apron, opened the door to Ryder.

"Was there a lady in the house," he asked, "who had taken refuge with them from the rain?"

The answer sent a glad thrill through him from head to foot.

"Yes, such a lady was there waiting—would he come in?"

In all his after life Ryder never forgot the old farm-house kitchen into which the good dame ushered him. The low, white walls, where the red firelight danced weirdly; the painted floor, the great yawning fire-place with its crackling hickory wood all aglow; the oaken settles, and, leaning against the mantel, with her head bent on her hand, Belle Drummond, with her dreamy, tender face turned to the firelight, and faintly flushed, like a peach-blossom, through its falling, golden hair.

"Thank God!" he cried out with fervent, passionate emphasis.

In a long, quivering spear of light, the fire shot off from her white hand, and something bright upon it as she looked up, startled and surprised, as the tall apparition on the hearth, splashed with mud from head to foot, and wearing such a pale, eager, passionate face.

"Mr. Ryder! here," half smiling. "Were you abandoned likewise?"

"No, I came in search of you," hurriedly. "Good heaven, Belle, you have driven us all half wild!"

A backward step, and the hazel eyes hid under their black lashes. His face grew desperate.

"I am sorry. It was my own fault," she

said. "I wandered too far away. You were very kind to come for me."

"Kind? Don't, I beg of you! You do not know what I have suffered to-night."

He advanced as she receded, and caught the listless, white hand hanging at her side.

"Why should I deceive myself longer? Belle, for the sake of the old days, forgive—forget! Give me the right to watch over you always. O, girl, girl! I have learned again to love you so!"

Half kneeling at her feet, an humble, contrite suppliant, searching her calm face as if she held his life, the long, quivering spear of light shot off her hand once more, as, looking in his eyes, she half raised it one moment, then let it fall.

"You have not forgotten the olden time—you still love me?" he pleaded. "Belle, speak one word—little 'Blue-Belle,' that loved me so once!"

She heard a step, and turned with half-parted lips. Ryder's eyes followed her own, and saw standing in the doorway, looking at them both, calmly and quietly, Phillip Fleming.

With one step she had broken away from

him. She was at Fleming's side, her whole face changed from its cold, statuesque beauty into the tender, loving woman's. The white hand that wore the circle of diamond light—his ring—she laid upon his breast.

"Answer him, Philip," said the sweet, cruel voice.

Fleming covered the little hand with his own, pressing her close to his heart. Clear and relentless came the answer:

"She is mine now, Ryder. You are too late!"

The white face, as remorseful, as despairing as a soul condemned, confronted them both.

"Belle, is it true? From your own lips let me hear it. Do you love him?"

"More than all the world," the sweet voice answered.

"Little 'Blue-Belle,' you are avenged!"

Out through the pitiless, beating rain, and the mournful night, with its winds a-sighing, Ryder galloped away—whither, he neither knew nor cared. The dark wood and darker sky blended in the storm together; the mocking lights of the farm-house died out behind the treetops, and one cruel task had been accomplished—one woman had had her revenge.

THE TEMPEST.

BY GEORGE H. POWERS.

I was alone—no human soul was nigh,
Nought could be seen but ocean, darkness, sky;
All was as dead and silent as the grave,
Save the deafening roar of the ocean's wave,
And the gentle murmurings of the breeze,
Chanting requiems through the leafy trees—
Caught at intervals between the roaring
Of the waves upon the rocky flooring
Of the shores and the caverns of the sea,
Home of the mermaids, beautiful and free;
And the sea-bird's shrill, shrieking, piercing note,
Echoing from the rocky cliffs, to float
Through aerial regions vast and high,
Far away in eternal space to die.

All oblivious to things around me,
I sat on a rocky cliff hung o'er the sea,
Dreaming dreams of sorrow, hope and sadness,
Turning all my mind to folly, madness,
When suddenly the air grew dense and thick,
And sense aroused me—my heart grew sick
At what I saw. O God of hope and light,
Take from my mind the horrors of that night!

I saw the waves around me rolling high,
 I saw them upward flung toward the sky;
 They groaned, they spoke, they filled my soul with dread
 I saw the forms of all the slumbering dead
 Of ocean piled before my wondering view,
 As thick as morning's crystal drops of dew;
 The winds with demon madness bellowed round,
 Increasing deeper the unearthly sound.

I looked abroad upon the ocean's wave,
 The winds they muttered, "This shall be your grave!"
 Eternal doomed! around me seemed to shine,
 The waters spoke, and said that death was mine.
 I turned toward the sky—no hope was there;
 Confounding darkness breathed on midnight air.

What means that dark and heavy-ladened clond,
 Which all the sky in darkness doth enshroud?
 What means that broad and lurid glare of light,
 Which makes my blood run cold, and blinds my sight?
 See how it flashes through the midnight air!
 O, what a sight for human eyes to bear!
 What voice is that which shakes the earth amain,
 Opens the clouds and drives the pelting rain?
 Tremendous thunder! peal on peal afar,
 Shakes the wide earth, and leaves the clouds ajar.
 Once more, again, the lightning swiftly flies,
 Sweeps through the air, reveals the clouded skies
 Again the thunder's mighty echoes ring,
 And hill and valley to the music sing.
 Anon another flash—another still,
 Sends through all nature an electric thrill;
 And now continued thunder, roar on roar,
 Echoes from cliff to cliff along the shore;
 It ceases not, but peal on peal continues,
 Till trembling nature for forbearance sues.
 And did the furious storm, at her call,
 Withdraw his forces from her shattered wall?
 No! but fiercer yet the lightning played;
 Nor was the thunder's mighty echo stayed,
 But deeper, trebly deeper, yet it pealed,
 Until creation thought her doom was sealed.

But winds, and waves, and rain at last give way
 And calm resumes her humble sceptred sway;
 The lightning ceased, and to the distance fled,
 And with it were the muttering thunders led;
 The clouds roll back from off the starry sky,
 And to another region swiftly fly;
 The winds hink quickly to a whisper low,
 And o'er the troubled ocean they did throw
 A blessed calm, which soothed the raging sea
 And brought a world of hope and joy to me.

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

A PLEASANT little cottage, half hidden in embowering trees and clambering grapevines and woodbine, was the home of the Ethertons. It was the middle of June, and the surroundings of that home were in perfection. A long table was set out in the shadow of a great oak, and covered with all the appliances of a handsome breakfast. It had been the wish of Daniel Etherton, the youngest and well-beloved son of the family, that this place should be the scene of parting with the dear ones at home. On this morning he was to depart for the army, and leave father, mother, brother and sisters, uncertain if he were ever, in this world, to meet their loving eyes again. They had vainly tried to fortify themselves against this parting. The tears *would* flow. It was a deep struggle they made to appear even tolerably composed. The mother abandoned herself to grief, and could not even join the group around the table, but sat, half concealed from view, in a little arbor which Daniel had constructed for her, long ago.

The loving boy could not bear up against his mother's sorrow. He stole away from the rest, and went over to where she sat. It was a picture worth seeing—that still beautiful mother, and the fair, bright, handsome youth, with his bonny curls lying upon her shoulder, as they had lain when he was an infant—her youngest born. He was so good—so brave—how could she give him up?

She said so, still weeping as if her heart were breaking; and he had answered:

"For my country, dearest mother! O, do not grudge the sacrifice! And then, do remember, my darling mother, that it may be no sacrifice. It may be that I shall return to you as unharmed as I go. My mother's prayers may turn aside the bullets from my heart. Let this be your hope and comfort while I am gone."

And so, by loving words and entreaties, he calmed her weeping, and led her back to the table, and sat down by her side. Next him, on the other side, was placed a young girl, whose tear-stained cheeks bespoke a more than common interest in the young soldier. To her he whispered a few words that seemed to comfort and console; and soon they all became more quiet in their grief—especially when Mr. Etherton observed that they had

been paying but an equivocal compliment to their young hero's future fame.

An hour after, and he was gone. A few months passed, in which they sorely missed him; but it may be that the pride of hearing how well the young soldier had borne his part in the tide of battle, more than compensated them for his absence. They learned to be ambitious for their brave hero—to covet new honors for him. He was rising, step by step—and all by his own courage and daring.

Even gentle Bessie Mitchell grew proud, and willing that her hero should be away, when he seemed in every battle to wear a charmed life;—proud when he sent her his picture, taken when the epaulettes first adorned his shoulders. He was handsomer than ever, in his uniform, and as sweet-looking, too, as before he went. It may be that his lip was firmer, but he was not at all fierce-looking, like some of the officers she had seen.

Poor Bessie could not live a day without running over to have a chat with Daniel's sister, Anna Etherton. You may be sure that their talk was of the absent hero. They wrote innumerable letters, sent newspapers by the gross, and kept journals of all that happened either at Mr. Etherton's or at the house of Bessie's mother.

Never was human being petted and caressed as Bessie was, for Daniel's sake; and when she lost her mother, they supplied her place by every tender care. They made her shut up her solitary home, and come to them. She was hardly willing to do this; for, after all, no real engagement had fettered Daniel and herself, although each had felt sure of the affection of the other. But the tender solicitude they evinced for her, overcame all her scruples, and she consented to dwell in their house.

A brief letter from Daniel, sympathizing with her in her affliction, and rejoicing that she had left her lonely home, was all that she heard from him, for a long, long time. In this letter, he had more than once called her "sister," and his "dear friend." Was that the language of love—of such love as she felt for him? She had never called him "brother;" and the calm, friendly feeling he expressed, was very far from the ardent love she expe-

rienced, and which she had believed he felt for her when he left her. The thought disturbed her beyond measure. Surely she had not been unmaidenly enough to give her affections when they were not sought. All around her had encouraged the belief that she was to be Daniel Etherton's future wife; and the belief was drawn from his own manner toward her.

Dwelling upon the subject, her spirits and color forsook her. She became thin and haggard; but those around her attributed her alteration only to her recent loss, joined to anxiety for the life of her lover, exposed as he was to hardship and danger. She begged so hard now, to go back to her deserted home, that the Ethertons, though protesting against it, were forced to consent. Here, she indulged in gloom and sadness, save when visitors were in the house. Anna Etherton was with her often, and others, pitying her loneliness, came nearly as often as Anna.

At last Anna came with the news which she thought would surely dispel Bessie's grief. Daniel was coming home. He had written a hasty letter to his mother, saying he had been granted a furlough of three weeks. Anna brought the letter for Bessie to read.

"You will see by this, that he intends to have some one accompany him—probably a brother officer—for he quotes Willis, when he says, 'Room for another in thy heart, dear mother.' I shall be delighted," continued the gay girl, "and shall lay siege to him forthwith."

Bessie trembled as she read the letter, yet she tried to make herself believe she was glad that her suspense would now, in some way or another, be over. It would be better to know the worst, than to bear this torturing anxiety.

Anna chatted on:

"Three weeks, Bessie—do you hear? I do believe he means to marry you as soon as he arrives. Mama says, 'Tell Bessie to come right back here, for we are not going to spare him a moment while he is at home.' So, you see, you must come."

"I think I shall wait till Daniel asks me to go, Anna."

"Absurd! Why, he thinks you are there now. We have never written him how meanly you went off—as if you did not care for any of us."

"O, Anna!"

"There, don't cry, Bessie. It is a bad sign when any one is on the way home."

But, plead as she would, Anna could not

prevail upon her to go back; and she left her, feeling that Bessie could not love Daniel very much, to be so obstinate.

It was one of the sweetest mornings of April—soft, warm, moist with recent showers, and with the rich fragrance of arbutus in the air. The streams had burst their casements, and flowed along with a dreamy, lulling sound, delicious as music. Bessie was in her garden, turning up the light sod around her perennials. Her heart felt the influence of the sweet spring day; yet she could not help remembering what she had lost since the season last came round. A year ago, her mother was with her, and Daniel Etherton's love was a possession, never, she had thought, to part with. Now—She did not dare to look at the now, but went dreamily back to the past, though it had mocked its promise.

A carriage bowled along the road, very softly upon the moist ground. She turned away, unwilling to be seen, for tears were in her eyes and on her cheeks. The sound ceased, and she knew that the carriage must have stopped at Mr. Etherton's. They would have company, then, to-day, and Anna would not come to her. Somehow, this seemed such a dreary day, for all the sun was shining so brightly. Nature does not always sympathize with human grief. She gives us tears for our smiles, and smiles for our tears, just as suits her fickle, changeable mood.

Bessie went back to her lonely sitting-room, and tried to work. It would not do. She took a book, and her eyes wandered over the pages, without taking in a single idea. Presently she saw Anna coming into the little front yard. A strange, grave look was upon her face, and she trembled as she sank into the chair Bessie placed for her.

"What is it, Anna?" said Bessie. "You have come to tell me something, Anna! What can it be?"

Anna covered her face, and Bessie saw great drops trickling through her fingers.

"Is Daniel wounded, or—or—" She could not say, "dead."

Anna wiped her tears, and went up to her kindly, laying her hand caressingly upon her shoulder, as she whispered:

"Can you bear to hear it, dear Bessie?"

"Tell me!" she implored.

"Well, then—Daniel is not dead—not even wounded—but he is married!" She was frightened at her own words. "Don't look

so strangely, Bessie," she continued; for the girl looked as if turned to stone.

For a day or two past, she had, unconsciously to herself, begun to cherish a hope that all would yet turn out right, mingled with a regret that she had been so hasty in believing Daniel untrue. Now, it was harder to bear this confirmation—harder than if she had still thought ill of him. That very morning, she had been looking over her writing-desk, where his letters, his little gifts—even the flowers he had given her—were treasured as precious things.

All this she remembered in that moment of stony grief. As she became less rigid, the tears forced themselves from her eyes—a blessed relief, which, had it been denied, she felt that she must have died.

"You are better now," said Anna's gentle voice. "May I tell you about it now, Bessie? I do not think you will blame him so much when you hear it all."

Bessie merely bowed her head, and Anna went on:

"She is a frail little creature, apparently not more than sixteen. Her father and brothers were Union men, living not far from Baltimore. A party of rebels—scoundrels in human shape—called them, one night, from their slumbers, and demanded to know what principles they espoused. They were good and true men, and they would not deny the glorious old flag. Their avowal signed their own death-warrant. They were taken from the house, without time to put on their clothes, and were shot in the yard, before the eyes of this poor child, who had risen in the moonlight, and was gazing, horror-stricken, from the window. She fled from the back part of the house, and ran across a field, to the camp where she knew a Union regiment was stationed. Daniel's company was there, and he was the officer to whom she told her sad tale. A detachment was ordered out, and they found the bodies, which had been lying all night as they fell, while the house had been rifled of everything valuable.

"The poor child's mother was dead, and she was an only daughter. Her father and brothers were all to her, and now she was alone. In her grief she seemed to look to Daniel for protection, as she had spoken to him first. He could protect her legally, only by giving her his name. Could he do otherwise? He saw how tenderly she clung to him as to a brother; and—Bessie, he loved her—the poor desolate child!"

Bessie spoke not a word. She might have thought, "I, too, am so desolate!" but she did not speak the thought.

"Daniel is coming over, by-and-by," said Anna. "He wanted you to know this. He said you had a generous heart, and would feel for the stray lamb he had brought home."

"I do, I do—God knows, Anna," she cried, as if by a superhuman exertion. "I will go home with you, Anna. He shall see that I bear him no malice for the past; though I regret that I should have so wronged myself as to love a man who had never asked me, in so many words, for my heart. Still, I thought—"

She could not say what she thought. A great, whirling sound was in her ears, and her heart almost stopped beating; but she resolutely put on her hat and "shawl," and walked home with Anna. It was an heroic act for a woman. I do not believe that a man could have done it.

Daniel saw her coming, and left the room to gain composure sufficient to see her. Mrs. Etherton received her affectionately, and Anna introduced her to a little fair young girl, scarce larger than a child, and with the unmistakable signs of consumption in her face. Bessie, so far from being repelled, was actually drawn toward the pale, slight thing, in whose face she saw death so plainly written. By the time Daniel re-entered the room, his wife and Bessie had got on together surprisingly. From that time, the two were fast friends. Adelle caught Anna's trick of "running over" to tell Bessie all that occurred; and, on the day of Daniel's departure for the army, he spent the whole day with her. Not a tear or sigh came from her for the day. Only once she said:

"Poor Daniel! He thinks to meet me again; but he never will, until we meet above."

"Why, Adelle! what makes you say that?"

She turned up her sleeve, and showed Bessie the slight, shrunken arm, no larger than an infant's.

"Do you not see?" she said. "My mother went in the same way—no pain, no distress, but wasting—wasting, like me."

Bessie sat aghast. She did not dare to analyze the thoughts that came to her. Her next thoughts were more worthy of her. She clasped the feeble figure in her arms, and spoke words of cheer and hope.

Adelle shook her head.

"You are very kind," she said, "but I do not wish to live. All who love me are gone

beyond the river. Why should I seek to stay behind?"

"All who love you!" gasped her listener. "Your husband—"

"Married me only to protect me," she answered, earnestly. "It was not love—it was pity. He told me so, before he married me. He told me, too, that he loved another, but that she was pitiful and good, and would not grudge that he should be my protector. And I know now, dear Bessie, who that other is. I made him tell me, last night. O, I am so sorry—so grieved, that I should have been the cause of parting you!"

"Say no more about it, dear Adelle. It is all right, believe me. I do not regret what has happened, since it has given me a sister! Yes, a dear sister—for such you must ever be to me."

"I see how good you are, Bessie. But remember, dear, it will not be for long. I shall soon leave him; and you will not grudge me the few weeks that remain."

"Hush! you shall not talk so, my child. You will live and be happy, and I—your old-maid sister—will spend many happy days with you yet."

"Well, think so, dear, if you can. Only promise me that you will never, never hate me for coming between you and your early love?"

"Hate you? No, dearest! Besides, Daniel and myself were never betrothed. We had a liking for each other—perhaps more than a mere boy and girl liking; but we had never spoken of love."

"How kind of you to make me feel so easy in regard to this matter. Now, one thing more: Promise me that you will be with me in my last days?"

Awed by the deep conviction that Adelle seemed to feel, that her death hour was near, Bessie promised; but little did she dream how soon it would come.

Two weeks after, she was summoned, at early dawn, by Anna, who said that Adelle wanted her. She had been bleeding at the lungs, and thought herself dying; but the family thought her frightened, and would not believe her dangerously ill.

Before the sun had set, the child-wife was dying. She sat by the window, to catch the fading light, assured that she should never behold it again. She passed away so gently that its last rays shone upon her dead face, ere they knew she was gone.

Once more, Daniel Ethertop came home. He saw the monument his father had raised to the memory of Adelle; traced the paths where they had walked together during his brief visit home, and paid the tribute of tears to her memory.

Bessie was gone away. She knew he was coming home, but she would not stay to meet him. He on his part, wanted to see her, to thank her for all she had done—for all the love she had so generously given to her, who, for a brief time, had been his wife. There was no need of thanks. She had done it—not for him—but for the sweet and innocent being who lay beneath yonder stone. When she heard that he was gone, she came back to her lonely home.

No one knows that, in the last three months, a correspondence has sprung up between the old-time lovers; and that the name of Adelle recurs often in these missives. And when smiling peace shall reign in our land once more, if one brave hero is spared, there is a gentle, patient little woman, who will be wedded to him—not for pity, but for true, imperishable love.

FRAUD DETECTED.

Peter the Great, while in Poland, visited a statue of the Virgin, which was said often to shed tears during the mass. He saw that the fact was, apparently, just as it had been described; but, while his companions seemed struck with conviction, he ruminated on the means of discovering the cause, which he well knew was not supernatural. The statue being placed high, and close to the altar, so that no one could reach it from the ground, he took up a ladder which happened to be near, and mounting it, very closely examined it from head to foot. His curiosity seemed ungratified, and the attending priests mentally congratulated themselves on their escape, as well as the conversion of the czar, which they expected would probably follow. But perceiving small apertures in the eyes, he uncovered the head of the Virgin, and to their great mortification exposed the whole mystery. The head was hollow and filled up to the eyes with water; this being agitated by a few small fishes placed in it, a few drops were occasionally forced through the apertures, and thus the miracle was produced. Peter took no notice of the matter further than to observe that "it was a miracle indeed;" and then left as if nothing particular had happened.

UNITED.

BY T. D. WILKINS.

One star is feeble when alone,
 It pales beside Queen Luna's throne;
 But, when its modest sisters come,
 Their beams light up the heavens' dome—
 United.

The countless grains of ocean's sand,
 The waves that wash the circling land,
 As separate, though they small may be,
 Together, form the earth and sea,
 United.

One voice is lonely—when alone
 It sings in sweet, but humbled tone;
 Not so, when the long echoed roar
 Of thousands sounds from shore to shore,
 United.

One hand is powerless to raise
 A mighty rock from off its base;
 An hundred soon, in union strong,
 Can heave the mighty mass along,
 United.

As branches form the towering tree,
 As drops of water form the sea,
 So those to which no powers belong,
 Together may be great and strong,
 United.

Long may our mighty country stand,
 With union both in heart and hand;
 And may it yet forever be,
 A land of peace and liberty,
 United.

OUT IN THE SNOW.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

It was a fearful night in mid-winter. Miss Madeline Prescott shuddered as she drew near the glowing fire on the broad hearth. Still it could not be with the cold, for her eyes were like stars, and her cheeks burned with a blood-red heat.

The wind moaned weirdly in the great chimney of the Moor House, and rattled a loose blind against the drawing-room window. The pressure of air penetrated even that closely sheltered apartment, and struck cold and chill across the uncovered shoulders of the heiress. She drew up her magnificent shawl of some bright wools, and shrunk closer into the protection of the deep arm-chair she occupied.

"Nothing," she said between her shut, white teeth, "could cross the moors to-night, and still be living. Well—" she paused—her red lips compressed, the veins standing out like cords on her forehead.

The whistle of a locomotive, shrill and clear, burst over the din of the elements, and in a moment Miss Prescott heard the thundering rumble of the train. It halted at Moor House station, only a few rods away, and directly there was a sound of labored footsteps—the hall door was thrown open—somebody stamped off the snow, spoke to Turc, the great

Spanish hound, and then the drawing-room was invaded by a tall figure wrapped in furs, and gray with snow.

"Your pardon, Miss Prescott, but the hall lamp was dark, and I could not see to get myself out of my packing. How comfortable you look. And without the atmosphere is fit for the poles."

"The train was late?" queried Miss Prescott, looking at him with her eyes of fire.

"Two hours; delayed by the storm. Marplot Ledge is ten feet under. The men at the village turned out and shovelled us through. I haven't known such a storm for years."

He settled himself in his chair with a long breath of satisfaction. Miss Prescott took up her crochet, and began working with fingers that quivered in spite of her.

"You are industrious, Madeline. I do not see Miss Pembroke nor my mother. I trust they are not indisposed?"

"Mrs. Prescott is in her room. Miss Pembroke at the village," returned Madeline, coldly.

"At the village? She was here this morning."

"True. She went just before it began to storm. She had a letter, an imperative call from"—she hesitated.

"From Mr. Montgomery?"

"Yes, from Mr. Montgomery. You have guessed it; I have not told you. His regiment was to pass through Southgate this afternoon, on the way to the seat of war, and he wrote for her to meet him there."

"She took the carriage, I suppose?"

"No, she went on foot. Papa used the horses himself."

"She will stop at Southgate all night, then?"

"I think it was not her intention; though Mr. Montgomery may, if he remains, induce her to do so. She has not been so eager and fluttered for a long while as when his letter came. We all tried to dissuade her from going, the moors are so dangerous at this season; but she would not listen."

Rolfe Erskine's face grew set as marble. Just then, Mrs. Prescott came in. It was easy to trace the relationship between mother and son. The same proud, clear-cut features, the same pure complexion and bronze gold hair. And what the elegant, gentle-hearted Mrs. Erskine had seen in Philip Prescott, the father of Madeline, and the master of Moor House, to admire, it was difficult to decide. She spoke to her son.

"Rolfe, I am uneasy. Miss Pembroke left us this forenoon for Southgate, the housemaid tells me, intending to return early this evening. Her way lies across the moors, and it is full of perils in such a storm as this."

Rolfe re-invested himself in his fur coat.

"Be at ease, mother," he said, cheerfully; "I will go and find her. Come, Turc."

The hound leaped up, and whined intelligently. Miss Prescott detained Erskine—her white jewelled hand on his arm.

"Mr. Erskine, Rolfe, you surely will not be so mad! Why, strong men have perished on the moors in lesser storms than this. It is suicidal!"

She was pale and rigid—her voice shook; she had forgotten the presence of her step-mother. Mr. Erskine shook her off almost rudely; spoke again to the dog, and vanished in the whirling, white gloom without. Mrs. Prescott turned to Madeline.

"You have lived here longer than I, and know the country better. Is there any danger for my son?"

There was no reply; the arm-chair was vacated. Madeline had gone up to her chamber. When she entered its luxurious precincts, she shut herself in from all intrusion. She double locked the door, and dispensing with fire and

lights, sat down by the window which commanded a view of the desolate waste of moorland from which the old mansion took its name.

Bare and bleak, and white with drifted snow, the dreary tract stretched out for more than three miles. At its foot lay the village of Southgate. Madeline's set face was pressed closely against the glass, as if she hoped to pierce with those wild eyes of hers the gray obscurity of the night. The wind swooped down, and shook ruthlessly the tall old elms in the yard, and tossed the snow into great hillocks of foamy white.

Madeline did not know that she was cold—she did not think that on the morrow her roses would be white ones, if she kept this midnight vigil. She only remembered that Rolfe Erskine was in deadly peril; she indulged beneath all a cruel hope that Annie Pembroke, her fair young cousin, had gone out alive from Moor House for the last time.

Through the whirling blast Rolfe Erskine strode manfully on. There was a fire in his heart which defied all the cold around him. He started nervously at every fresh hillock of snow, and the dwarf pines thrilled him like the presence of a human being. Every dozen paces he stopped to listen, hoping, yet dreading, to hear the voice of Annie Pembroke calling for assistance.

It was a direful tramp. He sunk waist deep at every step, and the wind filled his hair, and encrusted his face with keen, cutting particles of frozen sleet, almost blinding him. In spite of the time and place he found himself, almost unconsciously, reviewing his brief acquaintance with Miss Pembroke.

A little more than a year before his mother, of whom he was the only child, had married Mr. Prescott, Madeline's father. Six months after the marriage, Rolfe had come to Southgate to practise his profession. The physician located there for many years had died, and Rolfe stepped into the opening thus made. Much of the time his nights had been spent at Moor House. That was his home, though he kept his rooms in the village. At Moor House he had first met Annie Pembroke. She was a poor cousin of Madeline's. Her parents were dead, and Mr. Prescott had taken her home. She performed the part of seamstress and waiting-maid to her haughty cousin.

Madeline was beautiful, queenly, her admirers said; but she was not always gentle,

and Annie's lot was a hard one. Erskine had read something of her trial in the sweet, sad face, with eyes of deepest brown, and hair the same shade. She had avoided him always. He would have been very kind to her, but she gave him no opportunity. He was piqued a little, and spoke of it to Miss Prescott. She laughed. Annie was engaged, she said, to Roy Montgomery, a young lieutenant in the army, and had no thought for any other man. And seeing her daily, the sweet countenance of Annie Pembroke grew into Rolfe Erskine's deepest heart, until there was no nook nor corner unfilled by the sacred presence. Now, she had gone to meet her lover. Erskine said the words over slowly, bitterly, now that there were none to hear him. Still, that fact did not lessen his obligation to save her, if possible.

The violence of the storm had in a measure abated, but the wind still blew with undiminished fury. A stray star peeped out above the whirling masses of dark clouds speeding eastward; it was nearly time for the moon to rise. Suddenly Turc started forward, his nose in the air, and gave utterance to a short, sharp bark.

"Turc, old boy, what is it?"

The dog repeated the sound, and darted away. His master followed as fast as he was able, breathless, and panting with his eager haste. He struck his foot against something. Turc whined. Half buried in the snow, the brute was digging vigorously with his fore paws, only pausing to utter that piteous whine, so expressive to the ear of Rolfe Erskine.

The man stooped down, and his hand touched the soft garments of a woman. A moment more, and he held Annie Pembroke in his arms. Her face fell against his; it was cold as death, and the rigid hands he took in his were like ice. He tore off his fur coat, and wrapped it around her, holding her so very closely to his bosom—feeling in every fibre how he had loved her—how, dead or living, he loved her still.

The clouds broke in the eastward, and the moon looked forth. The ghastly light fell athwart Annie's face, making it frightful in its pallor, but it showed Erskine his exact locality. Not more than a dozen yards off was the hut of some basket makers, who had cut osiers there the previous winter. It was long since deserted, but still it was a shelter. He hurried toward it, preceded by Turc, and bearing the body of the girl.

There were some bundles of fagots inside, and tearing up his pocket diary for kindling, Erskine soon had a fire burning. Then he applied himself to the task of restoring his apparently lifeless companion, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her eyes unclose. Like one waking from a deep sleep, she gazed wonderingly around her, until her eyes fell on the face of Erskine. She colored to her temples, and lifted her head from his shoulder, where it had been lying. He remembered Mr. Montgomery then, and rose and went to the other side of the fire. Annie spoke first.

"Mr. Erskine, how came I here?"

"You were missing, and I came in pursuit of you."

"And found me where?"

"Out on the moors."

"Then you saved my life? I suppose I ought to thank you."

"It is of no consequence," he replied, coldly. "I did no more than my duty."

"I remember now," she said, speaking slowly. "I got very tired and sleepy, and sat down for a moment in the snow to rest. I thought I must be near Moor House, I had come so far, and felt so weary. At the village they said I was rash to attempt to cross the moors in such a storm, but I was so disappointed at not seeing Roy, I was hardly myself."

"Roy?"

"Yes. Mr. Montgomery. It was so hard, not to be allowed to say farewell! The regiment passed through Southgate yesterday. Some one was cruel enough to deceive me."

"I am sorry. Your lover will doubtless regret it, also."

"My lover? Sir, I do not understand you."

She looked up to him, her brown eyes full of wonder.

"Forgive me. The allusion was indelicate." But I imagined from your regard for Mr. Montgomery—

"My regard is no stronger than that a sister should feel for her dear and only brother. I would have willingly walked one hundred miles for the privilege of kissing my brother farewell."

"Your brother! Miss Pembroke! Annie! tell me, at once, is Roy Montgomery not your lover?"

"He is my half brother. We had the same mother. He was the child of her first marriage; my only near living relative."

Rolfe Erskine was holding both hands now,

and his face was close to hers. His heart beat so fiercely it almost stopped his breath.

"And they told me you was engaged to this Montgomery; Madeline Prescott lied to me! God forgive her, I will not. O, Annie, I have lived an age of agony since I thought I had lost you. Do you care?"

"For what?" she asked softly.

"That I have suffered; that I love you, Annie? Say the words that shall make me happy!"

"Teach them to me—"

"Put your arms around my neck, Annie, and say—'Rolfe, I love you entirely.'"

She said it over—under her breath, but the whispered tones reached his ear, and for him cold, and storm, and midnight were alike forgotten.

Turc laid down at their feet; the wind howled, the fire burned fitfully; and in content they saw the slow night resolve itself into the new day. They went home in the

morning. Madeline would have said some severe things to Annie, but Erskine's speech checked her.

"Mother," he said, quietly, "this is my promised wife. I have brought you a daughter."

Mrs. Prescott kissed her pale forehead; Madeline flew to her chamber, and was seen no more for the day. The struggle she passed through was known only to God and her own soul. Her plot to induce Annie Pembroke out into the storm, which her long acquaintance with the moorland regions assured her was at hand, had proved of no avail; she had forged the letter with Roy Montgomery's signature for nothing. And she had lost Rolfe Erskine forever.

Annie went to a home of her own before spring opened. Madeline is still single—still haughty—still beautiful; but there is no rest in her heart. Will there ever be?

THE CLEARING.

BY EMMA MORTIMER BABSON.

The burnt land lies black in the sunshine,
The smoke floats blue to the sky,
While in and out of the hazes
The titmice and meadow-larks fly.

The stone wall is thrown down and broken,
The wild bees lie dead on the rocks,
While, homeless, a tiny green adder
Glides into a haunt of the brocks.

Under the charred mosses' blackness
Lingers a thread of red fire,
Lurking unknown, subtly smouldering,
And creeping unseen to the byre.

Gaily the hawk-moths are whirling,
And swiftly a yellow-bird springs;
While sharp through the welkin the echo
Of blows from the forest-glade rings.

The woodman, at work in the forest,
Cleaves sharply his axe through a tree,
And, pinker than Phrygia marble,
The chips of the cedar fly free.

Dumb, at the opening, his oxen
Patiently wait for their load:
Gazing intent through the arches,
They may have forgotten the road;

For green grew the rank, woody grasses,
And juicy the ferns of the land;
Perhaps they are fauns, and enchanted,
An exiled and sorrowful band.

Past them a brook gaily gurgles,
And eagerly leaps, silver bright,
As if it had once been a prisoner,
And now was a-glee with the light.

Arboreous branches and garlands
Lie helplessly piled on the ground,
While, torn from the oak limbe, the wild grape
Sheds sweetly its fragrance around.

O woodlands, torn up and dismantled,
How cheerful your temper and free!
I pray you, in humblest petition,
To render your spirit to me!

TRICKED BY A TEXAN RANGER.

BY GODFREY TURNER.

SEVERAL months after our army had made its *entree* into the capital of Mexico, the regiment known as the "Texan Rangers" arrived in that city. I am not certain but that their approach, peaceful as it was, created almost as much terror in the minds of the inhabitants as our sword-in-hand entrance had occasioned three months before. I shall never forget the appearance of the "Texan Rangers," as they pulled up—I could not call the movement a halt—in the Plaza. If I live I will make an attempt to describe it. I say an attempt, for to do justice to the ragged *coup-d'œil* is beyond the privilege of the pen. One point, however, must be noted, as it relates to our subject—the horses—for be it known the "Rangers" were mounted men—but alas! instead of the large cavalry horses which the government had put under them some six months before, each ranger now straddled a scraggy mustang, the boot heel with its rusty spur raking the ground as he rode along. What had become of the original "mount?" That was the question, which was answered thus. The regiment had just made its march of several hundred leagues through the enemy's country, halting at various places. During these halts, the rich *haciendados*, coveting the fine steeds of Kentucky—colossal when compared with their own gingery jennets—offered freely for them. A series of "swops" was the consequence. The Texan, at a horse trade, keen as the edge of his bowie, took anything that could carry a saddle—at the same time receiving a "mighty heap" of dollars to square the exchange. In this way they had brought themselves down to the ill-conditioned nags upon which they made their first appearance in the capital.

Strange to say, these grew fat in a trice, although they were constantly on the scout—seldom idle long enough to let their backs dry. There was no rest for the "Rangers;" one week riding fifty leagues to capture Santa Anna; the next after Paredes, or the robbers of the Cerro; and the next on the trail of the Padre Parauta; and yet despite this journeying and fatigue, it was observed through the army that the Rangers' horses, though still only mustangs, became as fat and plump as if they had been standing all the time with their

heads in a corn crib. It was wonderful—horses thus fattening upon hard work!

Some endeavored to account for it by insinuating that they were not the same cattle upon which the regiment was mounted on its arrival; that the "swopping system" was still practised along the road, and frequently with only one party present at the "trade." There were such insinuations, I remember well. Perhaps they were slanders, perhaps not. I will leave it a question of inference.

About this time I got word of a splendid mare that was in the possession of one of the Rangers. Of course she was for sale. I wished just then to obtain such an animal; and drawing three months of my pay (in all about three hundred dollars) I rode over to the Texan quarters, intending, if the mare pleased me, to make a bid.

She was led out, and proved to be worthy of her reputation—a large brown Arabian, with jet black legs and sweeping tail, while her head and neck were graceful as an antelope's.

While examining her, I noticed a small brand upon her left hind flank. I observed at the same time that some diligence had been used to render the mark "unswearable." After a little puzzling and adjusting of hair, I made out the letter C.

"What is this?" I asked.

"It er the mark of a hot iron. Yer kin see that, kint ye?"

"I can, but this mare's no mustang."

"Aint a mustang, neyther," responded the ranger, whittling away at a strap of leather which he held in his hand, and seeming utterly indifferent to everything else.

"Why, then, has she been marked? I inquired; "it is not usual for Americans to brand their horses, excepting those that belong to the government. That is a U. S. This mark is a C."

"Well, then, stranger, if yer must know all about it, the mark wur tuk from our people on the Grand by that ar chapparil fox, Canales. He burned in that C; C stands for Canales, I reckon?"

"That's true, and for many other names as well. But how did you get her back again?"

"Wagh! we kum'd upon Canales an his

yeller bellies, and tuk her from them agin afore the singed har hed done smokin. Now er yer satisfied?"

I was not. It is true the story was probable enough. The mare was not Mexican, that was plain. The horse of that country is of a peculiar race, and as easily distinguished from the English or American Arab, as a sheep is from a goat. Still, she bore a Mexican mark, and had been in the possession of some of these people. She might have been, as the ranger stated, one of our own horses captured and re-captured on the upper line; but I had not observed any such animal with the Texans on their arrival; and, as I had heard that the *ricos* of Mexico had from time to time imported blood-stock from England and the United States, I feared that she might prove to be one of these. The voice of the Texan interrupted my reflections.

"The critter's Kaintuck," continued he, "true Kaintuck. She wur brought down on the Grand by a lootenant at the breakin' out o' this hyar muss. She wur at Paler Alter, an at Monterey, an Bony Vceesty, and at that Hashendy, the time as Dan Drake rid the hundred mile gallop on Cash Clay's mar. Old Kaintuck she ir, and nothin' else. They don't raise sich cattle in these hyar diggins, I reckon. Yee-up, old gal, hold up yer corn-trap, thar's money bid for yer!"

At the end of this curious monologue, the mare threw up her head and neighed long.

"Come, my man," said I, "what's the meaning of that?"

The neigh was peculiar, and struck me as that of a mare who had recently been separated from her colt.

"She's a whinherin for a hoss, that's hyar," answered the ranger coolly. "They haint been separate a hef-an-hour for more'n a yar, I reckon. Hev they, Bill?"

"That they haint," replied the man appealed to, one of a crowd of Texans who had gathered around us.

"They're in the same kumpny, an rid in the same file," continued the owner of the mare. "She wont bear that ar little hoss out o' her mind a minit. One o' the boys hes tuk him out, to water. That's why she whinher. Aint it, Bill?"

"Taint nothin' else," replied the confrere.

"But," said I, "it is strange I did not see this mare when you first came up. I was in the Plazza, and took particular notice of your horses; and I think I should have remarked such a fine looking animal as this."

"Look hyar, stranger," answered the Texan, somewhat irritated by this cross questioning. "I brought this mar up the road, along with the raygment. If yer want to buy her, yer kin do it, by givin a fair valley for her. If yer don't, there's no bones broke, an' I don't care a nigger's d—n. If I only take her out to the Palaza, I kin git my axin from one o' these hyar Mexikins in the twinklin' o' a goat's eye. Can't I, Bill!"

"Yes, siree."

"Yer say ye didn't see her when we kum up; that aint nothin' strange. She wur kivered with sweat an' dust an inch deep; besides, she wur thin then, as old bull in snow time. She aint so fat yit, but she's improved some, I reckon. Aint she, Bill?"

"A dog-goned heap," was the ready response of Bill.

I was so taken with the appearance of the beautiful creature, that I determined to run the risk and purchase her. I might have to give her up again to some gentleman claiming his property; but, thought I, I can easily recover my money, as the ranger will be glad to pay it back to me, rather than spend his time in the guard-house.

"How much," I asked, having made up my mind to buy.

"The 'zact figger, yer want?"

"Yes, the exact figure."

"Two-fifty; cheap enough, I reckon. Aint it, Bill?"

"Dog cheap," was the laconic answer.

I offered two hundred. It would not do. The cunning ranger saw that I was "bound" to have her, and stood up to his first asking. I raised my bid to two hundred and twenty-five.

"Wont take a picayune less nor two-fifty. She's almighty cheap at it. She ir the finest mar in all Mexiko. That's sartin."

After a while I saw that the man was inexorable; and, drawing out my purse, I counted down the required amount. A bill of sale, which was signed by the ranger, and witnessed by his comrade, Bill, completed the "trade," and the mare was forthwith transferred to my quarters. Under the nimble brush and comb of my Mexican groom, Vicente, she soon became the most admired piece of horseflesh that made its appearance on the Paseo.

About ten days after, a party of us (we had nothing to do at the time) came to the resolve to visit Real del Monte, a silver mine in the mountains that skirt the northeast of the valley. A division of our army was stationed

there; and some of our old comrades had sent us an "invite" to come up and explore the mines; adding that two or three very hospitable English *haciendados* lived in that neighborhood.

We could not resist, and consequently made ready to start. There were eight or ten of us in all who had asked and obtained leave; and, as we intended to include in our excursion the old town of Tezcoco and the Pyramids of Teotihuacan—a guerrilla neighborhood—we borrowed a score of dragoons to escort us. I had resolved to try my new purchase upon the road on this occasion. The morning of our departure arrived, and I was about to throw my leg over the saddle, when I was accosted by a small, spare man, with the salutation:

"*Buenas dias, capitán.*"

There was nothing in the words strange or unusual, nor indeed in the individual who pronounced them; but there was something in the manner of this gentleman that told me at once he had some business with me.

"Well, señor," I asked, "what is it?"

The stranger hesitated for a moment, and then, looking at the mare, replied, "*La yegua, capitán.*"

"The mare—well, what of her?" I asked, with a beating heart.

"I regret to inform you, captain, that you have purchased a stolen animal;" and the little man bowed politely as he said it.

Had it been an order from the commander-in-chief placing me under arrest, I would not have been so much vexed at it. I had grown so fond of this animal that I would cheerfully have paid down another two hundred and fifty rather than part with her; and this I saw plainly I would not have to do.

"Stolen!" I echoed, involuntarily.

"Yes, captain, it is true."

"And from whom? From you, sir?"

"No, captain, from Don Miguel Castro."

"And you?"

"I am his agent, his mayoral, nothing more."

"Don Miguel Castro," thought I; "yes—C for Castro—yes, all as he says, no doubt of it. I must give up the mare."

"Well, my dear sir," I asked; after a pause, "how am I to know that your statement is true?"

"Here is the certificate of Senor Smeeth," saying this the little man handed me a folded document, which, on opening, I found to be a bill of sale delivered by the celebrated Joe

Smith, of Mexican horse dealing notoriety, and describing the property to a hair.

"This seems quite correct," I observed, returning the bill, "but it will be necessary for you to prove this claim before the governor; and when this is done I shall deliver you your mare. *Adios, caballero!*"

So saying, I rode off to overtake my companions, determined, since I must part with the animal, to have one good ride out of her first.

We spent about a week in the mountains, enjoying every amusement that our friends could provide for us. We found the English *haciendados* worthy of their reputation. What a contrast between the cheer of their Saxon hospitality and the cold welcome of the selfish Iberian! But we approached the limits of our "leave," and must get back to duty and the city; and after a parting and a promise to return, we leaped once more to the saddle and headed our horses homeward.

It was our intention to have made the journey back in one day, but the stirrup-cup had delayed us at parting; and night—a very dark one at that—overtook us as we crossed the Isthmus between lakes Tezcoco and San Cristobal. The road was deep, miry, and bordered by bottomless zanchas of mud and water. The little village of San Cristobal lay along the border of the lake at some distance, and, wheeling out of the road, we approached it, intending to remain there till morning. The *pueblito* was reached at length, and, with the *alcalde's* permission, our horses were picketed in the Plaza, and ourselves put in possession of an empty *cuarto*, which, with several millions of fleas, was placed at our disposal. Money was offered freely, but no supper could be had; and when it was not to be had for money, we had experience enough among these people to know that it was not to be had at all. A dish of *frejoles* stewed in lard, a *tortilla*, and a bowl of sour *pulque* were all that we could raise; and after swallowing this we lit our cigars, spread our blankets both over and under the fleas, and commenced arranging ourselves for the night.

It so happened that I could talk Spanish "like a book," and furthermore, that I was the only one in our party who possessed that accomplishment. The *alcalde* in consequence directed all his conversation to me, and, being a sociable old fellow, had become very fond of me. He had remained with us until a late hour, and during this time I had offered him a Havana, which he had accepted and smoked

with much seeming enjoyment. As I was about seizing my blanket to make my "spread" along with the rest, old Jose Maria—for this was the alcalde's name—plucked me gently by the sleeve, and whispered in my ear that "*su casa*" was a *mi disposicion*. I was about to translate this hospitable proffer according to its usual French and Spanish signification, when it was repeated in a more pressing manner, and, as I was not very difficult to coax away from the cuarto, I took Jose Maria at his word and followed him across the piazza. On the other side was "*su casa*." We entered it at once, and were welcomed by a fat, buxom looking old lady, who proved to be Don Jose's left rib. Another lady made her appearance shortly after, who was neither so old, nor so fat, nor so buxom as the donna, but whose complexion was very dusky, with a dangerous black eye peeping from under a dark crescent-shaped eyebrow. This, I was given to understand, was the only fruit of Don Jose's wedded life, and not bad looking fruit, either.

The ladies spent but little time in idle phrases of welcome. Jose snapped his fingers, and in a twinkling a turkey hash and a large dish of *mole* were smoking upon the table. There were other dishes, too—pleasant little entrees—spiced and flavored with all sorts of *chile*.

As I sat forward to assist the alcalde and his compact little family, I could not help chuckling in the advantage I had gained over my supperless, and no doubt sleepless companions. Neither was my exultation diminished when, near the end of the supper, old Jose Maria stepped up to an alcove and drew out a quaint, queer old bottle, whose waxen seal conjured up exciting visions of the port of Funchal and the Peak of Teneriffe.

I was fortunately enabled, through my cigar case, to contribute to the evening's entertainment, and my host and I sat for an hour after the ladies had retired, discussing our wine and cigars, and talking of the Texan Rangers, of which corps the worthy magistrate had rather a hard opinion. It appeared that they had paid the neighborhood a visit not long before, behaving upon the occasion in no very creditable manner.

It was late, or early if you will, when Jose inverted the bottle for the last time, and, pressing my hand with a "*pasa V. buena noche*!" the Mexican showed me to my chamber. Here I found one of the great and rare luxuries of this land—a couch with clean sheets—and in the "twinkling of a bed-post"

I was between the latter and forgetful of everything.

When I awoke in the morning I found my comrades in the piazza making ready to start. It was still only gray dawn; but as they were all sadly flea-bitten, and knew that nothing could be had to eat in San Cristobal, they had made up their minds to ride on and breakfast at Guadalupe. I was preparing to accompany them, when old Jose whispered in my ear that breakfast would be on the table in five minutes, and I must wait for it. This was a tempting offer. My health was excellent, and half-a-dozen mouthfuls of the fresh morning air had given me a keen appetite. "If the breakfast," thought I, "bear any sort of proportion to last night's supper, it's worth waiting for; better than we are likely to get at Guadalupe; besides, a 'bird in the hand,' " etc. I could soon overtake my companions on my fine mare, who had by this time proved herself a first-class roadster.

I placed my lips under the broad brim of Jose's hat, and repeated the words "*Con gusto*."

"*Esta bueno*," replied Jose, slipping back into his house.

The next moment my companions had ridden off into the obscure twilight, and I was left alone in the village. None of my friends, I believe, had noticed that I stayed behind, and if they had it would not have called forth a remark, as I was considered old enough to take care of myself.

My host proved as good as his word, for in five minutes or less the breakfast was steaming on his mahogany; nor did it do any discredit to the supper. There were ham and eggs and a ham omelette, a chicken *fricase*, a dish of *chile rilleno*, another of *chile Colorado*, plenty of good claret to wash down the peppers, and after that a cup of the coffee that only Spaniards make. Then there was a glass of good old maraschino and a cigar to "top off with," and, as the morning was now tip-toe, I rose to take my leave. I shook hands with the senora, then with the senorita, and amidst a shower of benedictions I walked forth, followed by Jose Maria himself. My mare stood near the door, ready saddled. I threw the bridle over her neck; and was about to plant my foot in the stirrup, when my host touched me lightly on my left arm, and, holding out a small slip of paper with a sort of apologetic smile, uttered the words "*La cuenta chiquita, capitán*." (The small bill, captain.)

"A bill!" I exclaimed, as soon as I had recovered from my astonishment.

"*Chiquitita*," (very, very small) coolly responded Jose.

I took the "*cuenta chiquitita*" in my hands; and, opening it, read: "*Un peso por cena—un peso por cama—un peso por almuerzo—tres pesos por vino; Suma, seis pesos.*" (Anglice: supper, one dollar; bed, one dollar; breakfast, one dollar; wine, three dollars; total, six dollars.)

"It's a joke the old fellow's playing me," thought I. I looked at Jose, then at the bill; then back at Jose again, putting on a knowing smile, to show him that I was up to his fun; but, after carrying on this dumb show for some moments, I perceived that not a muscle of the Mexican's face betrayed the slightest motion. His features remained as rigid as the bronze statue of Carlos Quinto, that stood in the capital; and, after scanning them fairly, I became satisfied that there was no joke either "meant or intended."

Arriving at this conclusion, my first impulse was to make his "worship" eat the bill, and then, leaping to my saddle, show him "clean heels;" but this, I saw on reflection, would be but a shabby reckoning on my part. True, I had fared well, but it was vexatious to be thus "chizzled," and in such a scandalous manner. It could not be mended, however, and, mentally promising never again to trust Mexican hospitality, I drew forth my purse and reluctantly counted out the "*seis pesos*." Then, both mentally and verbally sending Jose to a climate hotter than the tropics, I touched my mare's flank, and left the village in a gallop.

I was so "bitter mad" at the trick played upon me, that I did not draw bridle for a mile or more. After that, checking my fiery animal, I fell into an easy canter, and laughed till I was nearly hoarse. I kept straight on for Guadalupe, expecting to overhaul my friends in the middle of their breakfast.

I had not the slightest intention of showing them the "*cuenta chiquitita*," or saying a word about it. No, no; I should have preferred paying it twice over.

With these reflections, occasionally making the woods ring with my laughter, I had reached about five miles from San Cristobal, when, all at once, my mare uttered a loud neigh, and sprang into a by-road. The reins had been thrown loosely upon her neck, and, before I could collect them, she was fairly into the new track, and going at top speed!

I dragged with all my might upon the bit, which happened to be a "fool's fancy," lightly constructed, when, to my mortification, one of the rings gave way, and the rein came back with a jerk. I had now only one rein. With this I could have brought her up on open ground, but we were running up a narrow lane, and on each side was a treble row of magueys, forming a most fearful looking *chevaux-de-frize*!

Had I pulled the mare to either side she would have certainly tripped up in the magueys, and impaled me on their bayonet-shaped spikes. I could do nothing better than keep my seat, and let her run it out. She would not be long about it, at the rate she was going, for she ran as if on a course, and staked ten to one against the field. At intervals she would throw up her head and utter that strange, wild neigh which I had noticed on first seeing her.

On we went through the tall aloes, the rows of plants looking like a green fringe as we shot past them. We came up to several *ranchos*. The *leperos* that lounged about the doors threw up their hats and shouted "*viva*." The *ranchos* fell behind. A large house—a *hacienda*—lay before. I could see beautiful women clustering into the windows as I approached. Gilpin and Don Quixote came into my head. "Good heavens!" thought I, "what will they think of my riding past in this ludicrous style." Riding past! I had hardly conceived the thought when my mare wheeled sharply to the left, almost flinging me out of my seat; and dashed right into the main gateway of the mansion! Three more springs, and she was in the *patio*, where, stopping like a shot, she threw up her head, uttered another neigh, and stood looking wildly round, with heaving, smoking flanks. The neigh had scarcely echoed, when it was answered from within; and the next moment a half-grown colt came leaping through a doorway, and ran up with all the demonstrations of a filial recognition!

I had not time to recover from my surprise, when a lovely apparition flashed out of the *portale*, and came running across the *patio*. It was a girl—something between a girl, a woman, and, I might add, a goddess.

Without heeding or seeming to notice my presence, she rushed up and flung her arms around the neck of the Arab, who bent her head to receive the embrace. The girl then pressed her lips against the velvet-like muzzle of the animal, all the time uttering:

"*Ah! mia yegua buenita! Moriata, digame, de donde viene, Moriata!*" (Ah, my pretty little mare, pretty Mora, little Mora, tell me whence come you, little Mora?) And the mare replied to all this by a low neighing, turning from one to the other of the two objects that caressed her, and seemingly at a loss to know to which she should give most of her attention.

I sat speechless, looking down at the strange scene—at the beautiful girl—at her shining black hair (a cloth yard long), as it hung loosely over her white nude shoulders—at her rounded, snowy arms—at her dark flashing eyes—at her cheeks, mounted with the hue of health and beauty—at her small red lips, as, like crushed rosebuds, they were pressed against the smooth skin of the Arab!

"O, I am dreaming," thought I; "I am still between old Jose's comfortable sheets. It's the Tenerife has done it all, and the *cuenta chiquitita* is only a joke after all. Ha, ha, ha! I have paid no bill to the worthy alcalde—hospitable old fellow—it's all a dream—all—"

But at this point of my reflections several other ladies made their appearance in the *portale*, and several gentlemen, too; and the great gateway was fast filling up with the *pelados*, who had hooted me as I passed the *rancheria*. It was no dream, then—I had settled one account, and I was fast becoming sensible that I would shortly be called upon to settle another.

Fortunately, the fog caused by old Jose's *maraschino* had now cleared away, and I began to comprehend how the "camp was pitched." It was plain that my mare "had got home." It was equally so that the old gentleman with the white moustache, and dark, stern eyebrows, was Don Miguel Castro—these two points were as clear to me as daylight. It was equally clear that I had got myself—or rather the mare had got me—into a most awkward predicament. How was I to get out of it? That was by no means clear.

"Shall I confess all, and throw myself on their mercy? That's a hard looking gang by the gateway. They wouldn't wish better sport than to chuck me into a horsepond, or string me up to the limb of a tree. No! It will never do to confess. I must account for the broken bridle, to save a broken head. Ha! I have the plan at last. Come on, old boy!" I need hardly mention that these were only silent thoughts.

By this time the gentlemen, headed by the

old don, had descended into the *patio*, and approached the mare, upon whose back I still kept my seat. Hitherto they had exhibited indications of alarm. They supposed at first that a troop of Texan Rangers was at my heels. Becoming satisfied, in consequence of the reports of the *rancheros*, that I was alone, they now surrounded me with stern, inquiring looks. There was no time to be lost; I might not allow them to speculate on how the bridle came to be broken, or that they were indebted to the mare alone for my visit. No, that would never do; so, throwing my legs over the croup, I landed upon the pavement with as much deliberation as if I had been dismounting at my own stable door. Assuming all the *sang froid* I could muster, I walked up to the old gentleman in gray, and, making him a polite bow, said, interrogatively:

"Don Miguel Castro?"

"*Si, senor,*" replied he, in a hurried manner, and, as I fancied, somewhat angrily.

"This is your mare?"

"*Si, senor,*" in the same tone and manner.

"She was lately stolen from you?"

"*Si, senor,*" with the like emphasis.

"By a Texan Ranger?"

"*Por un ladrón*" (by a robber), replied the Mexican, with an angry look and gesture, which I observed was followed by very dark countenances appearing all around me.

"He certainly was not an honest man," I answered, with a smile. "You have an agent in Mexico," continued I, "who has claimed this animal in your name?"

"*Si, senor.*"

"I had purchased her from the Texan, who deceived me as to her previous history."

"I know all that," was the prompt response.

"I told your agent—not knowing him—that I could not give her up until his claim was made good before the governor, or until I could have the honor of an interview with yourself."

"*Bueno!*"

"I was passing with a party of friends; and, leaving them, I entered the road leading to your residence, and, as you see, I am here. I should apologize for the manner of my approach. The animal, overjoyed at heading towards her home, made a complete runaway with me, and, as you may observe, has broken the bit-ring."

There was the least little bit of a white lie in this, but I felt that my life was in extreme danger. The Texans had harried this neighborhood not a month before; in fact, at the

time the mare was stolen. Several men had been killed upon the occasion. The inhabitants were much exasperated in consequence, and would have thought little of making me the victim of retaliatory vengeance, and jerking me up to a tree. I think, therefore, I will be justified in the slight coloring I gave to my narrative.

Don Miguel stood for some time, as if puzzled at what I had said.

"You say, then, the mare is yours?" I resumed, breaking the silence.

"*Si, señor; esta mía,*" was the reply.

"Will you have the goodness to order one of your servants to remove the saddle and bridle?"

This was done as desired.

"May I request you to keep them in safety until I can have an opportunity to send out for them?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the don, brightening up.

"And now, sir, may I ask you to certify that you have recovered your mare, as that will be necessary to enable me to recover my money?"

By this time the don and his party were completely overcome by my *rare generosity*! The stern looks disappeared, the *pelados* were driven out of the patio, and in five minutes more I found myself stretching my limbs under the family table, and on the best of terms with the whole household, including the little goddess before mentioned, who proved to be the real owner of my Arab. It was lucky for me that I was not quartered in that vicinity, or she might have become the owner of something that I could less conveniently have parted with. As it was, I came out of the fire of her brilliant eyes almost unhurt, which I may attribute to the insensibility produced by a very choice article of old "Bordoes" that was exhumed from the vaults under Don Miguel's mansion.

I came off—I can hardly tell how. I remember clambering into a huge yellow carriage, and rolling along a level road. I remember meeting a party of mounted men, who said they had been sent out to look for me; and then I remember—

* * * * *

Two days after I went to seek out the ranger, and learnt, to my chagrin, that he was gone! His company had been sent down the road, as the escort of a train to Vera Cruz, where they were to be disbanded and sent home. Had I lost my two hundred and fifty

dollars? Not so. On my return from Mexico, in June, 1848, I accidentally overhauled my man in the Ranger camp at Encerro. He was without a dollar. The *sandangueras* of Jallappa had completely cleared him out; but, to give him justice, he did all in his power to make suitable reparation. Going behind the tents, he returned after a moment, leading a large and handsome sorrel, which he delivered over to me with due formality, and with the following wind-up:

"Thar aint no sich hoss doins in this hyar camp. I tell yer, cap, thiet thet ar mar wa'n't a suckumstance to this hyar hoss."

COMPENSATION FOR ROBBERY.

At the time when the following singular case occurred, it was the law of the land that whenever a highway robbery was committed with open violence, the hundred or division of the county in which the offence occurred was liable to make satisfaction to the party robbed. A young man, named Chandler, who was clerk to a solicitor in the city of London, set out for Enford, with £970 in bank-notes upon his person, but pretended to have been stopped at Harehatch, and robbed of all the property about him. At the summer assizes, in 1748, Chandler obtained a verdict against the hundred of Sonning for the full amount; but this verdict was afterwards reversed, on the discovery that the whole story of the robbery was a fiction, and that Chandler had not parted with a single note. For this fraud he was sentenced to be pilloried, and transported for seven years. This case was the origin of the Act of Parliament 23 George II., c. 24, which enacted that no more than the value of £200 could be recovered against the hundred, unless the party robbed was accompanied by some person who could attest the truth of the robbery. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when an action was brought against the hundred of Gravesend for a robbery committed on Gadshill, the counsel for the hundred pleaded that it seemed hard to the inhabitants that they should answer for robberies committed on Gadshill, because they were there so frequent that, if the inhabitants should answer for all of them, "they would be utterly undone;" and that, "time out of mind, felons had used to rob on Gadshill." But this plea was of no avail to the hundred.

A toast given a few years ago for the shoe and leather manufacturers of Danvers—"May they have all the women in the country to shoe, and the men to boot."

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

BY MARY N. DEARBORN.

Ye golden gleams, so wondrous bright,
O, tell me whence ye come?
And where your gathering beauties light—
Around their native home?

With what a glorious train you ride
Along the northern sky;
Like morning beams of dawning pride,
Your waving streamers fly.

O, tell me of the radiant spot
That gives your splendor forth
'Mong the sea-circled isles that dot
The oceans of the north;

What mysteries line that frozen coast,
And secrets long untold,
Where "Franklin" led his gallant host,
To brave eternal cold.

Did you direct his trackless way
Amid those polar seas?
And lend to them the light of day,
Where warmer sunbeams freeze?

Say, do your gladdening beams descend,
And greet that fearless band,
As they speak of many a treasured friend,
Of homes, and native land?

Or do you light the hidden graves
Of those heroic men,
Locked up within the ice-bound caves,
That know no mortal's ken?

Throughout the long and chilly night
Your glowing beauties shine,
But never shall a ray of light
Reveal its secret sign.

JOHN ST. HENRY.

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA-SHORE.

BY CATHERINE EARNSHAW.

HALF way up the steep mountain, the boy and girl paused a few moments to get breath, and to quiet the hard throbbings of their strained muscles. They stood beneath a bare poplar tree, whose limbs creaked and rattled in the November wind. The girl was perhaps sixteen, but still a child in face and temperament. It was a fair, Saxon face she lifted toward the far-off blue of the sky; it was a childish voice, soft and sweet, that spoke:

"It's too bad that we've got to leave the farm to-morrow. I never did like the city, but it seems I've always got to live there. Isn't it strange that you are obliged to go away the same day that I do?"

She looked up at the boy's face. He was standing so as to shelter his companion from the chill air that came down the mountain. He answered impatiently:

"Yes, I don't see the reason for making us go home; but I'm glad I am not compelled to stay a minute after you've gone. I couldn't stand being here without you. The fact is—" he kicked the dried leaves, "the fact is, Mabel, I don't see how I'm going to live anywhere without you."

Mabel laughed merrily—a childish laugh that belonged to her style of mouth and eyes.

"That sounds well for a young man who is just about to enter college," she exclaimed; "when you've been a collegian three weeks, little Mabel Wynn will be forgotten. Then my sister will see that I am sad, and she will tell me to wear the willow."

"Don't make fun of me because I am sorry to leave you. If you were sorry yourself, you would not talk like that. It's a serious matter to me, whatever it may be to you."

John St. Henry tried to look manly as he made the last remark, and failing in the attempt, he could not help joining in the smile he saw on Mabel's face. Still he was a little vexed at her manner. He dropped her hand with a jerk and said:

"You are just like all the rest! You don't care for me only to tease me."

"Just like all the rest!" she echoed. "Here is an old man who has been disappointed by a long succession of girls, and now he has discovered that I am just like all the rest. Ah!"

The boy's eyes flashed, then, boy-like, filled

with tears. He turned away his head. Mabel's hand came back to his.

"Don't let us spoil our last day together," she said, softly, "we want that for a pleasant memory. You know, John—" she paused, apparently on the point of saying something particularly kind. Her eyes were suddenly raised to the branches of the tree above them.

"O, John!" she cried, interrupting herself, "there's a hawk's nest in this tree; the hawk just flew down to it!"

She clasped her hands in the ecstasy of childhood. John's jacket was off on the instant. Mabel glanced at the straight, bare trunk of the tree, and said, imploringly:

"Don't climb, John! I am sorry I told you. I wouldn't have done it, only I knew you had been looking after a hawk's nest ever since you've been on the farm."

"There isn't a bit of danger,—besides I'm a good climber."

He was already clambering up the rough trunk, lithe and active as a squirrel, and mounting almost as fast. Gradually losing her fear as she watched his ascent, she became as interested as he in the pursuit. He was now among the branches. His cap had fallen off, his long dark hair was blown back from his flushed and eager face, his eyes sparkled with excitement. At that moment he looked the impersonation of boyish beauty. Mabel who had picked up his cap, felt an irresistible desire to kiss it, as she looked up at its owner. She did so, shily and swiftly, at a moment when his face was not visible. As she bowed her face, a voice shouted down from the tree:

"Say, Mabel, what are you doing?"

Mabel was far enough away to lift her face fearlessly. She answered in clear tones:

"Don't scold. I was kissing your cap."

She could not see his face, but a radiant smile swept across it.

"O, if I were only down there!" he cried.

"What should you do?"

"One thing would be to put my cap on."

"Only get back safe, and you shall have it, though I didn't know you thought so much of your cap."

"I do."

As he spoke he swung himself on to the bough next to the one upon which was lodged the nest. It creaked ominously. The girl below screamed a very little, and hugged the cap closer. John had nearly reached the top of the tree, and the branches were much smaller, though it seemed they were still strong enough, if they were sound. He drew

himself to his utmost height, and tried to reach the nest. It became evident to Mabel that the limb was decayed, that it would not support him an instant longer. To cry out would do no good; the effort to restrain the cry made her tremble.

A snap like a sharp pistol shot, and the dead branch came crashing to the ground. Mabel's eyes did not leave the figure that swung up there by the branch of the hawk's nest. There seemed no other limb to grasp, but Mabel still had faith in the power of her play-fellow's muscular development.

The nest, loosened from its place by the violent swinging of the bough, fell at the feet of Mabel, but she did not know it. Her eyes ached with the strain of looking so intensely at the boy up there in the tree. Mabel thought it must have been hours since she came up the mountain with John, but the afternoon sun had not moved an hour's course since they commenced to walk the path from the farm-house.

That frail branch oscillated still more dangerously—Mabel grew sick—but she could not close her eyes. She saw the limb bend and break, she saw that handsome form reel and fall—down—down—then with a desperate struggle, for one second she closed her eyes. It was like the intense agony of the night-mare—no escape, no hope.

She looked round; a few feet from her lay the boy, pale and still, his hand clenching the fragment of the treacherous limb. Mabel knelt by his side. The faint beating of his heart against her fingers gave a gleam of hope to her despair. One foot was doubled under him in such a position, that Mabel knew the leg must be broken. There was no water within reach—all that she could do was to chafe his hands and temples, and to wish frantically that he would open his eyes. Could she have seen herself then, she would have seen a face scarcely less pale than the one over which she leaned. A childish face, strangely at variance with the wistful, pained, womanly look that was now in her eyes. She sat and watched that quiet face, her heart beating low, her eyelids drooping as she looked. She looked at the cap which she had kept with her; suddenly and softly she bent forward and kissed his mouth. At that moment he opened his eyes, instantly realized what had happened.

"Thank you," he said, in a faint voice, and added, "that more than pays for the fall."

"I am so glad to see your eyes again!"

Mabel cried, clasping his hand in both her own, "you have no idea, John, how dreadful it was for me to see you lying here with your eyes shut and your lips cold—you see I found out that your lips were cold. And all for that hawk's nest."

"All for the kiss, I shall believe. I am a knight wounded for the sake of a touch of my lady's lips. That's the story to tell."

Mabel started to her feet, exclaiming:

"Why have I waited a minute before going after help? Some of your bones are broken I'm afraid. Shall you be lonesome when I run down the mountain?"

"Yes, very lonesome."

"But I must go," taking a step, then returning, "but I don't want to go."

She paused for a moment, poised by his side like a bird just ready for flight, then she flew away, and John St. Henry groaned that he could not turn his head to see the last flutter of her garments. He lay with a happy half smile on his lips, a dream of Mabel Wynn in his heart, that was a nepenthe for the pain that began to rend his frame.

In the half hour that he was alone upon the mountain, there came upon him the first flashes of the light of man's destiny into his boy's soul. Never again was he so thoroughly and thoughtlessly a boy.

Mabel sped on with winged feet. She soon returned with two men. John heard her voice as they ascended the path. The sound made him nerve himself for the struggle with the pain that would come when the men moved him.

"City boys shouldn't try to do like country chaps," said one of the farmers, as he bent down and examined with his eyes the hurt John had received.

"No country boy can climb better than John St. Henry, I've seen them try with him," Mabel said in hasty and flushed vindication of her companion. "John's the best climber I've seen this summer."

The man laughed—"And the best boy too, I s'pose you think."

The man's laugh made an angry spot appear on Mabel's cheeks. She answered shortly:

"I know."

"Will you carry me down?" spoke John for the first time. "You will have to make some sort of a litter of boughs and sticks. I never can live through being carried any other way."

"Next time you'll let hawk's nests alone,

I'm thinking," the farmer said. "It's too bad to break bones so foolishly."

While he spoke, he was looking for the materials for the litter. John's face was fast growing indignant. As soon as Mabel saw that, her own vexation left her, and she sat down at John's side and said:

"It's no use to be provoked; the man is kind-hearted enough, but I believe he lacks tact. If I was not a little girl I believe I should say something to him."

John smiled. "He don't deserve it. Give all your talk to me. Don't let me cry out when they move me. It will hurt some."

Mabel turned pale at the words. She found courage to say:

"If it relieves you any, cry out, make a fuss; I'll promise not to be frightened."

At last, the two men constructed their litter. Mabel spread her cloak over it, and gave the parting touches that she might be sure it was all right.

Notwithstanding her promise not to be frightened, she looked on with pale but silent alarm when they raised John to the couch. She saw his face whiten and his lips compress, but that was all the sign by which she knew how intense was the pain he suffered.

Half way down the mountain, one of the men slipped and fell to his knees, the jar contorted John's face, it was too acute; he fainted, and lay again as Mabel had seen him when he fell. Fortunately there was a spring near, and the water Mabel brought revived him. After that she must walk close by his side, or he was not sure but he should faint again.

"Anything to keep you from shutting your eyes in that dreadful way," she said, and kept close to him, till they entered the yard of the farm-house where the two had lived all summer.

It was one of the coincidences of life that Mr. St. Henry, who lived in New York, should send his son into the country to the same house that Mr. Wynn who lived in Boston, should send his daughter.

Both of them children of wealth, they had, so far, escaped the hackneyed influences of riches. Above all, they had escaped that forcing process that makes men and women, or rather gentlemen and ladies, of boys and girls, and sends them on to their future years, without a childhood to look back upon.

Early the next morning after John's fall, Mabel knocked at his door. The girl of all work, who had staid with him during the night, opened the door to her. Mabel wore

her heavy gray travelling dress—her cloak was not yet on, but her travelling-case was in her hand. She had evidently been up, packing, for some time. John lay stretched rigidly on his bed, in the position which he would be obliged to keep for several weeks to come. He turned his face eagerly, and held out his hand.

"This is too bad," he said, looking at her travelling-case.

"That you are hurt?" she said. "I know it is. Now I shall leave you here all alone. You know we were going to the depot together."

"I meant that it's too bad you are going," he replied. "What in the world do you think I shall do here?"

"I have thought of that," was the ready reply, "and when I meet father at Boston, I am going to tell him I want to come right back. I'm not going to take my trunks with me, so you may expect me in to-morrow night's train."

The boy smiled gladly at first, then a little sadly.

"That's very good of you, Mabel, but your father will keep you. I should think he would. I'm sure I would if I could. Write to me, any way, wont you?"

"Of course. But I shall return. I shan't be happy there—I shall think all the time of you being shut up here alone. O, I shall come back."

She spoke with the confidence of a child, smoothing his hair and forehead as she talked.

"I shall come to Boston to see you as soon as I can, Mabel," he said, earnestly. "I hope you will be at home—but I shall hunt you up."

"Coach's coming," called the girl from the bottom of the stairs.

"There, I must go." Mabel moved toward the door.

"Good-by," John said, his eyes following her wistfully.

She stood with her hand on the latch.

"Don't look so sorry, John—you know it's only good-by till to-morrow night."

She went out gently. He heard the rustle of her dress on the stairs, and listened for it long after the sound had died away. In vain he looked for her coming the next night—it was years before he saw her again.

to look off toward the sea. The road wound over a highland which commanded a view of the ocean, and the distant granite light-house. Rugged, rocky and grand, the coast curved round the bay, sternly, not lovingly; it had in it the force of the Puritan character, not the soft beauty that grows under a southern sky.

There were half a dozen in the company of riders. Two girls rode together a short distance behind the rest. When the others started forward again, they remained still a moment longer. They gazed long, but with different expressions, out at the wide sea before them.

"This is sublime—it is inexpressible, but I do not love it. Why is it, Mabel?"

The girl turned her dark beautiful eyes toward Mabel as she asked the question. The eyes she met in response, were blue and pure as heaven, the face fair and sweet, a fitting place for those sapphire eyes. A love, powerful and enduring, illuminated Mabel's countenance, as she looked into the face of her friend. It was evident that she loved with enthusiasm this southern-faced girl by her side.

"It is easy to see why you are not in love with this Northern view, Virginia," Mabel said.

"And why easy?" Virginia asked. "I thought I was an enthusiastic lover of beauty—but though I admire here, I do not feel my heart so penetrated as it is by other scenes not half as grand."

"The solution is in your face, Virginia; in your eyes, your mouth; your very hair tells that you can offer adoration only at shrines of beauty tender and passionate as your own heart. It is the clime, slumberous with veiled lightning, that answers your soul. It is the sweetened gale of equatorial lands, the music of warm-voiced birds, that suits you best. Am I right, my friend? You were not born to live in New England. Your face belongs on the shores of the Vesuvian Bay."

"Perhaps you are right," Virginia replied, musingly stroking her horse's neck—then looking up, she continued, "If that is the case, how is it that I love Mabel Wynn, who is the very incarnation of one's ideal of a Saxon woman? Why were you not named Rowena?"

"Where is my Ivanhoe?" laughed Mabel, shaking back her drooping hair.

The quick clicking of horse's hoofs sounded behind them. Virginia looked back and cried, gaily: "He is coming now."

A tramp of cantering horses, a ringing of laughter and gay voices, and in a moment after, the cavalcade came up the hill in the road and stopped their horses for a moment,

The horseman approached rapidly, and passed by them as their horses stood close together, at the side of the narrow road. He gave them a quick, casual glance as he went by; the effect of that glance seemed to make him wish to stop and turn back, but he rode on.

The two girls looked after him, Virginie with interested, admiring eyes, Mabel with cheeks a little pale, with eyes that were more than interested, they were intense. Virginie looked at her, and exclaimed in a low voice:

"Mabel, who is he? You know him?"

Mabel turned her eyes to the sea, and replied in perfectly natural tones:

"His name is John St. Henry."

Virginie asked no more questions, she only remarked:

"He has the noblest face I ever saw. If a nearer view of it would dispel that idea, I hope never to see him again."

Mabel thought, with a sigh that she repressed, that the face of the boy John would have borne any scrutiny. It was more than five years since she had seen him, and the last time had been when he lay helpless in the low-room at the farm-house. Since then, she had been long terms at school. It was at school that she had seen Virginie Raynal—there that the first sight of that magnificent face, the first glimpse of the soul behind those eyes, had called into life that self-forgetful, heart-felt devotion which some women are capable of feeling toward another woman. To Mabel, Virginie was the dream of all beautiful things, her fiery bursts of anger were splendid: her tender love was blessed and dear.

It was not possible for Mabel to realize in what manner her friend regarded her. She could not know that when Virginie received the sweet gaze of her blue eyes, she felt as she fancied she would feel were a living Madonna to open her eyes and bless her with a look. Virginie's idea of heaven was hardly purer than she thought the soul of Mabel Wynn.

The horseman had disappeared over the hill, they could hear the sharp ring of the iron feet as his horse descended the other side. As the sound ceased, Mabel turned her horse into the road and said:

"Shall we go on? I'm afraid we shall lose the company, we have lingered so long."

"They will wait for us at the turn in the road," Virginie responded, as their horses walked leisurely up the hill. "For my part, I would much rather ride with you, than with those chattering people."

"They are not people; they are butterflies," Mabel said, gravely, her eyes fixed absently on a distant headland.

"That is the first cynical expression I ever heard from you," Virginie remarked, with some surprise in her voice.

Their horses reached the summit of the hill, and snuffing the salt east breeze they tossed their heads impatiently.

"Now we go!" cried Virginie, loosening her reins and flying down the hill. Mabel followed, but she could not overtake her. At a slight bend in the road, half a dozen little boys suddenly marched out from a field near—a gaudy banner flying, a drum beating furiously. Mabel, who was behind, reined in her horse. She saw Virginie's spirited steed shy and rear violently, then dart on; still, she had no fears, for Virginie was almost invincible on horseback.

The boys were standing mutely by the roadside, absorbed in watching the runaway horse. Mabel went by them almost as fleetly as Virginie had done, only her own horse was under her control.

Virginie had disappeared round an abrupt bend, where the road turned from the sea. Mabel anxiously hastened on. As she turned the corner she saw a spring of water dripping into a wooden trough, a horse stood drinking. Mabel thought it curious she should see that solitary horse before she saw the group a few yards further on. John St. Henry was holding Virginie's bridle, and extending his hand to help her off, talking earnestly to her meanwhile. Mabel rode slowly up to them, and reached them just as Virginie had dismounted. St. Henry's head was bent low—he was adjusting the saddle. Mabel stopped by Virginie's side.

"I am congratulating myself that my magnificent horse didn't throw me," Virginie said, leaning against Mabel's horse, and resting her hand on Mabel's hand. "This gentleman says I should have been off in a minute more, however, the saddle was so loosened. It would have been ignominious to fall because the saddle turned."

At that moment Mabel thought Virginie looked more superb than ever. At that moment, St. Henry raised his head and led the horse to the roadside fence, tied him and came back. He advanced directly to Mabel, and said, while he held out his hand:

"My memory is rarely at fault, when I am interested. I am so happy as to meet Mabel Wynn again."

Had he said "Miss Wynn," then Mabel would have greeted him only as Mr. St. Henry. It was her old playfellow's voice that pronounced her name, it was her boy friend's smile that shone in his face. He held the hand she gave him, while she replied:

"And I, too, always remember my friends. You have changed somewhat, but I should have recognized you anywhere."

"And you did not come back the next day," St. Henry said, placing his other hand over the gloved fingers that he still retained. His whole face softened as he spoke. The memory to which he looked back seemed dear to him.

Mabel was a woman, and, though she felt her heart grow tender toward this man, even as it had done toward the boy, it was only a calm kindness that she let appear in her eyes.

"But I meant to come," she said, withdrawing her hand to put back the hair that had become disarranged during her ride.

"I have always believed that—but it was a disappointment, nevertheless. It was harder to bear than my long confinement."

"How long were you obliged to stay there?" Mabel asked.

"Six weeks."

"So long? It was very unfortunate?"

"But I never regretted the hawk's nest."

He had not intended to say that; both of them simultaneously thought of the kiss she had given him under the poplar tree, and of his remark that it was well worth the fractured limb.

Mabel turned slightly toward Virginie. The latter had been standing with her face turned from them, carelessly and gently snapping at the weeds with her riding-whip.

"Virginie," Mabel said.

Virginie turned with that graceful movement of the throat and shoulders, which is peculiar to some women, and which can never be acquired.

"Mr. St. Henry, Virginie," Mabel continued, "you and Miss Raynal," turning to the gentleman, "will be fast friends—that is, if you still possess the adventurous spirit which characterized your boyhood."

Virginie bowed, haughtily, but still very graciously. St. Henry said:

"Miss Wynn's prophecy that you and I shall be friends, opens a flattering prospect to me. I hope she may not prove a false prophet."

"The service you have just rendered me

does not make it appear probable that she will prove so," Virginie said, in that musical tone that never failed to impress a stranger; that to Mabel seemed more melodious every time she heard it.

Mabel had not liked the expression of St. Henry's voice when he uttered his last words. It was not the mere words—it was that tone of polished gallantry which is acquired only by contact with society, and which is so often insincerity. She looked at his face as Virginie spoke. It appeared that, though she must have spoken to him before, this was the first time he had really heard her voice. Mabel saw the look of indifference upon St. Henry's face change to one of surprise, then to one of undisguised admiration. If he had not admired Virginie Raynal, Mabel would have considered him the most insensible and stupid of mortals. She saw that he admired her, and she felt a sensation of dissatisfaction that surprised her. St. Henry left the two girls and brought Virginie's horse.

"You must pardon me for depriving you of him even for so short a time," he said, addressing Virginie; "but I didn't think him exactly safe for you to mount while those boys were near. As they have gone, I shall permit you. Am I forgiven?"

He smiled as he held his hand for her foot.

"Forgiven, for what? For saving me from a fall?"

"No, for detaining you."

"You have won the right to be forgiven," Virginie replied.

She was in the saddle, and was arranging the folds of her long skirt as she spoke. She turned and motioned for Mabel to join her. Virginie pointed down the road—their company had sent a deputation in search of the two laggards. St. Henry had by this time mounted his horse.

"I shall beg permission to accompany you wherever you were going," he said, looking at Mabel. "I might possibly be of use; let me go with you in that capacity, if for nothing more."

Mabel looked toward the gentleman who was galloping toward them. She said:

"We shall be happy to have you join our party."

St. Henry's face changed, he was visibly disappointed.

"You were with a company then? In that case—good morning."

He turned his horse back and rode a few steps, then returned.

"Miss Wynn, will you tell me where you are stopping; that I may call on you?"

Mabel was vexed that he was not going to join them. She replied to his question in a cold tone, and instantly rode forward.

Malvern's was the fashionable hotel; it was not long after the return of the horseback party that all the ladies belonging to it discovered that there had been a new arrival during their absence. The name on the books was John St. Henry, and ten minutes after they knew his name they had canvassed his past life and future prospects. They congratulated each other on the fact that he was rich, that he lived in New York, that it was quite positively known that he was not engaged. The only ladies at the hotel who did not enter into this conversation, were Mabel and Virginie, and they were the only persons who had seen him. They sat apart from the rest, Mabel with a book, Virginie looking from the window, and now and then smiling to herself at the talk she heard. Suddenly a voice spoke up in high treble:

"Miss Raynal has some invincible Bayard about whom she is dreaming, or she would give her opinion on our new acquisition."

"Give your opinion, Miss Raynal, I beg of you—I am very anxious to know it."

It was a man's voice that spoke, and St. Henry rose from a chair in which he had been lounging, and stood by the open window just at Virginie's side. She had not seen him, because she had not looked out.

"Mr. St. Henry, ladies," Virginie said, with a smile of malicious pleasure. Mabel laughed and dropped her book. That action of his was so like him, so impulsive and so boyish, that, unconsciously to herself she had laughed like the child of five years ago. St. Henry heard it and looked toward her, though he kept silent.

Only one of the company had sufficient presence of mind to speak immediately. It was the same who had taunted Virginie with silence.

"Miss Raynal's chevalier was nearer than I had supposed," said the sharp, self-possessed voice.

The color mounted to Virginie's brunette face, for she felt the eyes of the party upon her, and worst of all, the eyes of St. Henry. It was Mabel who came to her relief; she addressed some remark to the gentleman, upon which half the ladies had an opinion to give.

The lion at Malvern's that season, was un-

doubtedly the young man from New York; not entirely because he came with the prestige of wealth, but in a great measure owing to the attraction of his manner, the rare beauty and nobility of his face.

To Mabel's eyes Virginie's countenance had ever been an open book. Though untranslatable to many, the friend who loved her possessed the key to the interpretation of her thoughts, and as the days of that summer went by, Mabel knew that, whether consciously or not, her friend had given the love of her life to St. Henry; and Mabel thought it very natural—and she was almost sure that love must be returned. The wealth of the heart of a woman with Virginie Raynal's face could never be offered in vain.

St. Henry's face was not easily deciphered. With a frank, open expression, it still concealed his thoughts and revealed only his temperament. It seemed that he watched Mabel more than he talked with her. He was particularly on the alert when the son of her father's friend came down from Boston for a day or two, as was very often the case. That young man said that he came to see the water, though he seemed to realize nothing but the presence of Miss Wynn.

It was one of those days when young Mr. Grantley had come down "to see the water," and was apparently seeing it to his intense satisfaction, as he leaned over the piano, turning the music for Mabel. They were alone in the parlor, as St. Henry, who was on the piazza with Virginie and the rest of the company, had ascertained by glancing through the low windows. He became uneasy—he rose from his seat by Virginie and walked up and down, complaining of the heat, of the wind, of the brightness with which the sun shone on the beach. It was much pleasanter and cooler in the parlors—who would volunteer to accompany him there? In a moment he entered the parlor with rather a triumphant air, followed by half a dozen ladies. Grantley turned abruptly from the piano Mabel looked round and ceased the murmuring of the keys. St. Henry approached her, and said in a low voice:

"Very unfortunate—but they would come in."

Mabel lowered her eyes and smiled, but she was provoked with him.

Just then the door was flung open, and a little boy appeared in the door-way. He was the child of one of the ladies, and he looked eagerly round for his mother. St. Henry was

standing back to the door. He had not seen the child, but at the first glance Mabel turned toward him her face seemed deluged, overwhelmed with astonishment and a strange kind of fear. Only for a moment—then her face resumed its natural look, only colder, almost unapproachable. St. Henry had seen that instantaneous change; he wheeled round suddenly, and looked to see what had caused it.

The child at the door had a drum suspended from his neck, a tin sword in his hand, and a cap on his head. At the cap, St. Henry's eyes paused. It was a worn gray cap, much too large for the head on which it rested. He knew it instantly—it belonged to him; he could not find it when he had packed his things to leave the farm house. At that moment the boy saw his mother; he made a charge at her with drawn sword, crying as he sped across the carpet:

"See what I've got on my head! I've been rummaging in the ladies' rooms up stairs, but all I could find was this old cap. With a feather in it, it'll be just the thing."

There was a general movement among the ladies, each thinking of the raid that had been perpetrated in her sanctuary. The mother rose hastily; she "was ashamed, confounded! She had not dreamed her boy could do such a thing!" Then turning to the child she said:

"Where did you get that cap? Tell me directly that I may return it."

The boy sukked at his defeat, but finally said:

"I got it in Miss Mabel's room. She'll give it to me, I know."

Before Mabel could speak, St. Henry advanced to the child and said:

"He is confused and don't know where he did get it. Give it to me, and I'll buy you a trumpet to go with the drum."

The boy promptly delivered the cap, and was led off exultingly.

The group at the far end of the room resumed their talk. Grantley had joined them, Mabel was alone at the piano. She saw St. Henry approaching her. With trembling precipitation she rose to leave. She meditated an escape through the window to the piazza where Virginia had remained. She sank back in her seat—she looked helplessly at St. Henry who now stood by her; in that glance she saw that his eyes were luminous, burning with some deep emotion, that his cheeks were flushed as painfully as her own;

that his lips trembled with the words he could not utter. Even the fingers that held the cap, quivered with the feeling that had entire possession of him. He bent down and whispered:

"You have avoided me, you have tormented me; and yet it seems that you had not forgotten me. I demand that you give me an interview."

His breath was hot on her forehead; the passion in his tone penetrated to her soul. She felt herself too confused to speak, though she rallied her powers to attempt a reply. She could not so easily forget and forgive the accident that had revealed to this man how much she had thought of him. There flashed through her mind the idea that he might never have spoken thus, had he not discovered that he might so easily dare to use those words. That thought, the most humiliating that can come to a woman, suddenly froze the softness of her eyes, it subdued the sweet curving of her lips. She looked up, and said with icy quietness:

"You seem to exaggerate the interpretation of that trifle." She touched the cap with her finger.

Mr. Grantley called to her from the other end of the room. She rose with an evident air of relief, inclined her head slightly toward her companion, and walked away. St. Henry stood where she had left him. Had that gay drawing-room receded and left him alone in a desert of horrors, he could not have been more astonished or more utterly lonely and forsaken. The dream of his whole manhood darkened and departed, because the brightness of that dream consisted in the hope of the smile and love of Mabel Wynn; and Mabel had just told him, with the calmness of indifference, that he had exaggerated her interest. He cursed himself for being so unsophisticated as to fancy a woman of fashion could retain the heart that had blessed her when a child. He heard her voice in conversation—the low, amused laugh that was refreshing to hear; it was not certainly the laugh of a fashionable lady. He walked to the door, being conscious of an effort to walk in his old erect, care-free manner; he was afraid he stooped with the weight suddenly put upon him.

In the days that followed, no one observed that St. Henry and Miss Wynn were not as cordial as usual to each other. There had never been a sufficient intimacy to become a subject of remark even in watering-place gossip. It was Virginia only, that—imagined

she saw in Mabel's manner a certain indescribable something that she could not analyze, and could not trace to its source. She was ignorant of the boy's discovery, but she was too genuinely Mabel's friend to try to learn what Mabel did not tell her.

A fortnight later, one cloudless morning, Mr. Grantley came round from the Malvern stables mounted on his own horse, and leading a beautiful creature which Mr. Wynn had sent to his daughter the day before, by the willing Grantley. Mabel stood on the steps; there were several ladies with her talking earnestly. As Grantley dismounted, Mabel said, amid a chorus of exclamations from her companions:

"My friends are charging us with selfishness, for intending to explore those rocky chasms alone. I promised them that they should have an invitation, and we would make up a party, as the rocks are not our exclusive property."

The young man could hardly conceal his vexation, but he cordially signified his assent, and giving the horses in charge of a groom, he came up to wait for the company. As Mabel turned to enter the house, she came upon St. Henry who was coming along the hall. Struck by the haggard paleness of his face, she paused involuntarily in her walk and said:

"Are you ill?"

"No; only fatigued. I was out in a boat all night. Is there a party going to ride, and can I go? I'm to leave here to-morrow, and I'd like one more excursion before I go."

Mabel raised her eyes to reply more cordially than usual. On the stairs behind St. Henry she saw Virginia descending, ready for the ride. Inexplicably to herself, that face and form of beauty stayed the words on her lips. She only said:

"I hope you will ride with us."

St. Henry bowed in silence, and walked away.

The company started from the hotel in two detachments, and Mabel did not know whether St. Henry was one of the riders. Virginia rode with Mr. Grantley and herself, to that gentleman's secret annoyance, and to Mabel's delight.

The exhilaration and happiness of the excursion had almost merged into the languor of weariness. They had roamed all day among the rocks, and rurally taken dinner in the shade of a cluster of pines. The two cavernous rocks they had intended to visit, were

situated at more than a mile and a half distance from each other along the coast. It happened that the parties had not met since leaving the hotel in the morning. Now, as twilight was falling, Grantley proposed that the two ladies whom he escorted, should take the path which had been followed by the others, pass the group of rocks they had not explored, and so return by moonlight.

Though she would gladly have gone back directly, Mabel assented to this plan. The moon shone through a mist of warm vapor. Though the breeze from the ocean was cool and invigorating, Mabel felt that unaccountable depression of spirits, that utter and dumb despair, which sometimes descends upon us, seemingly without cause. It was only with effort that she answered the remarks addressed to her. The splash of the water, the sound of the fishermen's voices, every noise struck wearily upon her ear, and made her shudder. The beacon in the distant lighthouse glowered like a red, evil eye—it was the eye of a monster, seen in a dream.

Mabel rode nearer Virginia; she bent toward her and touched her hand. Virginia looked at her, and exclaimed in a whisper:

"Mabel! What is it?"

Mabel sighed drearily. "I don't know; something dreadful; I can't bear it."

Virginia pressed Mabel's fingers. "I should think so," she said; "your face is white, and your eyes, instead of being blue, are black—black and filled with horror. Tell me, let me help you."

"I can't tell you—I don't know. Some dread thing encircles me. Virginia, your face gives me courage. I wish we were not on horseback, that I might hold your hand."

Virginia turned to the gentleman.

"Mr. Grantley," she said, "will you oblige me by riding back to our noon encampment and bringing back my watch—you remember I hung it on that largest pine. I have just missed it. We will wait for you here, we shall not be in the least afraid—shall we, Mabel?"

"Not at all." Mabel turned her grateful face toward her friend.

"It is not a ruse," Virginia said; "I have left my watch, and fortunately remembered it at the right time."

Mr. Grantley was cantering back over the beach. Virginia came close to Mabel—a shadow had seemed to come to the darkness of her own eyes, but they were filled with tenderness as they looked into those of Mabel.

"This strange oppression is unworthy of me, I know," Mabel said. "I never felt this mood before, but I can no more shake it off than I can prevent the sky from bending above me."

Virginie smiled. "A premonition of illness," she said; "you will have a nervous headache to-morrow."

As the last word left her lips, a faint plash was heard in the direction of the rocks toward which they had been riding, and instantly followed the shrill piercing shriek of a woman.

"Let us go," Mabel said, and the two girls sped over the sands.

They rapidly neared the dark pile from whence they thought the sounds had come. Their horses stumbled now over the loose stones that began to be scattered over the beach. As they wound slowly and with difficulty over the rough way, a woman suddenly appeared on a point of rocks far above their heads. Her light garments looked white, her hands stretched toward them seemed pleading for help. Virginie could not repress a shudder, but Mabel was beyond shuddering—her nerves were steel, her heart numb within her. She checked her horse and cried to the woman to tell what had happened.

"St. Henry was going down the chasm after my veil, and—O, dear!"

The remainder was an inarticulate bewailing.

"And what?" cried Mabel, sternly.

"And he fell over the cliff!"

Mabel breathed a little more freely. "He can swim; he will swim round to the beach here," she said.

"He can't swim now," moaned the woman, "his head hit against a projecting corner, he was stunned—he is dead by this time."

Mabel turned toward Virginie. In those few words both had heard a doom of despair, for both loved the man who was gone.

"We went by a boat on the beach—I can row," Mabel said, and as she spoke she urged her fiery horse to a run. Virginie followed, her eyes fixed with painful intensity on the sheen the beacon cast on the water. She could not take her gaze from it—it magnetized her, yet she was not conscious that she looked at it.

Mabel reached the boat and leaped from her horse, in an instant Virginie was by her side—they dragged the little shallop down the beach to the water's edge. It would hold only two, but the sea was calm, and Mabel

would have ventured far more than she was doing now. She paused, and said:

"Can you row?"

"Not nearly as well as you." In that answer, Virginie renounced her hope of St. Henry's love—her right to love him if he were dead now.

"If you can," Mabel said, "it is as much your right to go as mine."

Virginie turned away her head.

"Go!" she said.

She watched Mabel's skiff as it glided out across the sheen of light and into the shadow of the rocks. She had not known before, that Mabel knew her heart so well. She had not known what were Mabel's thoughts of St. Henry. She sat down on the sand and waited for the return of the boat. The hours that glided by, were such that lived forever in her memory. She had never loved the sea-shore—ever after, it frightened and repulsed her, for it bore the ghost of these terrible hours.

Mabel rowed swiftly, the light skiff bounded and glided. She knew the shore perfectly—she knew that the ledge of rocks toward which she rowed, ran down perpendicularly into the sea, and that there was no danger that her boat would come in contact with them.

She felt a vague feeling of surprise that she was so calm. She gazed with steady eyes at the little strip of shadow where St. Henry had fallen—she was fast nearing it. She looked for that face floating silently on the dark waters. She thought of him as fainted, insensible, but she dared not think of him as dead.

Now she was in the shadow, the woman who had told her still haunted the rock, wild with apprehension that was almost despair. She had watched the boat through every inch of its progress. Now she shouted to Mabel, pointing to a shelf just below where she stood:

"It was from there that he fell; then he floated out toward the edge of the shade."

A few more minutes of search, and, close under the further point of rock, Mabel saw the gleam of an upturned face. She reached it and laying down her oars, she bent forward and raised the head. Blood oozed slowly from the side of his temple; his eyes were closed, his hair flowed wet and heavy. It seemed the face of the dead. She saw that she could not raise him into the skiff while she was in that position. She took her scarf from her neck and knotted it under his arms, then she rowed slowly to a little cove made

by the rock, where as the tide was going out, she knew her boat would get aground. There, she could get him into the boat without fear of upsetting it. Healthy and strong, thanks to her many years of country life, she succeeded in her efforts, and the pale, senseless man lay in the bottom of the boat. Carefully she pushed out into clear water again, she rowed slowly back to the beach where she had left Virginia. There were several people there now, and two men were hauling a boat down the sands. They came eagerly to the water's edge. Mabel silently gave up her charge. They lifted him to a carriage and carried him to the hotel, and Mabel and Virginia rode by the side of the carriage. It was a silent party that returned.

Mercifully God smiled upon Mabel, for John St. Henry lived. In the first return of consciousness, before he knew who had saved him, he sent for Mabel. His life seemed leaving him, so uncertain were the beats of that tired heart. She leaned over him, trembling with the re-action of her excitement.

"Grant me one favor," he said, "that if I die I may carry the remembrance of it with me. However I may have exaggerated your sentiments for me, you must know that I love you. Let me say it to you—I love you." His voice was faint, but still with a tinge of eagerness.

Mabel's face glowed, not with color, but with emotion. She murmured sweetly in his ear:

"Live, John. It is I who tell you so. Live for me."

Could he refuse to obey her?

CHECKING PERSPIRATION.

A merchant, in "lending a hand" on board of one of his ships on a windy day, found himself, at the end of an hour and a half, pretty well exhausted and perspiring freely. He sat down to rest. The cool wind from the sea was delightful, and, engaging in conversation, time passed faster than he was aware of. In attempting to rise he found he was unable to do so without assistance. He was taken home and put to bed, where he remained for two years; and for a long time afterwards could only hobble about with the aid of a crutch. Less exposures than this have, in constitutions not so vigorous, resulted in inflammation of the lungs, "pneumonia," ending in death in less than a week, or causing tedious rheumatisms, to be a source of torture for a lifetime. Multitudes of lives would be saved every year, and an incalculable amount of human suffering would be prevented, if parents would begin to explain to their children, at the age of three or four years, the danger which attends cooling off too quickly after exercise, and the importance of not standing still after exercise, or work, or play, or of remaining exposed to a wind, or of sitting at an open window or door, or of pulling off any garment, even the hat or bonnet, while in a heat. It should be remembered by all that a cold never comes without a cause, and that, in four times out of five, it is the result of leaving off exercise too suddenly, or of remaining still in the wind, or in a cooler atmosphere than that in which the exercise had been taken.

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

'Tis not in the ocean's briny deep,
Where mermaids' songs lull the waves asleep;
Not there, not there would I seek for my home,
To float o'er the bounding wavelets alone;
The waters would drink all the tears that I shed,
Then dance on their way as my bright hopes fled.

'Tis not in the forest, where pale flowers bloom,
Where tall trees tinge e'en sunlight with gloom;
'Twere better to float as the birds of the sea,
Than linger where sunlight had ceased to be;
For I know that my wayward heart would rebel,
If closed from the sunbeams it loves so well.

'Tis not near the fondly-loved home of my birth,
Though the spot seems fairer than any on earth;
There autumn's wind, with a plaintive sigh,
Bids the flowers that I cherish most to die!
My home is no castle in the air,
That rises high when the wind blows fair.

'Tis far beyond the star-gemmed sky,
A thin veil shrouds its charms from the eye;
Still angel forms are hovering near,
My saddest, loneliest hours to cheer!
O, when my longing spirit is free,
The home of my choice will be ready for me!

JULIA AND OLIVE:

—OR,—

FRANK'S EXPECTATIONS.

BY FREDERIC H. MARION.

THE fields were fallow in the November weather. The maple woods had been aflame with their autumn glow, but the late fall rains had seemed to beat out the fire; the woods and fields looked alike dingy and sodden to Frank Lushington, as he came "across lots" from the railroad station to his home. The wind was raw and chilly, and beat in gusts in his face, so that he involuntarily bent his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"How comfortable mother's sitting-room fire will be!" he muttered, as drops of rain began to fall.

At length he came in sight of the house—a stone cottage of chocolate brown, set in a little round valley, at the foot of a high, steep hill. The estate was green with Scotch firs, looking like an oasis in the surrounding stretch of desolate, desert grayness.

The sight accelerated his pace. His fur cap was pulled down to his eyes, and the collar of his coat turned up to his ears. He had a clumsy, muffled look, in spite of his energetic strides, as he came over the stubbled ground just below the garden. Suddenly looking up, he caught sight of a face at the parlor window. Instantly he desisted from his ungraceful haste, and approached the house in a more dignified manner. The face was very fair, and—Frank Lushington was young.

"Who can it be?" he muttered. "Mother must have company. What pink cheeks! and gold hair."

The next moment he saw his mother's face at the hall window. Bounding up the steps, he passed under the porch, cumbered with dry vines, and clasped his mother in his arms at the open door.

"My dear, dear boy! Why, how wet you are, Frank! Go and change your clothes immediately—I did not know that it rained—and then come into the parlor. I have company."

"Whom, mother?"

"Your Aunt Lucy, and two young ladies who are to spend the winter with her; very pretty young ladies, Frank—the Misses Rome."

Frank took the hall stairs at three leaps, bursting into his familiar old room, joyously. He had been absent from home seven months.

Half an hour later he entered the parlor. His aunt shook hands with him warmly, and introduced him to the young ladies. He sat down quietly, but his heart was in a tumult. He was in love with Julia Rome.

He had seen her twice before—first on commencement day at college, two years before—then she had thrown him a bouquet of amaryllis and roses. Later, at a concert in New York, where she had been pointed out to him as a beauty. In leaving the hall, he had stepped upon the hem of her dress, accidentally, and had begged pardon, and she had granted it, sweetly. She was absorbingly beautiful; he had dreamed of her face more than he knew, until she gave him her exquisite hand that day in his mother's parlor. Then he knew that he had been greatly in love with her for a long time, and was now more so than ever.

She sat upon a tabouret by the grate, her soft cheeks crimsoned by the warmth of the fire, her dark lashes cast down above some white meshed work she held in her delicate, sparkling hands, the skirt of her wine-dark cashmere dress lying in folds upon the fair Wilton carpet. Her sister sat by the window. She was younger and fairer, and it was her face which Frank had seen as he approached the house. They called her Olive.

Mrs. Lucy Rogers and the Misses Rome were to remain a week. Frank was bewildered. A week with Julia Rome in the parlor, hall, and garden; at table, and by the evening fireside! The thought was bliss. When he found an opportunity to talk with her, he found her low replies as charming as he might have expected such lips to utter. He dreamed of her eyes all night.

He arose the next morning with a sensation of irrepressible joy. His toilet was made in an obsolete state of mind—the finishing touches put on anxiously in sudden awakening to his presence in the flesh. He was pervaded by one acute idea—that Miss Julia

Rome was in the house. He finally rushed down to meet her.

She was in the breakfast room, attired in a charming wrapper of maroon thibet, her dark hair rolled back from her fair temples and fastened by a little golden comb. She was feeding the canary.

"Good morning," said she. "Your bird eats sugar very nicely."

"I should think he might, from your fingers," answered Frank, and forthwith plunged into his love-making. He was fully determined to win Julia Rome, or go out to the elms and hang himself. And Julia Rome—was of the race of sirens who tempted Ulysses's crew. Her voice drained his heart every time she spoke—the light of her eyes was like champagne in his brain. He was utterly bewitched and bewiled by her beauty, and upon the following day an opportunity to prove his devotion occurred.

The young folks went to drive that afternoon—Julia, in a captivating little plumed hat. Olive wore a hat, also, but to Frank it was noways so pretty, coquettish, and irresistibly charming as was the hat of Julia. Then she had a soft gray dress, full of magnetic thrills, and a dainty, tasselled, hooded cloak, of black velvet. Poor Frank!

There were four of them in the comfortable, old-fashioned carryall—Frank and Julia, Frank's cousin Will Gilman, and Olive.

By-and-by they came to a knoll, the side of which was excavated, and below the excavation, near a sheet of water, were some lovely blue flowers. Olive spied them first.

"O, Mr. Gilman!" she cried, "can't you get them?"

"I don't see how I can, without breaking my neck," observed Will, peering out of the side of the carriage down the embankment.

"They look like gentians," said Julia. "O, I wish I had them!"

Instantly Frank was out of the carriage, and over the edge of the steep. Involuntarily Julia uttered a little cry of alarm. This was fuel to his desire to serve her, and to prepossess her in his favor. Down the bank he went, springing headlong from one foothold to another, and preserving his balance by grasping the roots and shrubs which grew on the side of the hill. They watched him breathlessly. Down, down he went; the flowers were but a rod below him, when a bush to which he was clinging gave way, and with a convulsive motion to save himself, he went headlong down the bank into the water.

The girls uttered a chorus of shrieks, but instantly he was seen to strike out for the shore. He gained it. Dripping and bruised, he gathered the flowers, and came toiling up the path around the knoll to the carriage.

"Why did you do so?" asked Julia, with eloquent, reproachful sweetness, as she received them.

"They should be forget-me-nots," said Will, laughing.

Frank was wet and lame, but he rode home very happy. Julia had covertly put the flowers to her lips.

PART II.

The next day, Judge Lushington, Frank's uncle, came from Cairo. Of this uncle it was generally known that the young man had "great expectations." They were his only prospects, and of such magnitude that he had been bred to no profession, though four-and-twenty.

As yet Judge Lushington had seen but little of his deceased brother's son. He had come now to make a trial visit, as it was tacitly understood by Mrs. Lushington. Of course she was anxious that her son should please her wealthy brother-in-law, and Frank was, as certainly, desirous of doing so.

The next day after his arrival, he proceeded to Frank's chamber door, with the intention of testing his nephew's business capacity. The young man sprang up, tossed his cigar into the grate, threw open the window, and flung "Christie Johnstone" under the bed, before he opened the door.

"Frank," said the old gentleman, "are you at leisure?"

"Quite, sir."

"Then just cast up these accounts for me, and balance the books. It's about two hours' work, but it's a matter I can't trust to everybody, and you won't be sorry if you do it well."

"I will do it with pleasure," answered Frank, receiving two small ledgers. His uncle then retired.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when he set at his task. Julia had a headache, and had retired to her chamber, whereupon he had sought his. There was every prospect of his working contentedly until six o'clock, when he commenced.

But "manifest destiny" had decreed otherwise. He had run over but a few columns when there came a tap at his door. He rose and opened it. There stood Olive.

"Julia sent me for her *vinigrette*," said she, smiling. "She says you have it."

He blushed up to his eyes, and produced the silvered toy from a breast pocket. Olive went away. He worked steadily for ten minutes longer; then came the summons to tea. By this time it had got quite dark. He lighted a lamp, and leaving it upon the table, descended the stairs.

In the hall he met Julia, very pale and pretty. The reader will not be surprised to learn that he stopped to speak to her. She stood encircled by his arm, and her soft, white hand was growing very rosy beneath certain passionate kisses, when there was the sound of a door being suddenly burst open, followed by the smell of smoke, and a lusty cry of "fire," in the voice of Judge Lushington. Frank relinquished the willowy form, and sprang up the stairs. His table of books and papers was all ablaze, and the judge was emptying the contents of the wash pitcher upon it. Frank caught up the rug and flung over it, and in a moment the flames were extinguished.

"What does this mean? My ledgers, sir!" exclaimed Judge Lushington. "They are totally destroyed, and no proof to show for five thousand dollars! What have you to say, sir, to excuse such culpable carelessness as leaving a light among a table of papers. It's a trick you will never serve me again, young man! No, sir, *never*!" And the indignant gentleman stalked out of the room, past the distressed mother of poor Frank.

"Frank, Frank, what does it mean?" she cried. "How did it happen?"

"I suppose it *was* careless, mother. I left the lamp burning on the table, among the papers he gave me to work on. I suppose a spark fell among them."

"O, my son, your prospects are ruined!"

Poor Frank turned ruefully away to meet Julia Rome's attentive face. All the household were gathered at the door.

The next morning Judge Lushington took himself off, in forbidding silence. His sister-in-law had tried to palliate the matter, but he turned upon her in indignation.

"Straws show which way the wind blows, madam! If your son had had *any* caution or judgment, the accident would not have happened. A young man of his stamp will never be of any use to me, and I may add that I shall be of no use to him. Good morning, Mrs. Lushington?"

So Frank lost his "great expectations."

It was a serious matter. Even the smiles of Julia Rome could not atone for the loss of a hundred thousand dollar fortune, and if Frank had not been very much affected by the catastrophe, he would have perceived that the smiles were fewer and less gracious. But the week of the visitors' stay had already gone, and they were preparing to return to New York. This circumstance startled Frank. He went to find Julia when he heard of it. She was alone in the parlor.

"They say you are going away, to-morrow," said he, taking an ottoman at her feet.

"Yes, we go to-morrow," she answered, regally tossing back her curls.

"Will you promise me something before you go?"

"What, pray?"

"To wear this," taking a ring from his finger.

"Mr. Lushington," said she, haughtily, "you surprise me, greatly. Is it possible you have misunderstood my little flirtation?"

"Flirtation?" flashed forth Frank, springing to his feet.

"You surely thought my words and ways meant nothing else?" she asked, with well-affected astonishment.

"I thought, in error, that you had a heart!" he exclaimed, bitterly.

"I have none for you, at least," she replied, as stingingly, turning haughtily away from him. He stood trembling with silent passion for a moment—then turned and left the room.

It took him all the dark, lonely, harassing night to comprehend Julia Rome's utter hollowness. She had thought him his uncle's heir when she encouraged him. Now she boldly sustained her perjury as a flirtation. She was utterly false and bad.

It was a bitter, dismal time to Frank. He had never known extreme happiness or extreme misery until within the past fortnight, and his experience was sharp. In fact, it was the crisis of his life, proving the stuff of which he was made; but that he did not realize for long years afterwards.

PART III.

A very comfortable lawyer's office. Close shutters somewhat barred out the sound of the pelting rain, and the atmosphere and appearance of the place was very cosy. There were maps, pictures, desks, tables, covered with green baize, leather-seated arm-chairs and stools. With one exception, the seats

were unoccupied. This exception was Frank Lushington, owner of the office, who sat near the register, under the gaslight, his leg flung over the arm of his chair, and a heavy folio open upon his knee.

He was engaged in assuring himself of evidence upon several nice points of a criminal case he was engaged to plead. It was after office hours; his clerks were dismissed, but he still lingered; he was intently engaged. There came a light rap at the door.

"Come in!" he called, raising his head.

The command was not immediately obeyed, and as he waited an instant, in expectation, the gaslight shone full in his face.

He was nearly thirty years old, and his face had lost its boyish bloom which made him so handsome in Julia Rome's eyes; but there was something in that face far better than bloom. It was lofty and resolute. One might travel many days and not find so firm and pure a face. The eyes told experience and judgment—they were singularly comprehensive; and the thin cheek spoke of toil; but there was peace in the expression of the mobile, firmly-closed mouth. The countenance was strikingly reliable.

"Come in!" he called again.

The door opened slowly, and a slender, female figure appeared. The lady was dressed in black, and threw up her veil, disclosing a very fair and beautiful face. She might have been twenty years old. Frank Lushington arose instantly.

"This is a lawyer's office?" said the young lady.

"It is. Will you be seated, madam?"

Lushington wheeled forward a chair. She leaned her hand upon it, but remained standing.

"I merely wish to make a request. Have you copying to be done?"

"Some. I have a clerk for that purpose."

"And he requires no assistance? I beg pardon; I want such work to do."

There was something in her manner which interested Lushington.

"I do not know," he began, slowly. "Are you accustomed to writing?"

"Tolerably."

"Will you let me see your penmanship?" and he pushed writing materials towards her, upon the table. She rapidly wrote a few lines, copying from a book which lay open, and signed her name: Olive Rome.

Lushington changed color as he read it. Evidently she did not recognize him. He re-

sumed his questioning—more interested than ever.

"Do you wish to take the work home, or do it at the office?"

"As is most convenient for my employer."

The prompt answers, the youthful, sweet face, the mourning garments, wet with rain, were having a powerful effect upon Lushington. He meant to give her work, if he hired the copying for her to do. He was uneasy that she did not know him, yet he felt as if he might distress her, if he made himself known. Olive Rome looking for work on a stormy winter evening! Why, she had been reared more delicately than he himself had been. What did it mean? The child! what slight, white hands she had! ungloved, too! And the black bonnet, and the gold hair, all put back out of its curl. Yet what frank, resolute eyes!

"If you will give me your address," said he, "I will determine, and let you know tomorrow."

She wrote below the name an obscure street, some two miles distant; with the number of the house. Then Lushington gave her the office card—"Lushington and Reynolds," and she read it attentively, but with no expression of recognition. Finally she went out.

Frank Lushington instantly threw on his water-proof cloak, and followed her. She was barely in sight when he passed out at the street door. It rained, and she had no umbrella. It was shocking; she had two miles to walk. A hundred impulses seized upon him—to call a hack for her, to give her some car tickets, to stop her until he could get an umbrella; to take her up in his arms and carry her, was his last thought, as he saw how tiny she was in the crowd. Yet her little, fleet footsteps drew him on, without his stopping or overtaking her. On, on she went, under the pelting rain, and he followed after.

The crowd grew thinner, the street grew wider. They had walked a mile, when suddenly he saw her slip on the muddy pavement, and fall. Instantly he was beside her, and had lifted her from the ground.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, and was immediately reminded of his strange position by her startled glance at his face. He knew that he must make himself known.

"I am Frank Lushington," he said. "Don't you know me? Five years ago you visited at my mother's home, at Bloomingdale, with your sister. Don't you recollect?"

"Yes," she said, slowly, after a moment.

"I beg your pardon, but I followed you to-night, in fear that something might happen to you—it is such a long, lonely walk. Will you allow me to accompany you now—and will you take my arm?"

After a moment's hesitation she took his arm; he saw she was wet from head to foot.

"It rains so," said he, hesitating. "Will you not take a car?"

"No. It is not much further," she replied. "My clothes are too wet to enter a car."

He said no more. It was his own choice that he shared that uncomfortable walk. Yet, somehow, he did not realize that it was so very disagreeable. He could just see the fair, lovely face by the murky light. At last they stopped before the door of a tenement in a brick block.

"Here is my home," said she, stepping into the doorway. "I am sorry you should come so far in the rain."

"It is as far for you."

"But I was obliged to come. You must pardon me, that I cannot ask you in to warm yourself, before you return; but my mother did not know that I came out in the storm. She is sick, and I left her asleep. I must go in unknown to her. You understand? You will excuse me? I thank you with all my heart, for your kindness!"

Lushington's heart swelled. He took her hand. She was shivering, but the little hand was burning hot, and he thought she cringed as he pressed it.

"Your hand is burning. Child, you will have a fever!"

"It is only the pain," she answered. "I think I sprained it when I fell. It is very painful."

She opened the door.

"Good night; and thank you again."

"Good night," he answered, reluctantly. "How dreadful!" he murmured, as he walked back to his office. "That delicate child! Heavens! is there no one to keep her from such situations?" For he had delicately refrained from questioning her regarding her circumstances. They were too evidently a painful subject.

The next forenoon he returned and knocked at the door. Olive Rome opened it.

"Please come in," she said.

He entered a sort of living-room, carpeted, neat, but sparsely furnished. A very sweet-faced old lady sat in a rocker before the fire. Olive had apparently risen from some sewing work by the window, but she evidently could have been doing nothing but directing a little girl who sat there, for her hand was bandaged in a handkerchief. He had come to engage her services at copying, and to explain the terms, he said; but as he sat by the window with Olive, talking in a low tone, and the old lady was engrossed by the child, Olive suddenly started and blushed, as if the terms were somehow unexpected.

Well, it turned out that Julia had married a dissolute *roue*, and died in Paris, sending her child home to be taken care of—soon after which the family became very poor. The mother fell ill, and Olive was the only dependence. She had suffered everything, but was yet brave and cheerful. Deliverance came at last, when she married Frank Lushington, a month after their meeting. It was very sudden, but Frank's face was his security. They were very happy.

TO SEA AGAIN.

BY J. F. BRUNE.

Off once more, off once more,
O'er the briny sea;
Though cherished friends we leave on shore
The ocean wave for me.
However hard it is to part,
The joy to meet again—
Although the bitter tear may start—
Repays for all the pain.

Joy to me, joy to me,
To hoist the snowy sail,
And o'er the surging billows free,
To breast the rising gale.

If but our ship is staunch and trim,
Our hearts but true and brave,
And hope and faith are strong within,
God's hand is there to save.

Flowing breeze, freshening wind,
Waft us o'er the main!
Although we leave dear friends behind,
We'll soon be back again,
To fondly meet and kindly greet—
Then off once more to roam;
Until this heart shall cease to beat,
The ocean is my home.

THE OUTLAW AND THE GENERAL.

A ROMANTIC TALE OF SPAIN.

BY WALTER CHURCHER.

It was a wild scene in the depths of the Pyrenees, where the foot of man had seldom trod. Tremendous crags, and overhanging rocks, bearing aloft from their flinty and almost soilless backs a sickly and stunted shrubbery; huge ravines, in whose gloomy and frightful recesses the searching rays of the mid-day sun had never penetrated, and still loftier peaks whose hoary brows wore crowns on which the hand of eternal Winter had set his gleaming seal, all bespoke it a spot where the genius of desolation had made his home, and reigned supreme, the lord of all.

The thunder peals among the mountain peaks, the winds howl through the dark ravines and passes, the rain falls in drenching torrents, and the forked lightnings gleam through the blackness of the midnight sky. The storm king has mustered all his legions, and with night-black pinions has descended amid the wild scenery of the Pyrenees! Look! As the lightning's rays gleam on the rocks and horrid crags, the mouth of a cavern is discerned yawning like the maw of some terrible monster eager to devour mankind! Look again. In the entrance of that fearful cavern, stands the figure of a man of Herculean proportions, who gazes out into the storm with an angry frown upon his brow, and as the red lightnings gleam for a moment with an infernal glare upon his features, and reveal their outlines, and then leave them again in pitchy darkness, one well might deem him the weird spirit of the mountains, or the demon of the howling tempest, who held the whirlwinds in his grasp.

His dress is the wild but picturesque garb of a bandit, a loose frock and trousers of fine black silk velvet studded profusely with golden ornaments, and worn with a reckless ease and nonchalance betokening the character and occupation of the wearer. Upon his head is set a black cloth cap, surmounted by a white ostrich plume, which droops gracefully below his shoulders, and on his feet are heavy sandals strapped with thongs of gilded leather.

"This is a fearful night," muttered the huge

brigand, as he gazed with a look of impatience out into the driving night storm, and the blinding flashes of lightning every now and then glared upon his face. "I fear much that Lorenzo will not accomplish the task he was sent to perform. And yet, I have calculated much upon his success. My spy could not have been mistaken when he informed me that the man I so much want was about starting on a journey, and that his route would lead him in the immediate neighborhood of these mountains. Could I but once get him in my power, I would take a terrible vengeance upon him. As it is, I suppose the storm will delay him upon the road, and that Lorenzo will return as empty-handed as he went. I'll away, and trust to time."

And the gigantic bandit slowly retreated within the cavern, whither we will follow him, and watch his movements. It was a huge cave, penetrating to a great distance into the bowels of the Pyrenees, and ended in a large castle built of flinty granite, and displaying considerable skill in architectural embellishments. This castle was a complete subterranean fortress, and from many an open port hole protruded the frowning muzzles of ponderous cannon, completely commanding the entrance of the cavern, like the guns at the point of a barricade commanding the entire street in which they are planted. The entrance to this cavern was hidden at will by a huge door painted in such a manner as to exactly resemble a vast rock, and would be likely to deceive the eye of the casual passer-by, and unless it were closely examined it would have been extremely difficult to have told it from the jagged crags by which it was surrounded. Above this large door or gate, which was always kept barred by immense bolts of iron, a tremendous gong was suspended, attached to which was a cord, leading to a secret place unknown to every one save those of the fraternity, and when any of the brotherhood desired to enter they had but to pull the rope, when instantly the great gong sounded with almost deafening reverberations, and the gate was at once opened by one of the brigands stationed there for that purpose.

Slowly did the bandit, who has already been introduced to the reader, stalk along the cavern until he came to the doorway of the subterranean castle, when pulling a bell knob, a bell was heard within, and in an instant the door flew open, and the brigand entered.

It was a room of immense dimensions, displaying architectural skill to a great degree. Large columns of the Doric order supported a lofty roof inlaid with glittering ornaments representing scenes of daring emblematic of the brigand's pursuit, and in fixed racks on each of the walls of the vast and splendid apartment, were arranged weapons of almost every kind, and kept as bright as burnished silver. Through the centre of the room ran a long table of mahogany, and on this occasion it was loaded with every delicacy which might tend to gratify the palate of an epicure, or reconcile a rude outlaw to the life of crime. From many a crystal goblet glittered the rosy wine, and in many a huge dish was piled the flesh of the mountain deer, and the fruits of a sunnier clime.

But, seated at that sumptuous board, were a band of rude outlaws, who but little compared with the luxury by which they were surrounded. Some two or three hundred bronzed and toughened mountain robbers, hardened by a life of danger, toil and crime, each wearing upon his rugged features a mirror of the evil passions that lurked within his heart below, were ranged in long rows the whole length of the polished table, carousing, and enjoying the intervals of leisure from a more dangerous and active pursuit, in gormandizing, and relating stories of by-gone days. They were dressed in garments similar in appearance to those worn by their leader, who has already been described, but of a coarser material, and the white ostrich plume which depended from the cap of the chief, was wanting in those of his followers, for that was an insignia of command.

"Come, Fernando," cried a fierce and rugged member of the band to a youthful looking brother seated at the lower end of the table, "give us a song, my boy! The storm is raging without, why shouldn't we be merry within?"

"Well, what shall it be?" inquired the other, in a voice as low and soft as that of a woman.

"O, anything to drive along the cursed weary hours. Suppose you give us the Andalusian Lady?"

"Yes, let's hear the Andalusian Lady," said

the gigantic leader of the band, coming forward and planting himself in negligent attitude, with his arms thrust up to the elbow in the pockets of his outside garments; "let's hear the song, and give it to us in a high key too, so that we may not hear the tempest's notes, which is so wont to make us gloomy."

The youthful bandit, in obedience to the command of his chief, stepped to the wall of the apartment against which hung his guitar, and having tuned it, he played a soft and gentle prelude, and then in plaintive tones broke into the following song:

Comrades listen—near Gibraltar

Dwelt an Andalusian maid—

Fair was she in form and feature,

As the flowers mid which she played;

Gentle was the lady Inez

As the fawn in meadow green,

And her smile was full of gladness,

And her cheeks were red I ween.

But the temper came and caught her,

Stole her gentle heart away;

And the gorgeous hopes he brought her,

Soon were doomed to know decay.

Now she roams in gloom and sadness,

On her brow is seen a shade;

Gone is peace, and hope and gladness,

From the Andalusian maid.

Crash! a reverberating din resounds through the immense cavern, and the song is interrupted, for the brigands all rise to their feet and listen. Again the crash!

"'Tis but the old gong at the gateway," said the chief. "Lorenzo has probably returned, and is seeking an entrance. Go, some of you, and open the gate, but be careful and guard the entrance well, until you are satisfied that it is not an enemy that seeks admittance."

Forty or fifty of the bandits at once took their departure, to execute the will of their leader, and in a short time the huge gate was thrown open, and after a little reconnoitering those outside were permitted to enter.

They proved to be a strong body of the fraternity who had been absent upon an expedition, and had just returned, bearing with them two prisoners. They were all drenched to the skin by the storm which had been descending in all fury for several hours, and their leader looked as though he had seen hard service.

"Well, Lorenzo," said the chief, coming to meet the party, "I had begun to despair of your return, and to fear that something had befallen you. Where have you been?"

"Why, you see, Velasca, I was overtaken by the storm, and lost myself in the fastnesses of the mountains. But I have come out all right at last, and what is more, I have brought you a couple of birds here for your cage that I think will please you. Look at them, and tell me what you think of them."

The brigand chief did look, and well he might look, for two more distinguished looking prisoners had never fallen into his power. The one was a young man, who, to judge from his appearance, could not have seen more than five-and-thirty years, and who bore upon his features the unmistakable stamp of gentility and noble birth. His garments, though drenched and completely saturated by the storm, were of the finest material, and fitted his well moulded form with elegance and neatness, and by his side he bore a Toledo rapier of exquisite polish and finish, while upon the fore finger of his left hand glittered a large signet ring, which, however, he seemed anxious to conceal from the prying eyes of the bandits. The other was a young girl, very beautiful, and dressed in rich garments, indicating that she belonged at least to a wealthy family, and that by some strange vicissitude of fortune she had been thrown into the power of the brigands. Still her full black eyes did not quail before the stern glances that were bent upon her; and as the chief addressed her, and informed her that she was to be immured in a prison until it suited his will and pleasure to set her free, she did not shrink trembling away, but bore herself with dignity.

By the order of Velasca, the two prisoners were placed in separate cells, but adjoining each other, and having been locked in, they were left to their own reflections.

No sooner was the door of her prison closed upon her, than the young girl whom we shall call Evadne, took from her pocket a vial containing a quantity of nitric acid, and at once applied some of the liquid to the iron clasp in which the bolt of the lock went, and had the satisfaction in a short time of beholding it crumbling away before the powerful influence of the acid, and leaving the door in such a condition that it could be readily opened when occasion required.

"How fortunate," cried she, as she drew the door slightly ajar, and peeped out into the vast banqueting hall, which was now deserted, the bandits having retired to a drunken and unbroken slumber; "how fortunate that I happened to have this little vial with me when captured by the ruffian! If I mistake not, it

will now be the means of restoring me to freedom. But what will my freedom avail me, if I leave behind me my fellow-prisoner? I cannot leave him here to perish, for I cannot help thinking he is a man of much consequence; at any rate, I am determined to save him if I can."

Noiseless as a spectre did the young maiden steal from her prison, and grope her way along the deserted apartment towards the door through a crevice of which she caught the glimmering of a taper. This light came from the room of the brigand chieftain, Velasca, who was closeted with Lorenzo, his second in command, busily engaged in discussing some topic of no little interest, to judge from the tone of their voices. The young and beautiful Evadne drew near the door, which was unwittingly left a little ajar, and listened most intently, for she could not but think that she should hear something of real interest to herself; nor was she disappointed.

"I am very glad, Lorenzo, that you succeeded in capturing him," said the chief, in a low tone, but which, nevertheless, came to the ear of Evadne. "I have a *particular* reason for wishing to despatch him, and before to-morrow morning he must be among the dead. When the storm sprung up just at sundown, I began to fear that it might delay him at some one of the inns upon the route, but I suppose that he was in haste to reach the frontier, and so rushed on to his destruction.

"I'll tell you what it is, Lorenzo, no sooner is he out of the way, than a most brilliant fate is before me."

"I cannot imagine what it is."

"You'll find that out in due season. But tell me, how came you in possession of that beautiful girl? I wish to know all the particulars of your expedition."

"That I can soon tell you. In the first place, in obedience of your orders, I took my party to a wood through which the road to Benevento wound, and having secreted them behind the trees, I waited with the most exemplary patience for the arrival of the carriage containing the man you were so anxious to secure. Just at sunset the storm came down in all its terror, and I began to despair of success; but after waiting two hours, and being thoroughly drenched with the rain, I saw a coach approaching, and rushing out with my hardy band, I had the satisfaction of capturing everybody in it. It turned out to be the mail coach, and in it, to my great joy, I recognized the person you

were so desirous to capture. I knew him by the description you gave me, and at once secured him."

"Good. I cannot tell you now *why* I wished to secure him, but you shall know anon. Be sure I had good reasons. But how did you dispose of the other passengers in the coach?"

"Killed them—every mother's son of them, except the lady I brought hither. I thought perhaps you might like her society."

"You did rightly, Lorenzo. I want a wife, and have wanted one for a long time. She is lovely as an houri, and will exactly answer my purpose. I shall marry her, despite any opposition on her part. In the meantime, Lorenzo, you must, towards morning, when the prisoner is asleep, proceed to his cell, and stab him to the heart. You shall have your reward for so doing."

"Enough, Velasca, it shall be done."

"Don't be too sure," murmured the young girl, who had been listening to the discourse of the two villains. "Perhaps there may a way be found to thwart you in your fell designs."

Noiselessly, the sweet Evadne stole back to her prison, and soon after proceeded to the door of the stranger's cell, and applying the nitric acid to the bolts of the locks, in a brief space of time they were completely eaten off; and opening the heavy door, the young girl, like an angel of mercy, entered the apartment of her companion in misery. He slept upon a couch in one corner of the rugged apartment, dreaming perhaps of happier days. A swinging lamp above his head cast a glimmering and feeble light upon the face of the sleeper, which displayed the classic beauty and regularity of the features which now were pale and wan. Evadne proceeded to the couch, and shaking his arm, awakened him from his slumbers. Starting up, the stranger, instead of beholding the bronzed features of a bandit, was surprised to see the face of his fellow-traveller and prisoner bending over him with a look of sorrow and compassion upon her beauteous features.

"How came you here, to-day?" inquired the prisoner, regarding Evadne with a fixed and admiring gaze. "Methought you were borne to another cell. Was it not so?"

"It was. I was confined in the cell adjoining this, but I found means to escape, and have come to liberate you."

"Astonishing. How did all this happen?"

"I will quickly inform you. I am a teacher in one of the public schools at Valambrosa,

and had been on a visit to my friends in Cadiz. Having frequent use for nitric acid in making chemical experiments before my scholars, I had purchased a small bottle at an apothecary's in Cadiz, and as my good fortune would have it, I chanced to have the vial in my pocket at the time of our capture. With the acid I eat off the bolts of the locks, and you see me now before you."

"You are an angel of goodness and—"

"Come, come," said Evadne, playfully, placing her little white hand over the mouth of her fellow-prisoner. "I cannot listen to you now. Time wears apace, and I have overheard a plot for your murder. You must fly with the speed of the wind. I have opened the door of your prison—now you must show your gratitude by taking your departure instantly."

"I cannot go without you."

"You can, and must. I should only impede your progress, and perhaps be the means of your recapture. You must not be encumbered by any one. It is *your* life they seek, not *mine*. Leave me here; I have but little to fear. They will not harm me!"

The young man urged her in vain to accompany him in his flight; she was firm in her resolve, and told him she would not endanger his safety. Finding all entreaties were lost upon her, he at length took the signet ring from his finger, and placing it upon her hand, said:

"Take this as an earnest of my regard for you. As you will not fly with me, I must needs depart alone, but I will soon send a force hither to rescue you. When once again free, you shall know more of me, and you shall then be convinced of my gratitude. Adieu, and may all good angels guard and protect you!"

The prisoner quickly left the presence of his benefactress, and taking his way to the doors of the underground castle, drew the bolts, and was soon lost in the darkness and silence of the mountain gorges.

It was towards morning, when stealthily as a cat, Lorenzo crept to the door of the prisoner in order to assassinate him, but found him gone! His surprise was of course great, but it was not long ere he had ascertained the reason for his absence, and quickly communicated the whole matter to Velasca, the brigand chief. Words cannot paint the wrath of the outlaw, when he found that his prisoner had escaped. He raved like a madman, swore to destroy the life of every prisoner who might afterwards fall into his power, and finally end

ed by commanding that the girl should be brought before him. This was quickly done, when bending upon her a stern glance, and with a scowl upon his brow, he cried:

"Where is the young man who was captured with you last evening at the base of the mountain?"

"I know not where he is now. All I can say is that I liberated him, and I suppose that long before this he is far beyond the reach of your power."

"I will pay you for this, minx!" howled the brigand, almost hoarse with rage. "I'll give you cause to remember me, or my name is not Velasca. I had intended to have made you my bride, but this last act of yours has turned my passion to hatred. You shall die the painful death of the rack. Take her away, Lorenzo, to another dungeon—search her well and see that she has nothing about her by which she can make her escape. I will give her one week; at the end of that time she dies—there is no hope for her!"

Evadne was quickly removed to a dark and strong cell, her bottle of nitric acid was taken from her, and she was left in solitude and silence to reflect upon the desperate situation in which she was placed. Still the promise of the young man to send a force to release her flitted through her mind, and she did not give way to despair.

Days rolled away. The bandits had gone upon an expedition, and had left their cavern with but few to defend it. In the depths of her iron bound cell, the gentle Evadne pined, and hope had almost deserted her bosom. Velasca was determined to break her upon the rack at the expiration of the week, and the maiden felt assured from his manner that no promptings of pity would induce him to alter his stern resolve. She believed his determination to be inflexible, and in this she was not mistaken. Velasca was a stern, cold man, with a flinty heart within his bosom, which could not feel for the woes of others, and he was resolved to take a terrible vengeance upon Evadne, because she had assisted her fellow-prisoner to escape.

The week at length wore heavily away, and grayly dawned the morning that was to witness the death of the gentle Evadne. At nine o'clock the young girl was led from her cell by a band of the brigands, headed by the chief in person, Lorenzo being absent with the expedition, and was conveyed to the wheel, an instrument of torture on which her limbs were to be broken. She was quickly lashed to the

grim implement of destruction, and the preparations being completed, Velasca thus addressed her:

"I told you that I should destroy you for liberating the prisoner whom I had taken such efforts to secure, and whom I was so anxious to retain. I shall now fulfil my promise, and you are to die!"

We have before stated that the greater portion of the fraternity were away upon an expedition, and that the cavern was defended by a few men who were left behind for that purpose, together with the chief who seldom took command of a foray in person, but remained behind to plot for, and lay out work for the rest. In this instance but twelve men were left with him, and these were now assembled to carry into execution the orders of their chief. Four of the brigands had stationed themselves at the wheel, awaiting the signal from Velasca to commence the work of death, when all at once a crash was heard at the entrance of the cavern, and quick as thought the huge gate was burst open, and a large band of men in the uniform of Spanish soldiers, and headed by the prisoner who had been liberated by Evadne, and who was now in the undress of a general, came rushing in, and made a violent onslaught upon the bandits, who cowered away before the soldiers without striking a blow in their own defence.

They were all quickly cut to pieces by the swords of the troops with the single exception of Velasca who was captured and placed in heavy manacles. Evadne was released from the wheel, and at once rushed into the arms of her deliverer, not a little surprised to find him so changed in his habiliments. She had little suspected the profession of the man she had saved from certain death, and was astonished when she ascertained that he was one of the most distinguished military commanders in all Spain. He had been in the habit of travelling about the country when off duty in stage coaches, and always upon such occasions being dressed in plain clothes, his rank had not been suspected.

General Hernandez, for it was he, having caused all the recesses of the cavern to be searched in order to be certain that none of the brigands had escaped, and were hidden away, ordered that Velasca should be brought before him, as he wished to have some conversation with him. Accordingly, the sullen brigand chieftain was quickly taken from the cell in which, immediately after his capture, he had been locked for safe keeping, and was

placed before the famous Spanish general. For a few moments the latter regarded the bandit with a grave sternness without speaking, but the eyes of the brigand did not sink before the scrutinizing gaze to which he was subjected. Sullenly, he stood with his manacled hands cast down before him, and with a strong guard of soldiers surrounding him, and seemed like some caged tiger eager to spring upon his foes.

"So, Alanta, you are in my power at last," said the general. "I suppose you thought I would not recognize you through the disguise you have assumed. I know you well, however, as you shall soon learn. You were my servant once, and being detected in stealing my property, were punished. The night following, you absconded from my service, taking with you a valuable gold watch and diamond bosom pin, and proceeding to the mountains, you leagued yourself with a band of robbers and became their leader. You have been for years watching my movements, and endeavoring to obtain possession of my person, in order to gratify your malice. How well you succeeded we both know, and how I escaped from your power, through the noble and womanly devotion of this young lady here, you must be well aware. Now, Alanta, for I still choose to call you by the name you bore when you were innocent of crime, I am going to have you shot; not to gratify my own feelings for revenge, but in order that the world may be free from a miscreant whose horrible deeds have disgraced humanity." Then turning to the soldiers, who guarded the brigand, he said, "Take him into another apartment—tie him up and shoot him. Away with him!"

Velasca was at once seized upon, and notwithstanding that his hands were manacled, he made desperate efforts to escape. But it was all in vain. Overpowered by numbers, he was quickly borne to the main hall, or banquetting room of the bandit's castle, and tied to a large ringbolt made fast in the rugged wall.

"Shoot me if you will," howled the terrible ruffian, glaring upon the troops with looks almost demoniac. "You have me in your power now, but if I cannot obtain revenge in any other way, my ghost shall haunt ye till your dying day! I'll drive ye all mad with fear. I'll—"

Crack, crack, crack! went the report of a dozen muskets in rapid succession, cutting short the speech of the brigand, who, uttering

a loud yell, sprung up into the air as far as his cords would permit, and then slowly sinking down upon the stone floor in a pool of his own blood, which oozed from his side and breast; the terrible chieftain breathed his last, while his eyes, as they closed in death, still glared with savage hate upon the soldiery.

No sooner was the death of the brigand accomplished, than General Hernandez ordered that the underground castle should be ransacked, and every article of value packed up in readiness to be taken away. The slain bandits were then collected together and thrown in a pile, four or five barrels of powder placed in the centre of the banquetting hall, and the soldiers having laid a train, communicating with the barrels to the entrance of the cave, retreated, and awaited the orders of the general to apply the match. Hernandez took the hand of Evadne and led her from the cavern, and having placed her beyond the reach of danger, gave the order to fire the train. It was instantly done. Tongue cannot relate, nor pen describe, the awful explosion that followed. It seemed as if an earthquake was about to rend the mountain asunder; immense rocks were thrown with the velocity of a shot from the cannon's mouth through the smoky air, and then all was silent save the reverberating echoes among the mountain peaks.

His story is now quickly told. General Hernandez having effected his object, and completely destroyed the stronghold of the bandits, together with their chief, pursued his way to his head quarters, accompanied by Evadne, who had now become essential to his happiness. Not long after his arrival at Toledo, he made a tender of his heart and hand to the maiden who had preserved his life, and was not doomed to the mortification of a denial. Evadne blushingly acknowledged that she had felt an interest in the stranger from the first, which had not been decreased by after events, and that if she could soothe the future life of one who had been her fellow-prisoner, she was ready to undertake the task. To this the delighted general replied, that he had loved her most sincerely from the first glance that he had of her features, and that henceforth he would be to her a kind protector. A few days after, the marriage was consummated at Toledo, all the *elite* of the city being present upon the occasion. The loving pair never regretted, to the last day of their lives, having been in the power of the BANDIT OF THE PYRENEES.

The Florist.

The Blue African Lily

This is a noble plant, with a bulbous root, somewhat resembling that of a lark; and it retains its leaves all the winter. There is a variety with striped leaves.

A. albidus has white flowers, but it does not differ from the common kind in any other respect. The African lilies all require a loamy soil, enriched with very rotten manure from an old hotbed loosely shaken down in the pot, but not pressed; and they should be fully exposed to the light. They should also have plenty of water when they are in a growing state; and they should be shifted repeatedly into larger and larger pots, each only a little larger than the preceding one, taking off the offsets every time, if any should be found, till the flower-buds are formed. The plants are always very large before they flower; and when the flower-buds form, they should be in a large pot, so that the roots may have plenty of room; and they should be abundantly supplied with water, taking care, however, not to let any remain in a stagnant state about the roots. Thus treated, and kept in a greenhouse or living-room, or under a veranda, this plant will frequently send up a flower-stalk above three feet high, crowned with twenty or thirty heads of flowers, which will come into blossom in succession. When in flower, it may be placed in the open air, and forms a noble ornament to an architectural terrace, or a fine object on a lawn. If the *Agapanthus* is wanted to flower when of a comparatively small size, it should not be so often shifted; and when it is, the pots need not be so nearly of a size; once shifting in the spring will, indeed, be enough; and if the roots are so large as to require a pot of inconvenient size (for the roots must have plenty of room), the bulb may be divided, and the strongest of the fibrous roots cut off, without injuring the plant, or preventing it from flowering.

Acacia.

Most persons understand by the word *acacia*, tall trees with pea-flowers, which are natives of North America, and quite hardy in the open air in England. These trees, however, are the locust trees, or false acacias, and belong to the genus *robinia*. The true acacias are what are called the wattle trees in Australia, with flowers like balls or spikes of down; and as they require protection from the frost in England, they are generally treated in this country as greenhouse shrubs. Above three hundred species have been introduced; but only about thirty are in cultivation in British nurseries, and nearly all these have been figured in the botanical periodicals. By far the greater part of the acacias grown in England are natives of New Holland, and most of these are nearly hardy; but some are from the East Indies and Arabia, and most of these require a stove. Nearly all the kinds are evergreen; and the Australian species are very valuable in greenhouses, because they are in flower during winter. In the open ground they flower in March, April, May and June.

All kinds of *acacia* require to be grown in sandy loam, or in a mixture of sand, peat and leaf-mould,

well drained. They are generally propagated by imported seeds (though some of the species have ripened seed in this country); and the seeds are two and even three years in the ground before they come up. To hasten their vegetation, they may be steeped in very hot water, and left in the water for several days, or in oxalic acid and water, and sometimes even boiled for a minute or two, or a little bit may be cut or scraped off just at the scar on the seed; and when prepared by any of these modes, they will generally come up in about a week or fortnight. Acacias may also be propagated by cuttings; but these are rather difficult to strike. they should be put into a pot filled with sand, covered with a glass, and into a hotbed.

The Cactus.

The very remarkable succulent plants, arranged by Linnaeus under the name of cactus, have been distributed by modern botanists over numerous genera, which they are still continually changing and re-arranging. At first a few plants were left in the genus cactus, but now that genus is annihilated, and seven or eight new genera substituted for it; still, all the plants that once composed it, and the new ones of the same nature that collectors are continually sending home, are known by the general name of cacti.

In the time of Linnaeus, very few cacti were known; and even in the year 1807, Persoon enumerated only thirty-two, but now above five hundred living species are to be found in a single collection; and numbers of new species are being sent home by collectors every year. These new species are chiefly found in the tropical regions of America, but they extend over 75 degrees of latitude, some being found near the boundary of the United States, and some near the town of Concepcion in Chili. By far the greater number, however, grow in the dry burning plains of Mexico and Brazil, where they are subjected to the alternate seasons of extreme moisture and extreme drought. In these arid plains, where all nature seems parched up for six months in every year, the cacti have been mercifully provided to serve as reservoirs of moisture; and not only the natives, by wounding the fleshy stems with their long forest knives, supply themselves with a cool and refreshing juice, but even the cattle contrive to break through the skin, and suck the juice they contain.

Amaranthus.

This extensive genus of annuals, chiefly natives of warm climates, will generally flower in the open air in this country, if sown in February on a hotbed, and planted out in May. The most common species are the Prince's Feather, and Love-Dies-Bleeding, both old inhabitants of flower gardens, and of the easiest culture. The Tricolor is a greenhouse annual, chiefly remarkable for the red and white blotches in the centre of its leaves. The leaves of all the species may be used as spinach, and they are so employed in China. Digitized by Google

The Housewife.

Frozen Pudding.

Fill the mould with different kinds of sweetmeats; you can place them to form any figure you please. Whip to a strong froth as much cream, with a little sugar and flavoring of any kind, as will fill your mould; turn into the mould a teacup of brandy; fill it with the cream; put it into a cream-freezing tub, with plenty of salt and ice; let it remain six or eight hours. This is very nice for the supper-table.

Pancake with Fruit.

Take four eggs, a cup of cream, or rich milk, and flour enough to make rather a thin batter; add a little fine sugar and nutmeg. Butter the griddle; turn the batter on; let it spread as large as a common pudding-plate; when done on one side turn it with a pancake-slice; have ready some nice preserve, spread it over, roll the cake up; put on to a flat dish; sift on a little fine sugar. Serve hot.

Fried Bread Pudding.

Take a stale loaf of baker's bread; cut it in slices; beat up six eggs; stir them into a quart of milk; dip the slices into the milk and egg; lay them upon a dish, one upon another, and let them stand an hour; then fry them to a light brown in a little butter. Served with pudding sauce or syrup.

Webster Pudding.

One cup of molasses, one of milk, half a cup of melted butter, half a cup of brandy or wine, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one of cloves, one of cinnamon, half a nutmeg, one pound of currants, a little salt; mix as soft as pound cake, and steam it two hours. Serve with cold sauce.

New Year's Cookies.

Three quarters of a pound of butter and a pound of sugar beat to a cream. Add three eggs, one teacupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, half a cup of caraway seed, a little mace, and flour to make it stiff enough to roll thin; cut it in rounds. Roll this cake with a little fine sugar instead of flour, and bake about fifteen minutes.

Another.

Four cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three cups of milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one of cream of tartar, one table-spoonful of cinnamon, and flour enough to roll. Cut them with a cake-cutter. Before putting them in the oven, brush them over with the white of an egg, and sift on a little white sugar. This will improve their looks.

Macaroons.

Blanch four ounces of almonds, and beat them up with four spoonfuls of orange-flower water; whisk the whites of four eggs to a froth; then mix it, and a pound of sugar sifted with almonds, to a paste, and, laying a sheet of white paper on a tin, put it on in separate little cakes the shape of macaroons, or 8.

Seed Cake.

Six cups of flour, three cups of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of dry cream tartar, sifted together; warm one cup of milk and one of butter together. Add one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, beat into the milk until it froths, three eggs well beaten, and half a cup of seeds. Mix this all together with the hands, and roll it thin; cut it in rounds. Bake it fifteen minutes.

Another Seed Cake.

Beat together two pounds of sugar, two of butter, half a cup of caraway seeds, and three pounds of flour; roll in sugar. Bake them on tins, in a slow oven.

A Dinner for a Dyspeptic.

A fresh cod's head well cleaned; put it into a saucepan with a pint of water, a little salt, and let it simmer gently two hours; dredge in a very little flour, a small piece of butter, a little more water if necessary, and let it simmer another hour. This is very nutritious, and very easy of digestion.

Beef Tea.

Take a slice of beef weighing half a pound, cut it in pieces half an inch thick, half broil it, put it on a plate, sprinkle it with a little salt, cut it in pieces an inch square, put it into a pitcher, and turn in it a pint of boiling water. Cover it up tight; let it stand fifteen minutes, and strain it into a bowl.

Baked Eels.

Sprinkle some flour over them, and some pieces of butter; put them into a pan with a little water, and bake them half an hour. When they are dished, make a gravy in the dish they were baked in, with some butter, flour, a little water, mustard, and catsup. Give it one boil, and turn it on the eels.

Boiled Shad.

Scrape and scale a shad; split it down the back; wash it clean; wipe it dry; lay the flesh side on the gridiron; broil ten or fifteen minutes; then turn it skin down; broil ten minutes; dish it, and rub over it a little sweet butter. Send hot.

Eels.

After they are skinned, turn boiling water over them, and let them remain about half an hour. To fry them, cut them up in pieces about six inches long, and fry them the same as codfish.

English Plum Pudding.

A stale brick-loaf of baker's bread, grated; ten eggs, half a pound of sugar, one pound of suet, one cup of molasses, two pounds stoned raisins, one of currants, two ounces citron, one teaspoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon, one nutmeg, a glass of brandy, and one of wine. Boil in a cloth six hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

Curious Matters.

Signs.

These were introduced into England from France, in the reign of Edward III., and they became so general that nearly every shopkeeper in London had one displayed outside his shop. Great ingenuity was exhibited in the invention of signs calculated to prove most attractive to the passer-by, and large sums of money were expended in this species of advertising. These signs were not affixed to the house, but were placed on posts, or hung thereon on hinges, at the edge of the footpath. So largely did these increase that they absolutely obstructed the free circulation of air, and are supposed to have been among the causes of the frequent epidemical disorders in London. They also materially aided the spread of conflagrations; and on these grounds were afterwards forbidden to be displayed, on pain of a penalty.

Brass.

The use of brass is of very great antiquity. By the early Greeks it was made with an earthy substance, an ore of zinc called *Cadmia*, from Cadmus, who first taught the method of impregnating copper with it. The Romans for a long time held brass in great esteem. The ancient Britons were acquainted from the remotest periods with the use of brass, and had even brass foundries established among them, by which they minted money and fabricated weapons of war. What the ancients generally termed brass was, in reality, bronze, a compound of copper and tin. In 1563 a patent was granted by Queen Elizabeth for the manufacturing of brass, properly so called, which is a compound of copper and zinc.

Steel.

The invention of steel is of great antiquity, as the Eastern sword-blades, especially those of Damascus, attest. A curious custom prevailed among the Celtiberians in Spain, of burying the iron in the earth, that the baser part of it might, as they supposed, be converted to rust; and then forging what remained into swords and other sharp instruments. The method of casting steel was brought into England from Germany in 1720.

Poor Name for a Girl.

At a time of great excitement in this country, growing out of our political relations with France and Great Britain, a man in Vermont named his daughter Embargo, whereupon it was observed that "so long as she retained that name, all commerce with her would be prohibited." It was suggested that the name might have been given ironically, for, when read backwards it expresses more than a mere willingness to be taken.

A plain Judge.

The following characteristic anecdote is related of Lord Thurlow. He was one day hearing an appeal case in the House of Lords, when a Scotch advocate, who had been speaking for a considerable time, and showed no signs of leaving off, said, "I will now proceed to make a few remarks on the seventh

point." "No, I'm — if you do," said his lordship. "I adjourn the hearing till Monday." He then took up his hat and rushed out of the House.

A Dwarf.

A dwarf, the counterpart of Tom Thumb, has just died in Paris, at the age of ninety-two. In his sixteenth year, he was placed in the family of the Dukes of Orleans, and during the revolution was able to render so important services that he has received a pension of three thousand francs a year ever since. Unlike Tom Thumb, he had a horror of appearing in public, and for nearly fifty years he has not left his house.

Punctuation.

It appears certain that the ancients were not acquainted with the use of any marks to assist the reader in ascertaining the sense of the author, but that he was left to discover it from the general tenor of the subject. The earliest printed books had no stops, but some arbitrary signs here and there, introduced according to the humor of the printer. The marks of punctuation now used were invented in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Candles.

The origin of candles is obscure. They were first used to light cathedrals and churches, and were made of wax. History records that Alfred the Great employed a graduated wax candle, enclosed in a lantern, as the best mode then known for ascertaining the divisions of time. Candles were not in general use for domestic purposes till towards the close of the thirteenth century, when they are first noticed as being made of tallow.

Natural Curiosity.

In the new State of Nevada, one hundred miles west of Reese river, beneath a thin covering of refuse saline matter, for a depth of fourteen feet, pure rock salt is found as clear as ice and as white as snow. Beneath there is water, which seems to be filtered through salt to an unknown depth. The whole of the fourteen feet in thickness does not contain a single streak of deleterious matter or rubbish, and is ready for quarrying and sending to market.

Curious Design.

An iron letter has just been sent by mail from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to England. The iron was rolled so thin that the sheet was only twice the weight of ordinary note paper. It is supposed to be the thinnest iron ever rolled in the world, and was manufactured by the Sligo Iron Works.

An eccentric Miser.

The Lockport (N. Y.) Bee announces the death of an eccentric individual named William Colly. He lived alone, kept a grocery, and willed his property, valued at \$18,000, to his relatives in England. He kept his specie in an old boiler buried in the cellar. Among the deposits in his private vault were fifty thousand three cent pieces.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

PERHAPS the most important piece of news that we have to notice this month, is the announcement that Missouri is a Free State; the constitutional authorities having decreed it, the governor has sanctioned it, and sent telegraphic announcements to all the Northern and Western States, imparting the remarkable fact. This may not seem so extraordinary at the first glance, but a moment's consideration will show that it is one of the wonders of the age—the result of the present war. Now Missouri can expand; now she can work her mines of iron, lead, coal, copper and other minerals, by the aid of free labor, and the great result will astonish the North ten years hence, for railroads will cross the State in a dozen or twenty different directions, meeting at points where cities and villages will spring up as if by magic, and all over Missouri will be heard the hum of honest industry; for thousands of emigrants will now wend their way to the State and settle there, to grow rich, and establish homes for themselves and families. What Missouri now wants is population and capital; but these will reach her towns and villages in good time. We welcome the State in its new condition, and wonder what Tom Benton would have said had he been alive, to have witnessed such radical changes in the the years 1864—5. Maryland and Missouri are now free, and the effects of their freedom will go a great way towards forming the future policy of the government. Tennessee is already taking measures to abolish slavery, and before the close of the present year it will be done. The world moves.—Savannah has fallen, and Sherman's men are in possession. The spoils of war, captured in the city, were immense. The cotton which was taken possession of in the name of the government amounted to nearly \$15,000,000, in our currency—a very pretty sum, and enough to enrich half a dozen men of modest ambition. Some complications are likely to arise respecting this same cotton, for foreign owners claim

it; but their demands will be heard after the war has closed; and then, like the French claims, can be brought up in Congress year after year, and finally settled sometime in 1950, when it is hoped that our nation will be free from debt, and our finances on a specie basis. Some of our zealous legislators think that Sherman's army should share the sum which the cotton will bring, and we think that they are right. Our soldiers risk their lives to accomplish certain purposes, and why should they not be placed on the same footing as the sailors in the navy, who make captures and profit by them? The principle is the same, yet principles are sometimes perverted. In Congress the whole consideration of the subject has been referred to a committee; and that committee will report after the cotton is sold, and the money received for the same is in the hands of government and speculators. Ten thousand bales should be sent to Europe, thus knocking down exchange and the price of gold. One of the most interesting events connected with the capture of Savannah was the Union feeling which the inhabitants displayed. Meetings were called, speeches were made, the old flag was cheered, the mayor was patriotic and advised a return to those relations which were so friendly previous to the secession whirlwind; and then, while all was harmony and concord, a delegate was sent North to procure provisions for the suffering poor. Well, that delegate arrived, and was received in New York and Boston with open arms. Money was raised, provisions were purchased, ships were despatched loaded with food, and ere this meets the eye of the reader, the poor of Savannah will have tasted the bounty of the North. Will the effect be beneficial? We can't answer that question. The Southern people are peculiar in some respects. They may take our food with one hand, and strike back with the other. Who can tell? Don't let us be too sanguine of the result of our generosity. If the people who are fed are grateful, they shall have all they

want. If not, then let us stop the supplies.—One of the most fruitful sources of discussion during the past month has been the failure of the Wilmington expedition. Some partisans blame Porter, and some condemn General Butler. The official correspondence has been published, and the reader can judge for himself. Some one blundered, and for that blunder the country must suffer. We regret it, but there is no help for us but to submit with patience, and try again, with a change of commanders. Farragut and Hancock would be two very pretty men to lead our blue jackets and blue coats. They would not quarrel, that is certain, and that would go a great ways towards giving the public confidence and hope. The South are jubilant over the repulse, and well it may be, for we were led to think that failure was impossible.—A sad marine disaster was the sinking of the steamship North America, on the passage from New Orleans to New York;—197 lives were lost, but we see it announced that the captain and his officers escaped to a passing vessel, and left the passengers to their fate. Such conduct deserves something more than a reprimand. Hanging would be a just punishment for like cowardice. Most officers take pride in being the last to leave their ships, but the officers of the North America are an exception. Thank God, there are but few such sailors afloat.—The Dutch Gap Canal has been blown out, or rather, attempts were made to open the canal, but the thing didn't work, for most of the dirt that should have gone out, went in; so navigation was not profited, and Richmond still remains uncaptured by the fleet, and the rebel iron-clads still frown near Fort Darling.—It is stated that the Confederates have decided to arm and equip 50,000 slaves as soldiers. If this is the case, we shall soon see if they are disposed to fight for their former masters. If they do, the war is prolonged for some months, perhaps years. If they come to us, guns in their hands, the end is near.—Some of the Richmond papers think that the protection of England and France is to be preferred to living with the Yankees. We don't imagine that England and France would care to take charge of such quarrelsome children, for the result would be war with this country, a fierce and savage war, and after all it is doubtful if Southern independence could be achieved by such an alliance. We are not at all desirous to see it attempted, for we have as much on our hands as we can well attend to, and

enough is as good as a feast, as the Hibernian said when invited to eat more than his stomach could retain.—Stoneman, and Burbridge, and Grierson have made some dashing raids in the heart of the rebellious States, burning, capturing and killing, and playing the deuce with the Confederate plans. Salt works were destroyed, kettles injured, and report says that poor Breckenridge was much chafed at the result. He should have used more discretion and flour, and then his chafing would end.—General Butler was told in a quiet order to retire to the City of Spindles, or in other words, to go to Lowell and rest. The Wilmington affair, the Dutch Gap Canal explosion, and a growing dissatisfaction with his conduct, are the reasons for the general's removal.—It is with sad feelings that we announce the death of Edward Everett, on the 15th of January, in the 71st year of his age. He left a name that will endure for ages. He was a patriot and a statesman, held in high estimation by the rich, and rather liked by the poor, for although he never mixed with the people, yet he had their interests in view when he advocated certain measures. During the present rebellion, he identified himself with the Unionists, and performed great service for the cause. We have lost a great man by his death.—And now we will revert for a moment to foreign affairs. The robbers have begun to quarrel among themselves. Prussia and the "Middle States," as Saxony and Hanover are called, are very angry with each other, and the German papers discuss the possibility of a civil war. The cause of the quarrel is that the "Middle States" refuse to withdraw their troops from Holstein and Lauenburg. In consequence, Prussia has stopped the return of her troops, and threatens to turn out others by force. In this matter Austria declines to take any part. She is afraid to quarrel with Prussia, because she is likely to require the assistance of Prussia in the defence of Venetia. At the same time she cannot afford to break with the other States, lest she should lose her chance of becoming the leading power in Germany. Austria wishes to refer the matter of occupation, as well as that of the sovereignty of the Duchies, to the German Diet. But the belief prevails that Prussia will have her way, and that before long she will annex Schleswig and Holstein; and look out for hot work. So hot that the attention of all Europe will be occupied, and the situation of our own military affairs will be forgotten.—Since the forego-

ing account of the first attack on Wilmington was written, Fort Fisher has fallen, a combined naval and land force having captured the place, and a large number of prisoners, guns, and munitions of war. This shows what determined men can accomplish, when determined on victory. Our commanders do not now stand idle and wring their hands, after a failure. General Grant supposed that the fort could be taken—he was satisfied in his own mind, that it should have been captured during the first landing, but as there were some doubts on the point, he solved them in the promptest manner by ordering a second attack. It succeeded, and thus the sound judgment of the lieutenant-general is vindicated, his enemies hushed, and the nation is the gainer. Blockade-running is now rather poor business, for the port of Wilmington is closed to all such craft.

GERMAN SILVER.

Few of our readers are probably aware how many applications are now-a-days made of this useful composition. We call it composition, and though the majority of the people imagine that it is a metal *sui generis*—but such is not the fact. It is composed of one part nickel, one part of spelter of zinc, and three parts of copper; but all these substances have to be pure, and exposed to a great heat before they mix among themselves. The zinc metal, which is of a volatile nature, is not put in the pot until the first two are well united together. The refractory nature of the nickel, and the difficulty of obtaining the metal free from arsenic, iron and cobalt, are the cause that not unfrequently we see German silver spoons of a gold yellow color, while German silver prepared from pure metals, will equal in whiteness sterling silver, and will not tarnish. Tea and table spoons, knives and forks, firemen and ship captains' speaking trumpets, pocket-book clasps, tea sets, lamps and gun-mountings are now mostly made with German silver. Upwards of 50,000 pounds of this composition is manufactured in this country annually, for which the nickel is imported from Germany and England. There are but three localities of nickel ore in this country; an ore from Chatham in Connecticut, yields about three per cent. nickel; another ore from the mine La Monte, in Missouri, yields about ten per cent. nickel, and lately a nickel ore has been discovered among the copper ore on Lake Superior.

NEW ALLOY OF SILVER.

It has been usual to alloy silver with a small quantity of copper—about one-thirteenth of the mass. This, without affecting any of the good qualities of the silver, renders it more durable for coin and other purposes. Pure silver being extremely soft, what is made of it is easily worn out by the friction consequent on ordinary use and the necessary process of cleaning. It occurred to the director of the mint at Paris, that substituting zinc for the copper might not only give a compound equally useful, but possessing additional advantages; and he accordingly made some experiments on the subject. He found that when the whole or part of the copper was replaced by zinc, the fusibility of the alloy was increased, and that it was very sonorous and elastic. He ascertained, also, that when its malleability was lessened by rolling, it was restored by cooling. A compound of silver and zinc is less easily blackened by the sulphuretted hydrogen present almost everywhere, than one of silver and copper; the latter metal appearing to augment the tendency of the silver to unite with that gas. A compound consisting of 80 silver and 20 zinc retains its whiteness and brilliancy in circumstances in which even pure silver would become perfectly black—an important consideration when the alloy is used for ornaments. Another advantage in the use of zinc instead of copper, is in the fact that the salts produced by the action of acids on the zinc are far less poisonous than those which would arise from copper.

THE NEW BOOK—so long expected, by the author of "Cudjo's Cave," "Neighbor Jackwood," etc., is at last published. It is entitled "THE THREE SCOUTS." The sale for it is said to be immense—the advance orders using up several large editions. The publishers, Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, make the price but \$1.75 (which is exceedingly low), on account of the certainty of large sales.

THE WIVES.—A cotemporary speaks of wedded bliss in the following poetic strain:

"Heaven bless the wives, they fill our hives
With little bees and honey!
They ease life's shocks, they mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money?"

QUITE TRUE.—None talk so loudly of benevolence as those who subsist on it.

Facts and Fancies.

THE SAN DIEGO DAM.

Among the numerous anecdotes of Job Phoenix which have recently appeared, the following, which ought to be considered his boldest and best practical joke, seems to have been entirely overlooked:

About the winter of 1852, Phoenix, then a young bachelor Lieutenant, found himself on duty in Washington, where in addition to his other business, he managed to fall in love with the fair daughter of the colonel who commanded him. (I mean the colonel commanded him.) Whether his affection was returned or not is unknown, but one fine morning the colonel summoned Phoenix to the private office and addressed him to the following effect:

"Mr. Phoenix, your abilities in your profession are so well known that I cannot, with justice, allow them to rust in the dull routine of bureau duties. A fine opportunity for distinguished service now offers, and I have given you a preference which you merit. Here are the drawings and specifications of a dam to be built upon the San Diego river. Thirty thousand dollars will be placed to your credit, and the steamer will sail from New York to-morrow. No thanks! You deserve all that I can do for you. *Apropos*: My daughter, knowing that you will be pressed for time, will not expect a formal leave-taking. Good-by, Mr. Phoenix! Dam the San Diego river to the best of your ability. I envy you the fine opportunity, although, as I have said, you deserve it. You owe me no thanks. Good-by!" So saying, he bowed the young man out of the office.

The steamer sailed, of course (such is the phrase, which is about as sensible as to say, "the sailor steamed"), next day, and in due time Phoenix arrived at San Francisco. After a proper course of delay, which he improved by making the reconnaissance of the railroad from San Francisco to the mission along the "*scentral route*," he appeared in San Diego, and for three months that ancient city smiled and was gay.

In due course of time the dam was built; but knowing that some original engineering was to be expected of him, Phoenix while complying strictly with his orders and drawings, placed the structure, not across the riv-

er, but along one bank, up and down the stream. "There!" said he, as he finished his last inspection. "There is a dam that will stand the test of time. When the river washes that dam away, let them send me out again. I will build another. I will dam the San Diego river as long as I live."

THE MARRIAGE FEE.

The late Dr. Boynton was once disputing with a farmer about the ease with which a minister earned his money. "Now," said the farmer, "when you are called upon to marry a couple, you never expect a sum less than three dollars—this for a few minutes' service."

"Pooh," replied the doctor, "I would agree to give half of my next marriage fee for a bushel of potatoes." "Very well," said the farmer, "I'll take your offer, and send you the potatoes." A few days afterwards the doctor was called on to splice a couple at Dogtown, a place about four miles from where he lived. When the ceremony was over, the bridegroom said to the worthy minister, "Well, parson, I s'pose I must fork over something for your trouble. What say you to taking one of my terrier pups? The best breed, I tell you, in the country. Sheekin' nice to have in the barn. Worth full five dollars—and I suppose a figure 2 would do for the splice, eh?" The doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was good; he hastened to the farmer, saying:—"Now, friend, here is my fee—how shall we divide it." The farmer relished the joke so well that he increased the potatoes to half a dozen bushels.

THE BAFFLED LAWYER.

At a late sitting of the Cork Assizes, a case was brought before the court, in which the principal witness for the defence was a tanner, well-known in the surrounding country by the soubriquet of "Crazy Pat."

Upon Crazy Pat being called upon for his evidence, the attorney for the prosecution excited to the utmost extent his knowledge of legal chicanery, in the endeavor to force the witness into some slight inconsistency, upon which he might build a point; but he was excessively annoyed to find that Crazy Pat's evidence was consistent throughout.

Perceiving that acute questioning failed to answer his purpose, the disciple of Coke and Blackstone betook himself to that oftentimes successful resource of lawyers—ridicule.

"What did you say your name was?" he inquired flippantly.

"Folks call me Crazy Pat, but—"

"Crazy Pat, eh? A very euphonious title; quite romantic, eh?"

"Romantic or not, sur, it wudn't be a bad idea if the Parliament wud give it to yourself, an' leave me to chuse another."

This caused a slight laugh in the courtroom, and the presiding judge peeped over his spectacles at the attorney, as much as to say, "You have your match now."

"And what did you say your trade was?" continued the disconcerted barrister, with an angry look at the witness.

"I'm a tanner, sur."

"A tanner, eh! And how long do you think it would take you to tan an ox-hide?"

"Well, sur, that's entirely ow'n' to circumstances."

"Did you ever tan the hide of an ass?"

"An ass? No, sur; but if you'll just step down the lane, aither the coort, I'll show ye I cud tan the hide of an ass in the shortest end fo three minutes."

The baffled attorney hastily informed Crazy Pat that he was no longer required.

A COOL DOCTOR.

On an evening preceding Thanksgiving, many years ago, two students left the colleges with the most *foul* intent of procuring some of the doctor's fine fat chickens, that roosted in a tree adjoining his house. When they arrived at the spot, one ascended the tree, while the other stood with the bag, ready to receive the plunder. It so happened that the doctor himself had just left the house, with the view of securing the same chickens for his Thanksgiving dinner. The rogue under the tree hearing some one approaching, immediately crept away, without notifying his companion among the branches. The doctor came up silently, and was immediately saluted from above as follows: "Are you ready?"

"Yes," responded the doctor, dissembling his voice as much as possible.

The other immediately laying his hands on the old rooster, exclaimed:

"Here's old Prex, will you have him?"

"Pass him along," was the reply, and he was soon in the doctor's bag.

"Here's marm Prex," said the all unconscious student, grabbing a fine old hen, "will you have her?"

"Yes," again responded the doctor.

"Here's son John, will you have him?"

"Here's daughter Sal, take her?" and so on until he had gone regularly through with the doctor's family and chickens.

The old man walked off in one direction with the plunder, while the student, well satisfied with his night's work, came down and streaked it for the colleges. Great was his astonishment to learn from his companion that he had not got any chickens, and if he gave them to any one, it must have been to Dr. Nott. Expulsion, fines, and disgrace, were uppermost in their thoughts until the next forenoon, when both received a polite invitation from their president, requesting the presence of their company to a Thanksgiving dinner. To decline was impossible, so with hearts full of anxiety for the result, they wended their way to the house, where they were pleasantly received by the old gentleman, and with a large party were soon seated around the festive board. After asking a blessing, the doctor rose from his seat, and taking the carving knife, turned with a smile to the rogues and said:

"Young gentlemen, here's old Prex, and marm Prex, son John, and daughter Sal," at the same time touching successively the respective chickens; "to which will you be helped?" The mortification of the students may be imagined.

THE CONSCRIPTION.

A close observer of the conscription furnishes the following views on the subject:

Since the authorities have discovered that men who are drafted and are unfit for soldiers, may yet be made to serve their country as hospital nurses and in various other capacities, I have deeply reflected upon the subject, and am at length enabled to submit the following suggestions, which the government is at liberty to adopt or reject as it pleases.

It is a well known fact that blind men have the sense of touch more finely developed than those who can see. Draft a few regiments of blind men who can *feel* the position and strength of the enemy. No exemptions granted on the ground that they "can't see it."

Blind men and lame men might be drafted together, the blind men to go into battle carrying the lame on their backs. Men who have

lost one, or even both of their arms, should no longer be exempt. Government is prepared to arm any quantity of men on the shortest possible notice.

Idiots should not be debarred the privilege of saving their country, in the ranks, when we have so many among our generals.

Draft all the lunatic asylums—the madder men get, the better they fight.

Dumb men ought to make the most serviceable soldiers; as they cannot cry “quarter,” their motto must be “no surrender.”

It is absurd to exempt fat men, they are so well calculated to *fill up* the depleted ranks of the army. If you want to crush the enemy by precipitating upon them *large bodies* of troops, let fat men be drafted by all means.

Confirmed drunkards have been rejected because they are not so anxious to whip the enemy as they are to have the enemy *treat*. A large regiment of them armed with rifle whiskey and sustained by a battery of delirium tremens, would do great execution—to somebody.

I have not heretofore favored the idea of drafting the other sex, but a brigade of old maids would certainly be useful in *repulsing* the enemy. They are sometimes good in an attack.

By all means draft Congressmen. They might do a little good in the army, and they are of no possible good where they are.

Conscript all lawyers, their *charges* will be most disastrous to the enemy.

By observing these rules the army will be replenished without trouble.

A SINGULAR CAT.

There lives in the city of E, a certain colored individual, who we will designate as Jim S. One day he was doing a piece of work for a person by the name of R. After he had finished the job, and was about to depart, he was called by Mrs. R., who said she had something she wanted done. She took him into the kitchen and said, “Jim, do you see that cat?” Jim saw it. “I’ll give you a dollar if you will get rid of that cat for me.”

“O, yes, yes, I’d as liv’ do it as not,” said Jim.

After receiving the specified dollar, Jim took the cat under his arm and walked away. He had not walked far when he was hailed by a neighbor named M.

“What have you got there, Jim?” said M.

“Well,” said Jim, exultingly, “it is a

Rocky Mountain cat, which I paid five dollars for.”

The hair had all fallen off with age, and the children had maliciously cut its tail off.

M. took the cat, looked at it, and said, “It is a curiosity indeed.”

“Yes, ’tis so,” said Jim.

“What will you take for it?” said M.

Jim was now in his element.

“Well, I can’t take less than ten dollars.”

“O, that’s too much, Jim,” said M.

After considerable “beating down,” Jim said:

“As I haven’t got much time to tend to the thing, you may have it for what I paid for it.”

M. paid over the V, and took his purchase home.

Not long after, Mrs. R. called at M’s. The first thing she saw on going into the kitchen was the cat.

“Where in the world did you get that cat?” she exclaimed.

“Why,” says Mrs. M., that’s a Rocky Mountain cat, that Mr. M. bought of Jim S. the other day. He gave five dollars for it.”

Mrs. R. began to laugh, and said:

“That’s the same old cat I gave Jim a dollar to carry off.”

Jim kept clear of that place for a while.

A QUEER WATCHMAN.

A fellow coming home from California had a monster rattlesnake in a wicker cage, which he deposited, with his other plunder, under his bed at Chagres. The room contained fifty beds—half full of drunk and sick fellows. During a temporary absence of the owner, the snake got loose, and the owner coming in and finding his critter gone, yelled out, “Everlastin’ misery! who’s seen my watchman?”

Many heads popped up from the flea-inflicted dirty beds, but nobody had seen the missing article.

“What was he, ole feller, you’re inquiren’ for?” said a bald-headed man.

“Why, why, watchman; all my dust is under my bed here, and I left a guard with it, but he’s gone?”

“Guard—was he a nigger or a white feller?”

“No, he was a California rattlesnake, nine feet long, and fifty-two rattles in his tail. Have any of you fellers seen the tarnal critter crawlin’ round here!”

They hadn’t—but all that were able to get out of bed and mizzle, did so in a hurry.

SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA.

OPINIONS OF RICHMOND PAPERS, ILLUSTRATED.



WHAT THE CONFEDERATE GENERALS DID.—It is said that Beauregard, Hood, Forrest and Wheeler danced for joy when they heard that Sherman had cut loose from Atlanta.—*Richmond Enquirer.*



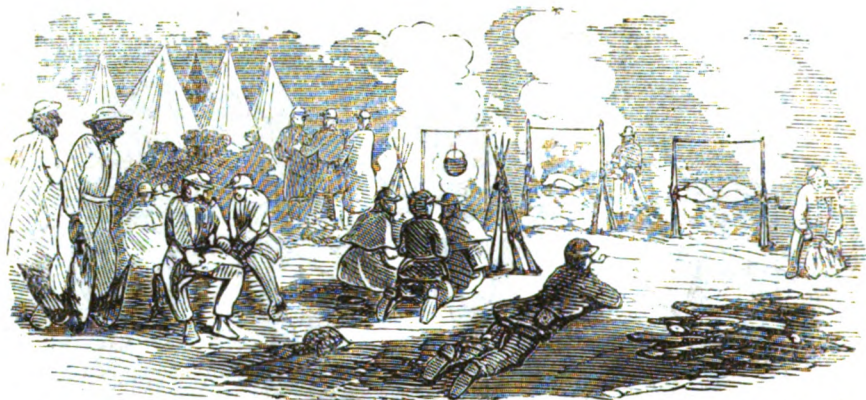
WHAT THE RICHMOND EDITORS DID.—Let the editors of the Richmond papers meet and compare notes. If we are firm and spirited, Sherman can't hurt us.—*Richmond Sentinel.*



STARVING SHERMAN'S ARMY.—Thank God, not a pound of meat of any kind will be found in Sherman's course through Georgia.—*Richmond Whig.*

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



HOW THE YANKEES WERE HARASSED.—We understand, from reliable sources, that the Yankees have not enjoyed a moment's rest since they left Atlanta.—*Richmond Star*.



HOW SHERMAN'S ARMY WAS RECEIVED.—As the Yankees march through the towns, they are received in sullen silence by all classes.—*Richmond Enquirer*.



HOW THE YANKEES ENTERED SAVANNAH.—Savannah has fallen! The vandals had the impudence to enter Savannah mounted on cattle which they had stolen from Georgia farmers. But the invaders can never take Charleston.—*Richmond Sentinel*.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXI—No. 4.....APRIL, 1865.....WHOLE No. 124.  
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OUR NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE,



NO. 63 CONGRESS STREET.

The imposing engraving on this page is an excellent view of our new Publishing House, where all the work appertaining to the issuing of THE DOLLAR MONTHLY, THE FLAG

OF OUR UNION, THE AMERICAN UNION, THE NOVELETTE, and THE TEN CENT NOVELETTE, is performed. We occupy the highest private building in Boston. It is thirty-

six feet front, and seventy-five feet deep, and most admirably adapted to our wants. All our business is now being conducted in this building. We have long felt the want of such quarters, and after several attempts elsewhere to purchase or lease, were enabled to hire this large block for a term of years. It is located at No. 63 Congress street, between Milk and Water streets, a few rods only from the situation we previously occupied on Washington street.

We have space for but a brief description of our new Publishing House. The rooms are large, light and airy, and heated by steam. The first floor up stairs is devoted to the editorial and counting rooms, with a large fire-proof vault for our stereotype plates. Here, also, all our papers, Magazines and Novelettes are directed and made ready to deliver to the mail. This furnishes employment for some half dozen hands, who also assist in packing our large orders from news-dealers.

The next story contains the presses of the establishment, with the engine and boiler. The latter is separated from the main building, and is surrounded by brick and iron work, so that there is no danger of fire in that quarter. On this floor there are in constant operation, during work hours, five Adams' presses, one of Hoe's largest-sized cylinder presses, and a Gordon press. Here all the paper is wet down and opened; no trifling job, as the person whom we employ to look after such matters, can testify. The pressmen, engineer and firemen conduct their respective duties in this department, and attend to them in a satisfactory manner. All the presses, with one exception, are fed by girls, who perform the work with equal facility to men.

The floor over the press room is fitted up for a composing room. Here are employed some thirty persons, under the charge of two foremen, who make up the forms and look after the copy. Their positions are responsible ones, and they are worthy of the trust which we have imposed upon them.

The next story is devoted to folding and binding THE DOLLAR MONTHLY, THE NOVELETES, and THE FLAG OF OUR UNION. In this room about twenty, and at times thirty girls are employed. They have ample space for their peculiar talent, are industrious, quiet, and earn fair wages.

The loft over the folding department is devoted to packing and storing Novelettes and Magazines. All large orders for these works are packed on this floor.

The upper story is where we keep our white paper, and such stock as we are enabled to buy in large quantities, when it can be obtained at less than the market rates.

To enable us to transport from story to story, we use an elevator that connects with our steam engine. All packages are raised and lowered by the elevator, and thus much labor is saved.

In conclusion, we beg leave to state that we have the most convenient Publishing House in New England, and trust that our readers will benefit by the change, as we know that we shall, in more ways than one. For the past few years we have been compelled to perform our composition and press work in different sections of the city, at great inconvenience and considerable expense. After the sheets were printed, it was necessary to transport them to our office of publication, 118 Washington street, carry them up one flight of stairs, where they were put in shape for the market. Any one who knows what large editions of Magazines, Novelettes and papers we print, will readily comprehend the embarrassments under which we labored, and will sympathize with us in our endeavors to end them.

With some of the best machinery in the country, with superior facilities for conducting our business, with careful and intelligent men to perform all the labor of their respective offices, we think that our patrons will have no cause of complaint that we do not give them their money's worth in future, as we have in the past.

VILLAGE OF EDIEVILLE, N. Y.

This pleasant little village is situated on the Rondout Creek, a small but pretty river of New York State, which rises in Sullivan county, flows west through Ulster county, and enters the Hudson near Rondout village. The appearance of the town is of a charming character, and the scenery is quite picturesque. An excellent view of the river, the landing, and all other surroundings, is given on page 259. Like all handsome little towns, located near water, Edieville is favored with much company during the summer months, the great city of New York sending its representatives for air, health and happiness. People are not slow, generally, in estimating the worth of these places of resort, and avail themselves of their enjoyment in full measure. And so we find them scattered here and there, pleasant retreats from the din of busy life.

EDIEVILLE, ON THE HONDOUT CREEK, NEW YORK.



THE KREMLIN OF MOSCOW.

The Kremlin of Moscow is a celebrated fortress, intimately associated with the history of the Russian empire. It was the residence of its ancient czars, and the heart of its ancient capital.

It was first built of stone, at the end of the fourth century, after having previously existed in a temporary form, and is situated on an eminence, at the foot of which flows the Moskva river. It is surrounded with walls from twelve to fifteen feet thick, and from twenty-eight to fifty feet high, with battlements, embrasures, numerous towers, and fine gates; and forms, with its beautiful gardens, nearly a triangle of more than a mile in circumference.

The Kremlin contains many cathedrals, churches, monasteries and belfries, and some of the finest public buildings and monuments of Moscow, which, together with its commanding situation, its lofty walls, with the variously colored towers, steeples and domes, present a peculiar and impressive aspect. The gate most celebrated by its sacred associations, is that of the Redeemer. A picture of the Saviour hangs over the arch of this gate, and no person, not even the emperor, passes through it without signs of reverence. Many of the population remove their hats at twenty paces off, and on their way to and from the river, turn towards the holy gate, bowing and crossing themselves.

The Cathedral place, on the height of the Kremlin—a consecrated spot, surrounded by Czar Nicholas with a magnificent iron grating—contains the cathedrals of the Assumption and of the archangel of St. Michael. In the former are the tombs of the patriarchs of the Greek church, and in the latter those of the czars down to Peter the Great.

The Cathedral of St. Basil, situated on the red square between the walls of the Kremlin and those of the Kitai Gorod, is noted for its grotesque architecture. The paved court of the Kremlin is surmounted by the walls of the tower of Ivan Velikio (the Great), presenting from its summit one of the most remarkable views in the world. On a granite pedestal at its foot stands the monster bell (*tzar kolokol*, or emperor of bells). In one of the lower stories of the tower is another bell of remarkable weight, and in the other stories are at least fifty or sixty smaller bells, all of which are rung during the whole of Easter week.

The house of the Holy Synod is among the

remarkable buildings of the Kremlin, containing the library, the treasury, and the wardrobe of the Russian patriarch; also the holy oil used for sacrament. Another immense pile of buildings contain the offices of the local government, and the arsenal and treasury; the former famous for its collection of arms, the latter for its jewelled crowns and thrones, and other historical relics.

The most important remains of the ancient palace of the czars, are the Zerema and the Granovitaya Palatas, the latter containing the coronation hall. The main body of this building was fatally injured by the French, and a new palace was erected in its stead by the emperor Alexander, called Bulshoi, Dvoretz (great palace). By its side are the ruins of both the ancient palaces, which are connected with the new one by stairs and galleries. The Zerema palace was repaired by order of the late emperor Nicholas, and the ancient aspect of the building carefully preserved. Adjoining the Granovitaya palace is the new or little palace, completed in 1850, and remarkable for its magnificence.

Napoleon I., after the invasion of Russia, took up his residence in the Kremlin, Sept. 15th, 1812. The place is pointed out in the Zerema palace from which he is said to have watched the progress of the fire, which compelled him to leave it on the evening of Sept. 16th. He returned to it on Sept. 20th, and finally departed Oct. 19th. The coronation of the present emperor, Alexander II., took place in the Kremlin in 1856.

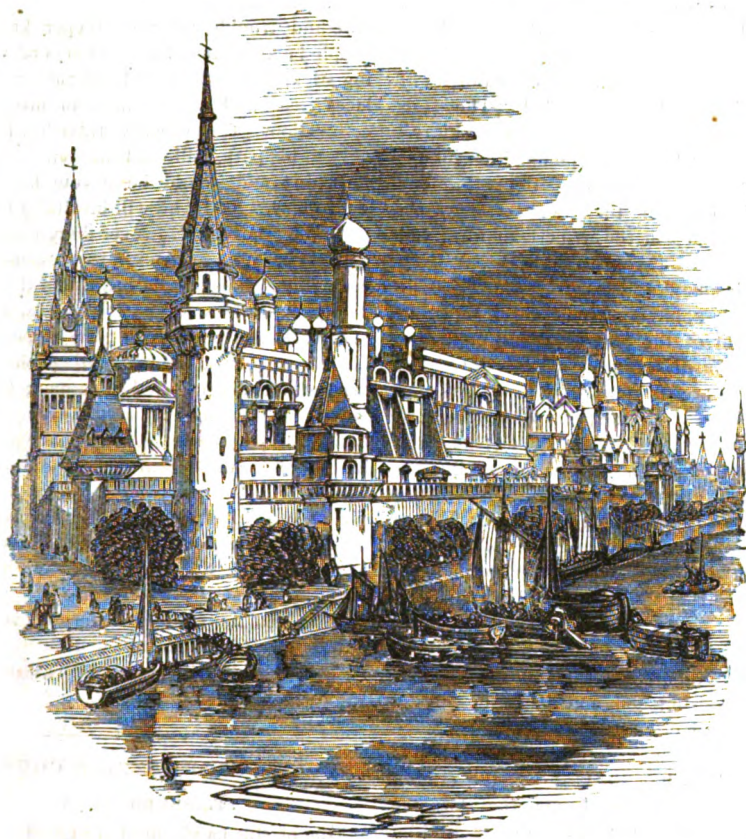
An excellent view of the Kremlin can be found on page 261.

HAY IN ENGLAND,

Is scarcely ever put in barns. It keeps well in stacks, made up as they are in the neatest manner, and carefully thatched with straw. Nothing can be more beautiful and workman-like than the manner in which these are made up; and for hay, the long stacks are decidedly preferable to those of a round form, as it is cut down for use, in such case, to more advantage. The formation of a stack, which is often done by women, is a work of skill, which is the fruit only of practice; the thatching of a stack in the best manner requires both art and experience, and there are men who make it a profession. When well executed, the hay for years is impervious to wet. During the formation of the stack—which, when intended to be large, must sometimes wait for several days the progress of the hay-

making—the most careful farmers have a large tarpaulin or canvas covering, to suspend upon poles over the stack, in order to protect it from rain. I refer to these minute circumstances, to illustrate the extreme carefulness with which many of the husbandry are here conducted. When the hay is to be used, a whole stack is never removed to the stable at once, but is carefully cut down as a loaf of bread might be cut, and always done up and

the most economical management of their products. The animals have a regular allowance, and are not at one time surfeited and at another time starved; and not a handful of hay is wasted. I have never been quite able to understand the old proverb, that “a penny saved is twopence earned;” but I quite understand the folly of wasting that which is the product of severe toil and expense, and the immorality of throwing away that which is the bounty of



THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

bound in trusses, intended to be fifty-six pounds each, and in that way carried to be distributed to the animals. This requires some extra labor; but the farmers find their account in it. How different this is from the careless and wasteful manner in which things are managed with us, where I have often seen horses and oxen standing knee-deep in the litter of the very best hay, which has fallen and been tossed out of the mangers! The consequence of this extraordinary painstaking, is

heaven bestowed for the comfort and sustenance of man or beast. I once heard a minister say in his sermon, some persons were charitable in spots. I think, in a similar sense, it may be said that many persons who will haggle half a day to save a sixpence in the price of an article, will often throw away shillings in the neglect or wasteful use of it. We need another Poor Richard, with his wise, economical maxims, among us, to impress the lessons of frugality upon our people.

ENGLISH REGIMENTS.

The 57th regiment, from its courage at Albuera, earned the name of "Die hards;" and the 28th, from their conduct in Egypt, received the privilege of wearing the regimental plate before and behind the shako; being hard pressed by the enemy, they presented a double face; the word having been given, "Rear rank, right about face!" The 9th was called in the Peninsula, "The Holy Boys," from a sale of Bibles which they held; the Duke of Athol's Highlanders carry the significant motto, "Frith, forth, and fill the fetters" (in Gaelic); the 88th are called the "Connaught Rangers;" the 50th, are called "The Half Hundred;" the 56th, "The Pompadours," from their purple facings (pompadour color); the 42d, "The Black Watch;" the 28th, "The Slashers," from using their swords (then worn by the infantry) in the American war; and the 87th, "The Faugh-a-ballagh Boys," from "Fag au bealac" ("Clear the way"), their cry at Barossa, having been the old shout in faction fight of the Munster and Connaught men, who furnished their ranks. Several of the badges are very appropriate to the scene of the services of the corps by which they are borne; the sphynx of Egypt, the elephant and tiger royal of India, the eagles of Prussia and France, and "Primus in Indis" of the 39th—the first that rounded the Cape; "Montis insignia calpe," key and castle, of the 12th, 39th, 56th and 58th. Some refer to the royal name of the regiment, or the place where it was raised; as the white horse of Hanover, the dragon of Wales, prince's plume, or the castles of Edinburg and Inneskillen, rose and crown, and rising sun, and the badges of the great national orders of knighthood. Some seem to have had a more peculiar origin—as the paschal lamb of the 2d Foot; the dragon of the 3d Buffs (East Kent), that has the privilege of marching, with drums beating and colors flying, the city of London, as having been originally recruited by the 'prentices; the antelope of the 6th; and the death's head, or "glory," of the 17th Lancers.

ASPECT OF NEW ZEALAND SCENERY.

The difficulties the New Zealand bush presents to the march of troops cannot be overrated. The country round about the Queen's Redoubt may be taken as a specimen. Seen from Rhodes, clearing the highest eminence in the neighborhood, there seems to be a tract of country upon one level, over which ranges of steep hills, varying in height from 400 to

300 feet, run in all directions, the gorges and defiles thickly timbered and covered with a dense undergrowth. Forcing a passage through one of these solitudes, daylight seems to be lost sight of. The sun's rays cannot pierce through the network of leaves and branches above, and the matted jungle which meets overhead and below. Instead, there reigns a livid twilight, and the silence is unbroken save by the cry of the wild duck from the adjacent morass. A walk is a work of care and trouble, for the creeper known as supple-jack—a stem the thickness of a walking-stick, and as elastic as India-rubber—interlaces trees and shrubs into an inseparable connection. The unwary traveller, looking only to his path, will find himself caught by the chin; and should he devote himself to guarding his body, he will inevitably be tripped up by the feet. However disagreeable this country may be to troops, it presents ever-recurring scenes of wild beauty for the artist. The gigantic fern; the native fuchsia, with its pink bark and lofty foliage; the elegant karaka; the rato, with its depending foliage and masses of clustering red blossoms; and the lancewood-tree, its lofty stem bearing a large bunch of spiky leaves at its top, are all strikingly handsome appearances, and assist, in rocky glens and embowered valleys, to form pictures the loveliness of which leaves an undeniable impression. Thanks to the constant rains, verdure is really to be seen in New Zealand. Even the evergreens are green in fact as well as name. Water, too, is abundant. The creeks add to the difficulty of the situation, while their mimic cascades and rapids increase its beauties.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,**PITTSBURG, PENN.**

One of the handsomest designed churches in the country is the First Presbyterian Church, of Pittsburg, Penn., a city that has grown so fast and so rich since the discovery of oil wells, and the immense amount of petroleum that has been shipped from the place, that gentlemen who have been called able mathematicians can no longer add up the figures that represents the increased wealth of the place; consequently, statistics are thrown aside as useless. The church which is presented on page 263, is pleasantly located, and is always well attended, which speaks volumes for the oiliest city to be found in the Union. Digitized by Google

LONDON IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

If the fashionable parts of this capital could be placed before us as they then were, we should be disgusted by their appearance, and by their offensive atmosphere. In Covent

Fields was an open space, where the rabble congregated every evening, within a few yards of Cardigan House and Winchester House, to hear the mountebanks harangue, to see bears dance, and to set dogs at oxen. Rub-



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PITTSBURG, PENN.

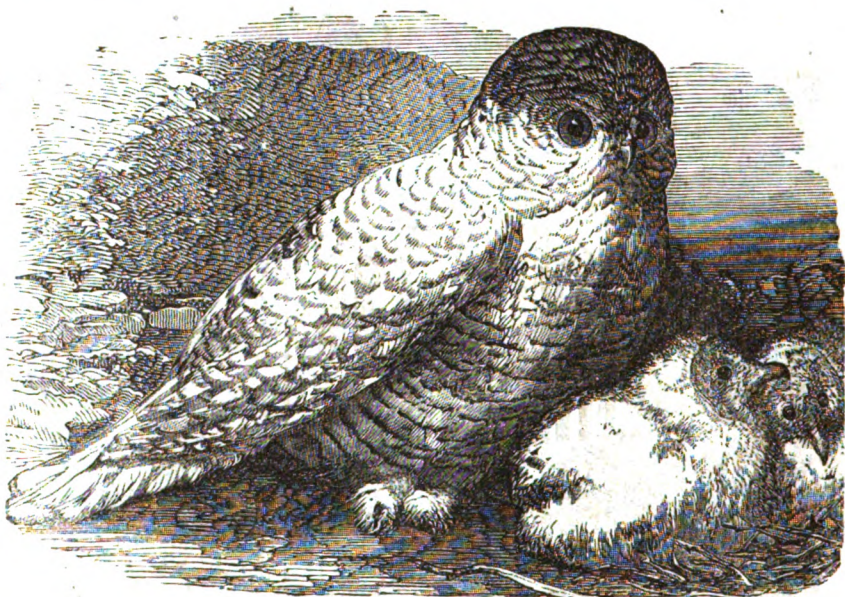
Garden a filthy and noisy market was held, close to the dwellings of the great. Fruit-women screamed, carters fought, and rotten apples accumulated in heaps at the thresholds of the Countess of Berkshire and the Bishop of Durham. The centre of Lincoln's Inn

bish was shot in every part of the area. Horses were exercised there. The beggars were as clamorous and importunate as in the worst governed cities of the Continent. A Lincoln's Inn mumper was a proverb. Till the last year of the reign of Charles II.,

most of the streets were left at night in profound darkness. Thieves and robbers plied their trades with impunity; yet they were hardly so terrible to peaceful citizens as another class of ruffians. It was a favorite amusement of dissolute young gentlemen to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet citizens, and insulting all whom they met, whether male or female. The machinery for keeping peace was utterly contemptible, Whitefriars (Alsatia) was the favorite resort of all who wished to be emancipated from the restraints of the law. Though the immunities belonging to the place extended only in cases

sionally made its appearance in America. It is a very large bird, with great shining eyes, and has often frightened persons who have come upon it suddenly at night. It eats rats, mice, and other creatures, and is very useful in catching and devouring the lemmings which pass over vast tracts of country, devastating them like clouds of locusts. On this account, the Snowy Owl is a useful bird. Sometimes it eats fish, and catches them by sitting on some stump projecting over the water, and hooking out the fish with one foot, while it clings to its perch with the other.

The color of an old Snowy Owl is pure



THE SNOWY OWL.

of debt, yet cheats, false-witnesses, forgers and highwaymen found refuge there; for amidst a rabble so desperate no peace-officer's life was in safety. At the cry of "rescue!" bullies with swords and cudgels, and termagant hags with spits and broomsticks, poured forth by hundreds, and the intruder was fortunate if he escaped back again to Fleet street, hustled, stripped and pumped upon. Even the warrant of the chief justice of England could not be acted upon without the help of a company of musketeers.

THE SNOWY OWL.

The great Snowy Owl is found in the northern regions of the world, and has occa-

white without any markings whatever; but in the earlier years of its life, its plumage is covered with numerous dark brown spots and bars, caused by a dark tip to each feather. Upon the breast and abdomen, these markings form short, abrupt curves, but on the back and upper surface they are nearly straight. The beak and claws are black. The length of the male Snowy Owl is about twenty-two inches, and that of the female twenty-six or twenty-seven. The representation on this page is an accurate one, giving a fine view of a Snowy Owl and her little family. The sketch was taken from life, and does credit to our artists, by its natural and accurate appearance.

HOW OLD IS THE RACE?

How long has man—the great crowning work of the creation—been upon the earth? Here we are lost. The discoveries in Switzerland go to show that two or three races,

pre-historical, pre-Adamite, had lived in wooden cities built on piles extending into the lakes of that country. They could be traced by the instruments they used. One had instruments of stone; a second of bronze; and a third of



IN THE PORCH.

IN THE PORCH.

Maple trees, beside the door,
Hush the rustling of your leaves;
Sunbeams, on the porch's floor,
Softly drop your yellow sheaves.

Vines of woodbine, cease your stir,
Or you'll wake the baby's sleep;
Robin, singing in the fir,
To your lowest chorus keep.

Father, coming up the walk,
Make your step both slow and light;
Be most cautious in your talk,
Baby's sleeping for the night.

Soon enough, at best, he'll wake,
Ere the dawn he'll ope his eyes;
Baby has so much at stake
In life's fresh realities.

Digitized by ESTHER SARLE KENNETH.

iron. In other places, as in the region of Amiens in France, implements of stone fashioned by human hands, have been found in beds of gravel, under chalk formations, where vast ages must have been required for the soil to collect about them. In the Pyrenees, also, human bones have been found with the bones of animals extinct before history began. The same has been in this country. Arrow-heads of flint have been found with the remains of mammoth animals such as have not been since man began a record of events. In Kentucky, in 1838, the remains of an extinct animal were disintombed, as large as an elephant, that had been mired and destroyed by human beings. The whole were nine feet below the surface. There was found a layer of charcoal six to twelve inches thick, arrow-heads, tomahawks and pieces of rock. The fore and hind feet were standing in a perpendicular position, and likewise the full length of the leg below the ashes, so deep in the mud and water that the fire which had clearly been kindled to destroy the animal, had no effect on them. Professor Agassiz has the humus of a man, found imbedded in a coral reef on the Florida coast, which he considers, we believe, a hundred and fifty thousand years old. He defends this view as quite consistent with Scripture, as Gen. 1: 27, 28, describes, in his view, the first creation of several individuals, male and female, to stock the earth at a much earlier period than Gen. 2: 7, when Adam and his wife, the last creation, were formed. At least, he considers the language of Scripture as sustaining his view of distinct races being created.

NO ROYAL ROAD TO SCIENCE.

Porpora, one of the most illustrious masters of music in Italy, conceived a friendship for a young pupil, and asked him if he had courage to persevere with constancy in the course which he should mark out for him, however wearisome it might seem. Upon the pupil answering in the affirmative, Porpora noted, upon a single page of ruled paper, the diatonic and chromatic scales, ascending and descending, the intervals of third, fourth, fifth, etc., in order to teach him to take them with freedom, and to sustain the sounds, together with *trills*, *groups*, *appoggiaturas*, and passages of vocalisation of different kinds. This page occupied both the master and the scholar during an entire year, and the year following was also devoted to it. When the third year commenced, nothing was said of changing the

lesson, and the pupil began to murmur; but the master reminded him of his promise. The fourth year slipped away, the fifth followed, and always the same eternal page. The sixth year found them at the same task; but the master added to it some lessons in articulation, pronunciation, and, lastly, in declamation. At the end of this year, the pupil, who supposed himself still in the elements, was much surprised when his master said to him, "Go, my son; you have nothing more to learn. You are the first singer in Italy, and of the world." He spoke the truth, for the singer was Caffarelli.

LUNATIC ASYLUM AT WORCESTER.

The heart of the Commonwealth is one of the most pleasant cities in Massachusetts. The people of Worcester appreciate the beauties of the place, and are proud of it. In Worcester is situated the Lunatic Asylum, a representation of which is on page 267. This edifice was erected in 1831-32, in pursuance of an act of the legislature, passed the 10th of March, 1830. The first patient entered on the 19th of January, 1833. By the end of the year there were 164 patients; in the first year it became so crowded that no less than thirty applicants were rejected for want of room. Dr. Samuel B. Woodward became the superintendent that year. In 1833-4, 272 patients were admitted.

In the year 1841, the hospital received a handsome bequest of George S. Johnnot, Esq., being in cash, mortgages and stocks, valued at \$45,843.72, subject to life annuities to twenty-three individuals, amounting to \$2520 annually. In 1843, the trustees were authorized to erect additional buildings, sufficiently large for the accommodation of 150 insane persons, and to provide all necessary accommodations and furniture for the same. This enlargement was commenced the same year, and consisted of a wing, extending 100 feet south, and 160 feet east, leaving an open court, 64 feet wide, between the old and new lateral wings. This new structure was called the "Johnnot Hall," out of respect to the late George S. Johnnot, and his widow, Martha Johnnot. Since then the asylum has been enlarged and improved, and at the present time it is able to accommodate a large number of patients, and most of them are treated in a successful manner, and ultimately recover their reason, and again become members of society, from which their infirmity had debarrd them.

LUNATIC ASYLUM AT WORCESTER, MASS.



THE TWELVE-THREAD PLUME BIRD.

We are happy to present to the readers of the **DOLLAR MONTHLY** a splendid representation of a very rare bird; such an one as all ornithologists delight to study over, to handle and to class. We never saw but one in this country, and that lived but a short time. The Plume Birds are remarkable for the curious shape and brilliant colorings of their feathers, which in some places glow with a fire and lustre surpassing that of polished gems, and in others, are of the most delicate softness.

mensions of the bird. From the back and the rump spring a number of long silken plumes of a snowy white color, and a loose downy structure that causes them to wave gracefully in the air at the slightest breeze. They are not birds of song.

USE AND ABUSE OF ICE.

The drinking of iced liquids in considerable quantity is highly injurious, and in some cases their use has been attended with inflammation of the stomach and bowels, and even



THE TWELVE-THREAD PLUME BIRD.

The Twelve-thread Plume Bird is a native of New Guinea, and is called so on account of the twelve thread-like feathers which project from the plumage. The general color of the Twelve-thread Plume Bird is rich violet, so intense as to become black in some lights, and having always a velvet-like depth of tone. Around the neck is placed a collar of emerald-green feathers, which stand boldly from the neck, and present a most brilliant contrast with the deep violet of the back and wings. The tail is short in comparison with the di-

death—not always accounted for by the person being at the time in a heat. Ice or iced water, retards digestion, chills the body, and often produces most dangerous congestions. On the other hand, ice, or iced water, applied in inflammations, croup, etc., has been productive of the best effects; it diminishes the quantity of blood in the vessels, and carries off the excess of heat. A piece of ice laid on the wrist will often stop bleeding of the nose. If milk or butter is cooled with ice, it must be used at once, or it loses its freshness.

THE CITY OF BUCHAREST.

The city of Bucharest is the capital of Wallachia. It is located in a spacious plain, where neither stone nor wood is to be found. It is irregularly built, the houses generally miserable mud cabins, and the streets mostly unpaved. Where it is otherwise, they are merely boarded over or laid with logs, which half float in the liquid mud beneath. Mingled with this wretchedness, and presenting a strange appearance by contrast, are a number of handsome houses, hotels, and churches—a population in rags, and nobles tricked out in flaunting dresses and gaudy finery, with a curious and striking intermixture of Eastern and European dresses, which is to be seen, in fullest effect, on the *corso* or public walk, the great resort of the fashionable of the place. The town contains a palace, the residence of the hospodar or prince, a large old build-

zans, particularly goldsmiths, jewellers, and watchmakers. Small quantities of woolen cloths, carpets, brandy, etc., are made. Being situated in a fertile country, its trade, particularly in agricultural produce, is very considerable, exporting yearly large quantities of grain, wool, butter, honey, wax, and tallow, together with large herds of horned cattle and hogs, which are sent chiefly to Germany; whence are imported, in return, many of the necessities and luxuries of life. Bucharest has the unenviable reputation of being one of the most dissolute cities in Europe. It is filled with gambling-houses, and other resorts of vice and depravity. Of late years, however, it has improved in civilization, and an earnest and anxious desire for the diffusion of knowledge and education has begun to prevail. It is the seat of the Wallachian Government, and residence of a Greek archbishop.



A STREET IN BUCHAREST.

ing; the metropolitan church, both situated in a spacious square in the centre of the town; 60 churches, each having from three to six steeples or towers; a bazaar, several hospitals and infirmaries, 20 monasteries and convents, and about 30 khans or Oriental inns. From the centre of the town rises a tower 60 feet in height, called the "Fire Tower," from which a complete view of the city is commanded. The consular residences, of which there are several, are also handsome buildings, especially that of the Austrian consul. The educational and literary institutions consist of a college, having 500 students; a lyceum, conducted by 12 professors, and a number of public schools, four of which afford instruction gratis; a public library, a society for *belles lettres*, and another for agriculture.

There are no extensive manufactures in the town, but it contains a great many arti-

AN INDEPENDENT NOBLEMAN.

The late Marquis of Waterford of Ireland, was in the habit of riding in the second-class carriages of the railroad in his vicinity. Such a course very highly disgusted the proprietors, and they resolved to cure the marquis, as they said, of his eccentricity. Accordingly, on one occasion, as he was sitting in a second-class carriage, a sweep, who had previously been in a third-class compartment, was invited out, and placed by the marquis's side. His lordship immediately got out, and purchased a first-class ticket, on delivering which to him the clerk laughed, as if the company had gained a victory. But Lord Waterford quietly returned to the train, gave the first-class ticket to the sweep, gravely escorted him to the place of honor, and then resumed his own place in the second class, whence the proprietors never again sought to remove him.

BETHLEHEM.

Bethlehem is a town in Syria, and is honored above all other towns in the estimation of Christians. It was the birthplace of our Saviour, he who was cradled in a manger. Bethlehem stands six miles southwest of Jerusalem, on an eminence, surrounded by small valleys, or depressions, covered with vine and olive-yards. Half the town is in ruins, and the other half consists of houses irregularly huddled together. These, though not large, are solidly built; and several of the streets are entered by gates. The convent, which is separated from the town by a platform, crowns an E. slope, and is occupied by three sets of monks, Greek, Armenian, and Latin. The church called St. Mary of Bethlehem, or the Church of the Nativity, was built by Helen, the mother of Constantine the Great, and is

A BRAZILIAN MARRIAGE.

Miss C.'s marriage took place a fortnight after our arrival at Rio, and during that time we were all immersed in preparations for the occasion—the more arduous, because the wedding was not to take place at church, but was to be solemnized at home. As I have never read a description of a Brazilian wedding, I may as well describe it here. A temporary altar was erected in a small room branching off from the dining-room (from which the table was removed, but, as nobody ate any dinner on the day, it did not much matter), which had only a sofa, chairs, and sideboard in it, the furniture being placed against the walls so as to leave the centre of the room quite empty. Why this was done will be seen presently.

At about two o'clock P.M., the important



THE PRINCIPAL STREET, BETHLEHEM.

said to stand on the spot where our Saviour was born. It is a structure of considerable grandeur, though of irregular architecture. The roof, which is of a moderate height, is supported by a double row of marble Corinthian columns. The floor also is of marble, and both the walls and ceiling are covered with half-faded pictures, and representations of Mosaic, apparently of great antiquity. Beneath the chancel is a cave, which is entered from above by a flight of steps, and is shown by the monks as the "Cave of the Nativity." An inscription bears, *Hic de Virginie Maria Jesus Christus natus est*—"Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

He that would reprove the world must be one whom the world cannot reprove.

operation of dressing began. Seven o'clock in the evening was the hour fixed for the ceremony, and by that time the hair-dresser and tire-woman had completed their labors, and all the ladies of the family were ready. The bride entered the drawing-room, and took her seat on the *place d'honneur*—the middle of the sofa; and very lovely she looked in her gauzy drapery and orange blossoms. She was attended by her sister-in-law, a beautiful woman, who officiated as her "godmother" (as it is termed) during the ceremony; her three sisters and her cousin, who acted as bridesmaids—the two elder dressed alike in blue and white, the two younger in pink: the whole presenting a very pretty sight. None but the near relatives on both sides had been invited; but they mustered pretty strong, and

at a little before seven all the guests were assembled. Then came the bridegroom attended by his brother, and directly after the ecclesiastic who was to perform the ceremony, Monsenhor R., a fine-looking, imposing dignitary of the church, who well set off the mitre he wore. Suddenly all the gentlemen were called away, and just as I was wondering at their absence, the ladies were summoned, and we all repaired to the dining-room. There a most effective *coup d'œil* presented itself. All the gentlemen were placed in rows, each holding an immense wax taper in his right hand, and to me, who had never beheld anything of the kind, except on the stage, the effect was very striking.

little interruption the ceremony "went off" exceedingly well.

When it was concluded, the bride embraced her friends all round—the bridegroom shook hands with everybody, and then all adjourned to the drawing-room, where tea, coffee, ices, etc., were handed round (as they were several times in the course of the evening), while the bride sat on the sofa, the trimmings of her dress, consisting of orange buds and blossoms, being literally torn off and distributed by the bridegroom among the unmarried persons present, who, in consequence of receiving a share of the floral spoil, are presumed to ensure a husband or wife, as the case may be, before a year has elapsed.



CIRCASSIANS.

The ladies were now disposed in a semi-circle, so as to command a full view of the ceremony, which now began. The bride's responses were quite inaudible, and several of the ladies were affected to tears. But a startling and unexpected effect, certainly not set forth in the programme, was produced by Mrs. C.'s grandson, a fine little fellow of three years old or thereabouts, who just when everybody's attention was concentrated on the solemn rite then being performed, discovered that each of the gentlemen had a flambeau and he had none. He immediately shouted out, "I want a big candle!" and, as he could not have what he wanted, roared out so lustily, that he was obliged to be taken away. Apart from this

CIRCASSIANS.

The efforts of the Circassians for independence of Russia have long been matter of record. Every fact that relates to Circassia is thus of interest at the present time, owing to the exodus from its shores that has been brought about through the conquest of their country by the Russians. The climate of Circassia is represented as generally temperate and salubrious; and good evidence of this is furnished by the fact that the inhabitants are healthy, not subject to chronic diseases, and live when life is allowed to run its natural course, to a good old age. Almost every Circassian has his horse, and tends it with a care scarcely surpassed by that which is paid by

the Arab of the desert to his steed. Both cattle and sheep are extensively reared; but the domestic animal existing in greatest numbers is the goat, which grows up with almost no care, browsing on the twigs and undergrowth of the forests. Agriculture, and the rearing of cattle, seem to be the only indus-

triest industry; and that while the males are occupied with the labors of the field, the females are busily engaged, not only in ordinary household work, but in carrying wool, hemp, and flax through all their various processes up to the finished garment, weaving and tailoring included. The trade is almost as nor-



WILL GORDON AND THE SAVAGES.

trial occupations. There are no manufactures, in the proper sense of the term. The only thing approaching to them are the scanty products of a few individuals employed as a kind of ornamental silversmiths, gun and sword smiths, cartwrights, and coopers. It is said, however, that there is no lack of do-

mal as the manufactures. When it has any existence, it is only as barter, money being almost unknown, an ox or cow forming the ordinary standard of value. More than 50,000 of the inhabitants have left their homes, within the past year, and found an asylum in Turkey.

A ROMANCE OF PIONEER LIFE.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

WHEN Lord Selkirk attempted to form a colony at the junction of the Pembina and Red rivers, he sent out agents to Scotland and Switzerland, with flattering accounts of the salubrity of the climate, and the fertility of the soil. In consequence of these representations several hundred were induced to emigrate with their families. But they were doomed to severe disappointment. After a few years of suffering and privation, the colony was broken up, and those who had not starved, or been killed by the Indians, again emigrated, and settled in Ohio.

Among those who emigrated from Scotland was Duncan Cameron, who traced his lineage back to Sir Evan Dhu. After graduating at the University of Aberdeen, he married the daughter of a farmer in the neighborhood, and became farmer himself; but with so little success that soon after the death of his wife he gave up the lease of his farm, and sold his stock to pay his debts. After settling up his affairs he found himself possessed of forty pounds and a beautiful daughter.

At this time he had the good fortune to become acquainted with the Earl of Selkirk, who was in Scotland on business relating to the colony at Pembina, and at once entered into an engagement with him to superintend the interests of the new colony. He embarked with his daughter, in due time arrived at Montreal, where his situation as superintendent to his lordship procured him many attentions.

His daughter, Flora, was at this time seventeen. Her figure was slight, but symmetrical, with a clear, brilliant complexion, light hair, which fell in natural ringlets, and mild blue eyes. Of course, she had many admirers, among them, McLeod, a partner in the Northwest Company, and William Gordon, the hero of our story.

William Gordon was the son, by an Indian woman, of a half brother of the Marquis of Huntly. He had been educated at the Catholic Seminary in Quebec. He was tall, well formed, with dark, piercing eyes, and coarse, straight hair, high cheek bones, and an olive complexion, that bespoke his Indian descent. Yet he was considered eminently handsome. Governor Semple had introduced him to Cameron, without thinking it necessary to inform

him of his connection with the Indians. His gentlemanly manners, and deference to the opinions of Cameron, made him a great favorite with the old man; while his elegant person, polite address, and constant attention, excited a stronger sentiment in the bosom of his daughter. Flora had observed that his temperament was melancholy, that he was subject to sudden fits of passion, and the least appearance of neglect was keenly felt. This did not, however, prevent her being as much pleased with him as ever. Her father looked upon the growing intimacy with pleasure. He liked William Gordon, and judged from the style of his living he would make a suitable partner for Flora, in a worldly point of view, and he became a constant visitor to their lodgings.

An occurrence soon took place which brought matters to a crisis. A sleighing party was to go to the mouth of the Utawas, on the ice, and our friends were of the party. They started in high spirits; Duncan Cameron, with Flora, taking the lead, and Gordon following. About two miles from the city, there was an airhole in the ice. Cameron was driving his horse about thirty yards above it, at a smart trot, when the ice broke, and the sleigh, with the old man and Flora, were swept under it by the current. The gentlemen all stopped their horses, and the ladies screamed. All stood aghast but Gordon. Throwing off his cloak and boots, he plunged into the hole; the whole passed in a moment. The party watched the airhole below with breathless anxiety. They had begun to fear that all were drowned, when Gordon appeared, holding Cameron by the collar with one hand, and Flora by the hair with the other; both too far exhausted to help themselves in the least. As he attempted to gain a foothold on the ice, it broke under him, and their death seemed inevitable. No one dared approach near enough to help them. Fortunately, two Canadians were crossing the river with a load of planks, and hastened to his aid. Laying the planks on the ice, one of them reached Gordon, now almost ready to sink; yet he insisted that Flora should be the first saved. With little difficulty the Canadian drew her out upon the ice to a safe distance, and then returned and extricated the old man in the same manner; and last of all, Gordon

was taken from the water, chilled and exhausted. They were all three wrapped in buffalo robes, and conveyed with all speed to the city, where medical aid was procured. The old man and Flora continued insensible until after they reached their lodgings, and for a time were ignorant to whom they owed their deliverance; but tongues were not wanting to inform them, and praise the gallantry of Gordon. In a week they had all recovered from the effects of their submersion.

In a few days Gordon made a formal proposition for the hand of Flora. Her father, before giving a decided answer, made more particular inquiry of Governor Semple, the guardian of William, as to his character and connections; and when informed that he was a half-breed, the family pride of Cameron was roused, and he determined to refuse him. The governor endeavored to persuade the old man to think more favorably of it, and consent to their union. The old man was deaf to all reasoning on the subject. "I am a gentleman born," said he. "The blood of Lochiel and Sir Evan Dhu runs in my veins, and it shall never be contaminated, with my consent. The boy is a good boy, and the Gordons are an ancient and noble race, but his mother is an insuperable objection. So, sir, it is no use to argue. I cannot consent to it."

At the interview in which this decision was communicated to Gordon, his indignation and disappointment broke through all restraint; a quarrel ensued, and the Scot forbade his daughter to hold any further intercourse with her lover. She could not obey. Through the instrumentality of a friend of Gordon's she had an interview with him, and pledged her word never to marry another; but he could not persuade her to elope with him.

By the advice of Governor Semple, Gordon resolved to go to Assiniboia. His guardian thought that in that wild country, where the want of all luxuries of life must be severely felt by Cameron, he would have a better prospect of overcoming his objections, than in Montreal. He accordingly set out the next week for Pembina, and travelled as far as Fort William, on the north shore of Lake Superior. He was obliged to wear snow shoes the whole distance, and by the time he arrived there, he was so lame he could hardly walk, as were all the rest of the party. He remained here until he had somewhat recovered, and then resumed his march, attended by two Canadians.

One of them, La Verdure, he found was of a brutal, discontented disposition. They carried with them provisions enough for four days, relying on their rifles, and the chance of meeting with friendly Indians, for their further support. But the snow was too deep, and they were too much impeded by the weight of their snow shoes, to think of following the few deer they saw. For four days all went well enough; but on the fifth they fasted, and La Verdure began to grumble, at being obliged to follow their bourgeois without food. The sixth day passed in the same manner; they saw no game, not even a single prairie hen. Noon came on the seventh day, and they had neither seen an Indian nor had an opportunity to shoot anything. In the afternoon Gordon overheard La Verdure address his comrade in French, supposing he could not understand the language; but in this they were mistaken, as he understood it better than themselves.

"Jussomme," said he, "I am dying of hunger, and shall not be able to walk another day without I find something to eat."

"Why," said his companion, "this is not the first time you have fasted, I hope. I am hungry myself, but I could travel two days longer without eating."

"I will tell you better. There is no need of either of us fasting longer than to-night. Look at that man."

"Well, and what then? He has nothing to give us, and we cannot eat him."

"Why not? Sacristie! It is better that one should die than three. He would last until we could get a supply. Let us kill him as he sleeps."

"God forbid! God forbid! that were a mortal sin. We could never get absolution. I would rather die a thousand times. Villain! I will inform the young man of your intentions unless you promise to give them up."

"Will you so? then take care of yourself. If you offer to tell him what I have said, I will shoot you on the spot. I do not fear but I shall be able to deal with him alone. I tell you though, that I neither can nor will live any longer without food, and, if you interfere, your blood be upon your own head."

"It is a pity. It is a pity. He is a fine lad, and he has eaten less than either of us. Do as you please, however; it is no business of mine. I wash my hands of it."

The poor fellow sighed bitterly. He would have given a year's pay for an opportunity to speak to our hero. But La Verdure stuck so close to him it was impossible. Had he

known that Gordon had understood the conversation it would have saved him much anxiety. Gordon was reluctant to shed blood, and he looked anxiously for some game, that the necessity of taking La Verdure's life might be avoided; for he was resolved that he would not allow himself to be killed for food for such a ruffian. At sunset they encamped without having met with any game. "How far is it to Fort Douglass, La Verdure?" said Gordon.

"So far that I think you will never reach it," replied he.

"I am very hungry, but I think I can hold out some time longer yet."

"I am hungry, too; but I shall not be tomorrow; at least, if you have flesh enough to feed me," he added, in his own language.

"Ha! say you so? die, then, miscreant!" said Gordon, firing at him. The ball passed through the villain's head, and he fell back without a groan. This was the first time Gordon had shed human blood, and he had been too short a time in the Indian country to look upon it lightly.

The next morning, although very weak, Gordon and his remaining companion managed to walk about two miles, when they came upon a camp of friendly Indians. They were hospitably received, and remained with them several days, and after leaving them, reached the fort without further difficulty. Gordon was received by the deputy governor with much courtesy, and entertained in the best manner the accommodations of the fort allowed. He found some of his Hohay kindred encamped near the fort, and made them some valuable presents, at the same time accepting an invitation to visit their village.

On the third morning after his arrival one of his Hohay cousins came to him, leading a splendid horse, saddled and bridled, after the Indian fashion. "Come, my brother," said he. "I give you my best horse. Mount him, and come with us. One of our young men has just arrived, and tells us the buffalo are as thick as the stars in the skies. Our people are going to pound them as soon as we return. Come with us, and see how your brethren live."

Gordon had neither forgotten his mother tongue nor the manner of taking the buffalo; and was desirous of revisiting the scenes of his early childhood. He took leave of M'Donald, and left with the Hohays. After two days' riding they reached the village, where Gordon was well received by the tribe, and feasted almost to suffocation. He passed the time with them hunting the buffalo, and join-

ing in their sports, and soon became a general favorite.

While with them some of the tribe brought in an Indian woman they had captured on the prairies, who proved to be the wife of Wawnahton, their most deadly foe. When it became known to the tribe, they gathered around her, brandishing their knives, and crying for vengeance. Gordon, hearing the uproar, went out to learn the cause, and when told that the woman was to be tortured, he determined to save her. Rushing into the crowd, he placed himself before her, and demanded her of the chiefs for himself; but there was such a clamor he could not make himself heard for some time, but finally succeeded in restoring quiet, and making known his wishes. Some of them were disposed to listen, but one large, ill-favored fellow rushed up to her crying, "He killed my brother, and she shall die for it." Gordon caught up an axe, and placing himself in a threatening attitude, declared that if they killed her, they should kill him first; and offered, if they would give her to him, he would pay for her when he returned to the fort. They at last consented, and she was given up to him. He turned to one of his cousins, and requested him to saddle his horse, and, as soon as he was brought, he mounted, and placing the woman before him, rode out on the prairie, fearing a change in the popular opinion. After riding about two miles he dismounted, and, giving her the horse, told her to make the best of her way to her own tribe, but not to fear pursuit, as she was mounted on the best horse in the camp. When he returned he was met with threatening looks; but he remained silent, and the storm soon blew over. This humane action afterwards proved of great benefit to him; as will appear before the close of this story. After spending a month with his red kindred, he returned to Fort Douglass, and as soon as the ice broke up, ascended the river to Pembina.

In the mean time Flora had remained at Montreal with her father. She had lost her gaiety, but not her hopes. Caveny, the friend of Gordon, had kept her informed of his movements, and being a warm friend, he lost no opportunity to sound his friend's praises in her ear. It was at this time that M'Leod made proposals to her father for the hand of Flora, and was warmly approved by him and referred to his daughter. Flora thanked him for his good opinion, but declined his offer, and when pressed for her reasons, frankly told him her heart was already given to another.

The summer had far advanced, before Governor Semple and Mr. Cameron had completed their arrangements for leaving Montreal, and joining the colony at Pembina. They finally started, but were detained on the way, by the sickness of Cameron, and arrived at Fort Douglass late in the fall. Governor Semple was detained there by business, and Mr. Cameron proceeded to Pembina alone. Unwilling to expose his daughter to unnecessary danger, he left her with the governor. When he arrived at Pembina, Gordon, under the pretence of hunting, saddled his horse and rode to Fort Douglass. He was cordially received by Flora and his guardian. Flora indeed gently reproved him for his visit, but upon his telling her of the danger of the passage up the river, and that he could be of use to the governor, she made no further objection.

The governor having completed his arrangements, prepared to leave. The crops had been destroyed by grasshoppers, and the people, both at Fort Douglass and at Pembina, were suffering for the want of food. A small portion of the stores at the fort were placed on board the boat, and they moved up the river. On the third day, their provisions being likely to come short, they were all placed on short allowance, and some of the women began to suffer. Gordon gave his share to Flora, but instead of eating it, she gave it to a woman who was sick and scarce able to take care of her child. Gordon remonstrated with her for neglecting herself, but she replied, "Believe me, William, it would do me more harm to witness her sufferings, than any hardship or privation I am likely to suffer."

"This is but the beginning of their misery. I am afraid all will suffer bitterly when winter sets in. If your father had shown common sense, you would have been exempt from it."

"Alas! I know his prejudices too well. Though you are a Gordon by the father's side, he cannot overcome his dislike to your Indian blood. For your own sake, then, seek a fairer and richer bride than poor Flora Cameron."

"Would you drive me mad, Flora? Forsake you! May God forsake me if I do! When you accepted the offer of my hand, you were ignorant of my family, but I know that the discovery has not lowered me in your opinion. I never sought to deceive you: I thought my descent was as plainly stamped on my features, as the mark on the brow of the first homicide. It seems I was mistaken. If your heart is still unchanged, why should the folly of an old dotard sunder us? True, he gave you

life; but did I not save it, and his too? I have therefore as strong a claim on you as he. And having your plighted faith, do you think I will relinquish it? No never! till I hear the command from your own lips. Seek a fairer bride, indeed! and where can she be found?"

"William, if you value my good opinion, do not speak again of my father as you have done. He is a good father to me, and it may be his family pride will yield to affection. Do not fear for me: if you wish it, I will again swear to you never to marry another."

"Forgive me, Flora, that under a deep sense of wrong, I have spoken harshly of him. I will endeavor not to offend you again. But we need food for the famishing women and children; and thank God, there is the track of a buffalo that has been to the river to drink within the hour. I will go ashore and try to bring a load of his flesh to the boat."

Flora tried to stop him, but he had already spoken to the steersman to set him ashore, and did not hear her. As the boat touched the bank, he leaped ashore, and waving his hand to Flora, ascended a small hillock, and looked around for the buffalo. His practised eye soon discovered a solitary buffalo grazing at a distance. He shouldered his gun, and was about to start, when a low whistle attracted his attention. He well understood it to be an Indian signal, meaning, "you are in danger; keep out of sight." The warning came from a small ravine at the foot of the hillock. He descended into the hollow and returned an answering signal. A tall, mounted Indian emerged from the ravine, and he recognized Wawnahton, the Dahcotah chief whose wife he had rescued from the Holiays. Gordon had seen him since the rescue of his wife, at the fort at Pembina, which he had attacked with his band, at the instigation of M'Leod, who had, since his rejection by Flora, preceded her into the Indian country, and having learned that our hero was his rival, he had planned the attack, and offered Wawnahton large inducements to undertake it. He had accompanied the savages disguised as an Indian, in hopes to direct the attack in such a manner as to destroy Gordon. But the colony were apprised of their danger, and when they appeared before the fort, they fired upon them, and killed three of the savages, and the rest of the band retreated, with the exception of Wawnahton and his uncle, who in desperation crossed the river, and entered the fort alone, and was met by Gordon, and an amicable settlement made.

Upon learning that Gordon was the one who

had shown such kindness to his wife, he had proposed they should be kodahs (brothers), and his object now was to warn him of danger. "Listen!" said he; "there is a hunter who thirsts for your blood. It is the Englishman—the old woman who persuaded me to come to Pembina. Do you see yonder?" pointing to a strip of wood; "he is there, and nineteen half-breeds with him. There were twenty this morning." Drawing his robe aside, he showed a scalp. "Keep a good watch to-night for they have been watching your boat all day."

"I cannot return empty to the boat," said Gordon. "Our women are dying of hunger. I must kill something, cost what it may."

"That is the way with you men who wear hats. But I have provided for that. Come, jump up behind me."

Gordon sprang on the horse behind him, and half an hour's ride brought them to a clump of wood at a bend in the river, where the Indian showed him a fat cow hung in the branches, and told him it was for him. Gordon attempted to thank him, but he cut him short. "When your big canoe arrives," said he, "make a fire and eat. Then, as soon as it is dark, leave the camp and hide yourselves. Do not suffer yourselves to be surprised, I will be nigh you, and ten good bows shall not be wanting, in time of need."

After receiving some ammunition for a pistol he carried, he rode away. When the boats came up, Gordon communicated his intelligence to the governor, and recommended following the advice of Wawnahton, which was done, and they arrived at Pembina in safety. Mr. Cameron was very much incensed when he learned that Gordon had been to Fort Douglass, and had accompanied Flora up in the boat. But when told of the service he had rendered them, he became somewhat mollified.

Governor Semple had expected to find misery at Pembina, but the reality was far beyond his expectations. The houses of the colonists were of the rudest kind, and the sunken faces and hollow eyes of the occupants told a tale of famine and distress. The people angling, and drawing nets, and the heaps of the offal of fishes before the doors, showed how they had subsisted for a long time. The buffaloes had nearly all left the prairie; and even when they were plenty, they had been unable to hunt them with success, not having been accustomed to it. The river soon froze over, and the settlers suffered severely from famine. Gordon took good care to supply Mr. Cameron

with the best that could be obtained, unknown to him. But Flora found out from whence it came, and would manifest her gratitude by her looks whenever they met, which was seldom.

Governor Semple found that something must be done for the help of the inhabitants, or they would all perish. He therefore hired fifty half-breeds to hunt for them. A herd of buffaloes was known to be at the river Aux Parcs, and thither the hunters were directed to go and encamp, and afterwards follow the animals in their migrations, like the Indians. Gordon took the command of the party. The governor advised the colonists to accompany the hunters to the plains. In order that they might be able to do so, he furnished them with lodges, bought of the Indians, and with horses and carts to transport their families and baggage. The procession was a curious one. There were upwards of an hundred rudely constructed carts, laden with tents, bedding, etc., with the women and children seated on the top. The females adopted the costume of the half-breed women, as better adapted to the country than their own. Cameron accompanied the party; and Flora, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her father, resolved to accompany him.

Gordon rode with the hunters, at the head of the procession. In two days, they reached the banks of the river, and encamped near a large herd of buffalo. The first hunt took place the following day. They killed one hundred buffaloes, and plenty reigned in the camp. They continued hunting, dressing the carcasses each day; and as fast as the meat was cured, it was transported to Pembina, until they had laid in a stock sufficient to last through the winter, when they made preparations to break up the camp and return. But a new herd of buffalo making their appearance, they could not resist the temptation for one more hunt.

In the morning of the day on which the last hunt was to have taken place, Mr. Cameron walked up the river on the ice, to where the horses were grazing on the rushes. As he turned a short bend, he perceived a party of Indians among the horses, and turned to retrace his steps. But he had been seen, and his retreat was cut off by two Indians. He shouted, to give the alarm to the camp. The Indians did not appear to be disposed to harm him, but seized him by the arms, and hurried him off at his utmost speed.

His cry had been heard, and the men came

running but to save their horses. Gordon was the foremost. He perceived the situation of Cameron, and exerted himself to overtake his captors. One large Indian was between him and them; the rest were engaged with the horses. Raising his rifle, he fired and killed the Indian, and then continued the pursuit, and reached a ravine twenty-five feet broad, just as they had reached the opposite side. One of the savages, seeing the rescue inevitable, loosened his hold on the old man, and drew an arrow to kill him. But Gordon, exerting himself to the utmost, cleared the chasm at one bound, and felled the Indian to the earth with the butt of his rifle. The other uttered a loud whoop, and stepping back a few paces, let fly an arrow at Gordon. It glanced upon his powder-horn, and buried itself to the feather in the breast of Cameron. Before he had time to draw another, Gordon was upon him. Leaping up, he struck the Indian in the chest with his heels and beat him to the earth, at the same time receiving a deep wound in the leg from his knife. They grappled; but the struggles of the savage were unavailing. Few men could have contended with Gordon at any time, but now he fought with tenfold energy. Seizing the wrist of his prostrate foe, he buried his knife in his breast. The whole passed in a moment, and the foremost of the half-breeds came up just as the Indian drew his last breath.

Gordon called to one of them, named Le Gross, to take the old man to the camp, and turned to urge the men on in pursuit of the savages, and save the horses. But it was too late; they had succeeded in getting off with all but the cart horses. Gordon's leg soon began to stiffen, rendering him unable to walk, and he was carried by the men to the camp. It presented a desolate appearance. Five women lay on the ground, tomahawked and scalped. Before the door of Cameron's tent lay Le Gross with five arrows sticking in his body. He too had lost his scalp, but the body of an Indian lying a few paces from him, showed that he had not fallen without resistance.

Cameron was lying in his tent helpless. The arrow had not been withdrawn, but he still breathed. Flora was nowhere to be found. Gordon was for a moment paralyzed; but soon recovering, he sent Des Champs to examine the premises. The women who had fled and concealed themselves, now appeared. They told him that just as Le Gross had laid the old man on the bed, and returned to the door of the tent, a party of Indians entered the camp from the rear, and attacked him; and when

they had despatched him, entered the tent and seized Flora, carrying her off insensible. Des Champs now returned and reported that the Indians had had horses concealed in the woods, and that they had taken a northern course. He could do nothing himself towards rescuing her, neither could he prevail on any of the half-breeds to follow her captors. The arrow was extracted from the breast of Cameron, and the wound dressed. Meantime the tents had been struck; and placing the old man in one cart and Gordon in another, they started for Pembinau, which they reached without further accident.

For several weeks Gordon was confined to his room with his wounds. At the end of that time, a half-breed arrived from Lacantravers, and from him he learned that Wawnahton was encamped with his band on the Wild Rice River, and he determined to seek him, in hopes to learn something from Flora. He left Pembinau accompanied by Des Champs, and reached his camp in nine days. From Wawnahton he learned that Nopah Keon, with his band, was encamped about six days' ride from where he then was, and that he had a white woman in his lodge. Wawnahton offered to go with him, and compel him to surrender her; and after being detained several days by a severe storm, they started, and finding him, succeeded, by threats and a present of ten horses, in obtaining the release of Flora. It appeared that M'Leod had hired Nopah Keon to capture Flora and deliver her to him. But when he appeared to claim her, the Indian refused to give her up, intending to make her his wife as soon as she recovered.

Flora was rejoiced at seeing Gordon, and anxious to start immediately for Pembinau. Wawnahton made a dog sledge for her, and furnished buffalo robes, in which she was wrapped, and with thirty of his band, escorted them to the fort. They found her father very low in health and spirits; and after hearing her story, he desired them to send for Lord Selkirk, at that time at the fort, and a magistrate, and be married at once, as he was convinced he could live but a short time. Flora wished to postpone it for a time; but he would hear of no delay, and the ceremony was performed. At the conclusion, they turned toward him; but he had breathed his last. A week after the burial of the old man, Gordon and his wife left Pembinau for Montreal, where they remained till spring, and then sailed for Scotland to join his father, who had come into possession of the contested estate.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

BY JOEL BATES SWETT.

Life hath its shadow and sunshine,
 Its birth and its desolate end;
 And from first to the last do its sorrows
 Too much with its happiness blend.
 Turned loose, to depend for its guidance
 Upon its own freedom of will,
 'Tis borne, as the world may direct it,
 To safety, or danger and ill.

When a life is thus turned on the current—
 The world-tide of human affairs,
 O, guide it, ye who've safe weathered,
 And lighten the burden it bears!
 And when a lost heart, lone and weary,
 Yearns, O, how deeply, to rest,
 Refuse not thy landmark of friendship,
 Or the light of love locked in thy breast.

How oft have we seen a hope blighted,
 And golden dreams driven away,
 By the chill look of disapprobation,
 Causing night where there should have been day:
 Causing tears where there should have been glad-
 ness,
 And groans where there should have been songs:
 Leaving memory in lives thus embittered,
 For years to mourn over their wrongs.
 O, would we not shrink with a shudder,
 To see a child mangled and torn
 By the hands of some dark-hearted villain,
 Who ne'er for another could mourn?
 Yet hearts there are, fragile and tender,
 Confiding, and loving, and pure,
 By cold words and glances left bleeding,
 With life but a thing to endure.

AGATHA VARRANCE

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

A FLOOD of gaslight flashing over a lady's boudoir, a gleam of rosy coloring, the sheeny lustre of silken drapery, a warm, soft, perfumed atmosphere, and a silence just made pleasant by the monotonous music of the *pendule* upon the mantel. Into this bower of beauty flitted Mrs. Aubin's pretty maid, Adele, and the little figure standing before the great mirror, silently admiring its own grace, started and half turned around.

"Here are some lilies, Mrs. Aubin, with Mr. Sheridan's compliments."

The little dark beauty took the flowers, a dainty smile parting her scarlet lips. They were great, white, creamy things, heavy with odor, contrasted only by their own green leaves. The delicate, jewelled fingers touched them softly.

"Very beautiful, but Mr. Sheridan should have known they were not suited to my style."

"A gentleman like Mr. Sheridan cannot be expected—" began Adele with an air—

"Never mind him, now, Adele," interrupted the lady. "Go into the drawing-room and see that nothing is disarranged before the company comes. I won't go down yet. My cousin may come still, though she should

have been here half an hour ago if the train is not late."

Adele withdrew, pouting. She had meant to give Mrs. Aubin her opinion of Mr. Sheridan, and that lady had, as usual, nipped her in the bud.

Out of doors the air was full of slow falling snow, but the windows were bright with ruddy light, and there was the constant tramp of passing feet, and the merry tinkle of silver sounding bells.

Agatha Varrance, sitting alone in the carriage as it rolled along the interminable streets, saw the whole gay scene unfolding before her with only a quiet feeling of satisfaction. It was so different from her first winter visit to the city five years ago. Then she was alert, eager, full of anticipation. Now, as the driver let down the steps at Mrs. Aubin's door, and she stepped upon the pavement and looked up at the tall, many-windowed house, flashing its festive lights out into the dark, snowy night, she thought with a thrill of homesick longing of the wide wastes of woods and fields around her country home.

Now she stood in the entry, and the manservant sent the maid in haste for Adele.

But Adele was sulking in the drawing-room.

"Mrs. Aubin may come down if she likes," and she did not stir.

"I will go up by myself," said Agatha at length. "I know the way very well." And she ran up the stairs. Another moment, and the door was opened, and Agatha Varrance stood in the middle of the pretty, perfumed boudoir.

There was a little flutter near the fire, a stir in the mass of rosy silk and gossamer lace, and the little lady got up, rubbing her sleepy eyes.

"Why, Agatha Varrance?" and two dainty hands were held out, and the beautiful face put up for a kiss. It fell soft and light and cool as a snowflake, just touching the smooth, olive cheek. Then Agatha, lightly dropping her wrappings, stood looking down at her with critical eyes.

"You are as pretty as ever, Cousin Rose. Do some people never grow old, I wonder?"

"O, don't talk of it," cried Rose, in playful dismay. "You look just the same as ever, Agatha, though you've been shut up so long in that horrid, dull old house. How you've managed to exist I can't imagine."

"Thank you, in behalf of the old house. But I'm not just the same as ever. There are silver threads in my shining, dark locks, or, to speak in more prosaic fashion, I'm growing gray. Then there are incipient crows' feet around my eyes, and I'm losing my complexion," said Agatha, soberly, looking straight into the fire.

"Why! how—how odd!" said Mrs. Aubin, doubtfully. She would have perished before she would have made such a revelation. Agatha's brown eyes met her gray ones full of mute surprise. A rippling laugh chimed in with the ticking of the *pendule*.

"Do I shock you, Rose? You must excuse my country manners. Sit down now, and let us talk."

Rose dropped on a hassock at Agatha's feet.

"Wont you have something first?"

"No, thank you. I took a lunch in my reticule. What is your house lighted so for?"

Mrs. Aubin brightened. "It is my birthday, you know. Mr. Aubin always would have me give a party on my birthday, and my friends would quite expect it. Mr. Sheridan said there would be no harm in it."

Agatha drew out her watch. "It is nearly nine. When does your evening begin?"

"They ought to come soon. There's a ring now. That must be Mr. Sheridan. Are you too tired to go down?"

"Tired? O no. But about going down—may I dress as I like?"

Rose hesitated. "Yes, provided—"

"O, I won't insist upon anything worse than a black silk," laughed Agatha.

Mrs. Aubin drew a little sigh of relief. "I'm so glad you aren't bent on making a fright of yourself. The black silk will do nicely. There aren't more than twenty people coming." Rose superintended the toilet. She pronounced it charming.

"But you must have something for your hair."

Agatha drew one of the white, fragrant lilies from the vase, wound it in her purple-black hair, where it shone like a soft, pure star. Rose walked around her admiringly.

"It suits you perfectly. I wonder what Mr. Sheridan will think of it."

Agatha faced around. "Who is Mr. Sheridan?"

Mrs. Aubin's pretty eyebrows were lifted in surprise. "Why, haven't you ever heard of Felix Sheridan, dear William's particular friend, almost the same as a brother?"

"No," said Agatha, carelessly throwing a scarf over her shoulders.

"He is such a good friend," continued Mrs. Aubin, musingly. "William said I must rely upon him always; and indeed I don't know what I should have done without him, petted as I was by poor, dear William;" and the little widow stroked away a tear or two that glittered upon her brown lashes.

But it was a smiling face that looked up and saw its own reflection beside Agatha's in the mirror—a bright, beautiful face, whose soft tints, and sunny dimples, and smooth curves were yet lovelier in contrast with her own pallor and irregularity of features. So Agatha thought, looking at her own still, drooping eyes and unsmiling lips. She never saw the vivid color flash out, and the quiet eyes become suddenly full of light and life, and the kindling smile that transfigured her face. So she followed her cousin down stairs, not envying her beauty, but loving it with all the exaggerated enthusiasm of a girl who fancies herself plain.

There were two gentlemen in the drawing-room when they entered. One was young, graceful, and gallant, the other was past youth, dark, stern, and haughty as a Turk.

Agatha's proud head was lifted just a trifle

more regally when her cousin introduced Mr. Sheridan, and she walked over and sat down near handsome Ned Donnelly. A light, breezy conversation sprang up between them, and before the room was filled, Mrs. Aubin could see that Mr. Ned was half in love with her cousin already. Meantime Felix Sheridan gloomed by himself in a corner.

"You selfish monopolist," said Rose Aubin, half an hour later, standing before them, and smiling into Ned Donnelly's eyes. "Here is Mr. Sheridan waiting to know my cousin, and you remain immovable. Aren't you tired of him, Agatha?"

"Don't oblige Miss Varrance to tell any fibs," laughed Ned. "I'm sure I beg Mr. Sheridan's pardon. I could not imagine what he was glowering at us so for."

"Ned Donnelly—"

"I know it's high treason to say a word against Mr. Sheridan," said Ned, teasingly. "I'm afraid Miss Varrance doesn't appreciate the honor he does her in wanting to know her."

"I fear I don't," said Agatha, drily.

"O, Agatha, don't get prejudiced," cried Mrs. Aubin, in alarm. "Mr. Sheridan is a little odd, but—"

"He's a prince of noble fellows, nevertheless," said Ned. "Miss Varrance, I warn you—Mrs. Aubin is an inveterate match-maker; and I've no doubt she has been praising you to Mr. Sheridan till that cool, quiet gentleman is fairly interested. Ah! Mrs. Aubin, those roses are sad telltales."

Agatha looked up. Rose was coloring with vexation and embarrassment. "Never mind him, dear," she said, as Mr. Ned went away, laughing at his victory.

"I'll bring another friend to you presently," and she moved away. Agatha sat still a moment. Felix Sheridan, across the room, would find the way open to him. Should she sit still and wait his coming? She was a little annoyed, and her pride was touched. Rose was certainly very indiscreet sometimes. She rose and walked to the other end of the long drawing-room. Here some ferns grew in exquisite beauty under glass. She had bent over them half a minute, admiring their delicacy, when a voice startled her. She looked up. A bearded face beside her, a pair of blue eyes—were they sad or stern?—looked down at her.

"Are you pleasantly entertained, Miss Varrance?" Mrs. Aubin asked me to see that you were not left to be lonely in the crowd."

It was an unlucky speech. Agatha became cold and impenetrable instantly, and her face flushed with annoyance.

"I am doing very well, thank you," she said, coldly, and withdrew to a seat near by. Mr. Sheridan took another near her. "How provoking!" thought Agatha. "If he had any tact he would not have said that, and if he had any perception he would see that I don't want him."

Apparently he did not see it, but simply because he had been asked to do so, went on with his attempts to entertain her. It was a difficult task, but he persevered with a certain quiet, gentlemanly indifference at his ill-success, that was vastly amusing to Agatha.

"Are you fond of dancing?" he asked.

"Not particularly."

"Then you will not miss it this evening?"

No remark.

"Do you play?"

"Not at all."

"Aren't you fond of music?"

"I don't like noise."

He looked at her, but there was nothing remarkable in the quiet, colorless face, and the long lashes quite hid the drooping eyes.

"Perhaps you prefer vocal music. We would like to hear that—if you sing—"

"I don't sing."

What to do with a girl who neither danced nor sung? Mr. Sheridan began to mistrust that Mrs. Aubin's cousin would not prove a very lively companion for her. But he was not the man to desert his friend in an emergency.

"Did you—" he began again. But Agatha was desperate. "Pray don't ask me any more questions," she said suddenly. "I told you I could do very well by myself, but you insisted upon trying to entertain me. It is very good of you, and I am very much obliged to you, but I don't like to answer questions. If you would find some sensible subject of conversation, I don't doubt I might say something."

He looked at her now with a face so full of surprise that Agatha violated the proprieties again. But that low, merry laugh struck him like music.

"I thought I was in the right way to make myself agreeable," he said, with a smile that swept away all the sternness from his face. "How was I to know that you were different from other young ladies?"

"How, indeed, unless you took some pains about it."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Varrance. I surely meant to do my duty."

"And you did it, under difficulties. It was quite heroic, and in consideration of it I release you from all further service." The wide, handsome brown eyes were laughing at him. The face was grown singularly attractive.

"Thank you. I prefer to remain, by your leave. I am curious to see how you will get on in what you call sensible conversation."

"That depends—" began Agatha, but just now a lady sat down to the piano, and Agatha, who didn't like noise, but worshipped music, listened, her whole soul in her face. The music was rather grave than gay. It went to Agatha's heart. It was full of reminiscences of an old-time happiness; a time when she was not so old nor so lonely; when life was full of pleasantness, and nothing seemed too glad or beautiful to be hoped for; it sung to her of the dear, familiar woodlands, the flowers around the door, the quiet joy of summer mornings, the sweet content of long, starlight nights.

Mr. Sheridan watched her. A few sweet, strong notes rounding the whole, and the music ceased. Agatha's eyes were full of tears. Felix Sheridan turned away, a look of pain settling upon his face and making it very grave and stern for a moment. People were talking now, and presently these two talked as those do who, full of the same interests, feelings, hopes, have been separated by a waste of years.

Now and then we meet people whom it seems we must have known before. Or we have been waiting all our lives for them—waiting to say these same things, to hear these same things said. Of such should loves and friends be made. They come rarely. Sometimes we wait and they do not come—they never come—and we go on making shift with such as we may, talking a great deal but saying nothing, keeping our true selves hid, our best thoughts lying latent, heart-hungry and full of longing to the end. Had Agatha ever found any one like this before?

She went up stairs when the company was gone, a feeling of perfect peace, vague but delicious, thrilling her. Mrs. Aubin found her there by the fire in the boudoir, sitting on the hassock, her beautiful black hair falling over her shoulders, the lilies lying in her lap. Rose sat down by her.

"How did you like it, dear?"

"I liked it."

"And you liked Mr. Sheridan, too. I know you did, you talked so much."

"O yes, we talked a great deal." Rose lifted her head from Agatha's shoulder. Something in her voice startled her. But Agatha was smiling.

"I mustn't have another such talk," she said. "It has got into my head, like wine."

"O, yes you will! He comes here every day. He didn't say anything because you wore his lilies, did he?" with a little laugh.

"His lilies!"

"Yes. He sent them to me to-night."

Agatha's cheek crimsoned. She took them up softly. "They're very lovely. Who is he?"

"Why, Mr. Felix Sheridan!" laughed Rose.

"What do I care for his name? I want to know what he is, where he came from, and all about him."

"What makes you so curious?" Agatha began to make preparations for going.

"Don't," cried Rose. "I won't tease you now. Mr. Sheridan was a dear friend of poor William's, I told you. It was years ago, before I knew William, and he was always praising Mr. Sheridan, wanting me to know him. He—Mr. Sheridan—was abroad then; it was just after he was married; did you think he was a bachelor, dear? It was two or three years before he came home, and when he came his wife did not come with him. She never came. And Mr. Sheridan wasn't at all like what William had described him—full of life and fun, and always sunshiny and gay. You see what he is now."

"Proud and cold I thought him at first."

"No, he isn't. It isn't pride. He has been very good to me."

"Where is his wife now?"

"Died, long ago, it is said. But there is some mystery about it. No one would think of asking him for any explanation."

"I dislike mysteries," said Agatha, in a dissatisfied tone.

"Why, I thought it would interest you." Rose looked perplexed. Agatha laughed.

"I'm not romantic enough. If I were writing a novel I should make my hero an honest, straightforward sort of a fellow, as transparent as day, and not a single possibility of wickedness in him. Then, having presented him to my heroine, I would marry them off-hand. There should be no difficulties, no insurmountable obstacles to be finally got over. The stream of true love should run as smoothly as—a canal. It would not cost much to print my novel."

"Dream it all out to-night, dear, and I'll go to a publisher's with you to-morrow," said Rose, merrily. They bade each other good-night.

Agatha standing in her own room, found she had Mr. Sheridan's lilies still in her hand. She put them into water, touching them with a kind of loving gentleness, but with a cloud on her face. All that strange, sweet, sunny brightness which had pleased Mr. Sheridan was gone. Her eyes drooped wearily. The hour of play-time was over. Life, with its burdens, was waiting for her. "It is such a little while to have lived and seen so much sorrow," she said, drearily.

And then she heard the little clock in Rose's room strike two, and knew she must put her thoughts by if she meant to wear a pleasant morning face. And all this while pretty Mrs. Aubin was building air castles, very beautiful but very unsubstantial.

The gray winter morning was just brightening when Agatha went into the breakfast-room. Little Lilian came to meet her, laid her chubby arms around her neck, and talked in pretty child-phrases. Agatha took her to the window, and they looked out upon the people hurrying by to their daily business, upon the curling spires of blue smoke uplifting into the pale sky, and the rough play of a trio of children opposite. Presently some one in passing lifted his hat with a bright smile of recognition. In another moment the bell rang and Mr. Sheridan was admitted.

"I came in to take a roll of manuscript that I accidentally left last night," he said, after shaking hands. He looked about and repossessed himself of his papers.

"No, I thank you," he said, in reply to Agatha's invitation to sit down. Yet he lingered, standing near her by the window, and playfully patting Lilian.

"Were you laying plans for the day's pleasure, Miss Varrance? You wore a very thoughtful face when I looked up," he said.

"Did I?" returned Agatha, with that bright smile that made her face so charming. "I'm afraid I must own that I was looking back rather than forward."

"Do you find that so pleasant, then?" he asked, with a wistful look.

"O, yes," she said, a dreamy expression in her eyes that showed she had almost forgotten his presence. He stood a moment looking at her, then started abruptly, bid her good morning, and went.

Mr. Sheridan sat in Mrs. Aubin's drawing-

room that evening. Some game had been arranged; Ned Donnelly was coming in, and Agatha would be down presently. So Mrs. Aubin wiled away the time talking of her cousin.

"All alone?" said Mr. Sheridan, looking up.

"All alone in that great, rambling country house," returned Mrs. Aubin, earnestly, "and till now no one has been able to tempt her away. And since her father died she has managed the farm—you can't think how nicely—and yet she isn't a single bit strong-minded."

"One can see that," said Mr. Sheridan, smiling. "But hasn't she any relative to care for her?"

"Only poor Tom," said Rose, shaking her head gravely, "and he went to sea and was never heard from. I fancy it doesn't matter; he wasn't much like the Varrance family. I suppose Agatha will marry sometime," she added. Mr. Sheridan was silent.

"Only she is so peculiar," pursued the lady.

"Peculiar?"

"O, she has a good many queer ideas," said Mrs. Aubin.

"About what?"

"About—O, about marriage and—and—" hesitated Rose, who, though she had not a multitude of ideas in general, and certainly none about marriage in particular, began to think she was making too free with Agatha's sentiments.

"O, I wonder, Mrs. Aubin, if Donnelly is going to fail us?"

Two or three months went by. The same little circle met in Mrs. Aubin's drawing-room. Mr. Sheridan came at all times. He had always done so, Rose said; why not now? And yet it was with Agatha that he talked, her eye that he unconsciously sought in frequent appeal for sympathy, her absence that depressed him, her step that, put what restraint upon himself he would, called a flush to his grave, brown face, and a new light to his eye.

Rose wondered if Agatha noticed all this. If she did she never betrayed it by look or word. She sat quietly at her work in the drawing-room, came in in her stately, graceful way when he was there, not suffering his presence to move her from her self-poise, sang sweet, low songs to herself at twilight as she had always a way of doing, though she was no vocalist, and in all ways bore herself, not like the Agatha of these three or four sorrowful years just past, but like the dear, delight-

ful companion of old times. This was all, only—or was it fancy?—Mrs. Aubin thought there was a brightness, new and strange, shining in her face, as of some recent joy that would not let itself be hid.

The winter slipped away, gliding into the soft April days, bringing dreams of spring flowers waiting upon sheltered hillsides, and in warm, sunny nooks. But March had not passed without its special wonder. In a whole month Mr. Sheridan had shown himself but twice. Rose marvelled about it, manufactured all sorts of possible and impossible hypotheses, only to her own vexation. At last a bright thought struck her.

"Agatha, have you sent him away?" she said, reproachfully.

"Whom?"

"Why, Mr. Sheridan."

"I—sent him away?"

"You know what I mean," said Rose, with some impatience.

Agatha's cheeks were glowing. "No, I haven't sent him away," she replied, her voice shaking a little.

Rose looked infinitely relieved. "Then he hasn't said anything to you—"

"No, no," interrupted Agatha. Then seeing that Rose still looked doubtful, she added, with an effort:

"Whatever may be Mr. Sheridan's reason for staying away, it is quite unknown to me."

"O, I'm so glad—thank you, dear," cried Rose, delighted. "I was so anxious, you know; you wont mind my seeming inquisitive," and the little lady went away to write a note begging to know if Mr. Sheridan was ill. He presented himself that evening in answer.

"You have given us quite an alarm," said Mrs. Aubin. "How can you excuse yourself?"

He did not glance at Agatha, but he was perfectly aware that she went on with her work and looked superbly indifferent. He stammered something about the claims of business.

They were very silent that evening; that silence that tests friendship more than speech. But the atmosphere was genial; under its influence Mr. Sheridan's face cleared. He was moody when he came in; some charm had wrought its spell upon him, for when he rose to go his whole voice and manner were changed.

A wild wind had swept a dun mass of clouds over the April sky. The wind was

still, now, and there was a brooding, gray mist in the air.

"It will snow before morning," said Mr. Sheridan, looking up, as he stood in the doorway.

"If it does, a sleigh-ride will be possible to-morrow. Don't stay away so long again," pleaded Rose, in her pretty, coaxing way.

In spite of himself he looked at Agatha. She could not help it; that bright, heartsome smile would leap from her eyes.

"No, I will not," he said.

"I will not stay away," he repeated, as he strode along the pavement. "Why should I forbid myself the dearest happiness I ever knew? I'll take it while I may, and when I must do without it, why, then I shall know how. If her peace were in jeopardy—but I should be a fool to dream of that. And why should I be defrauded of her society?" He went gloomily back to his lodgings, watched the gray mist grow thicker and heavier, and saw the snow falling before he slept.

The next morning was a carnival season in the city. It was clear and cold, the snow grew rapidly smoother, and fleet horses and gaily painted sleighs dashed along every street.

It was still quite early when Felix Sheridan drove up to Mrs. Aubin's door. They were all in a gala-day humor, and laughed and talked while he was tucking the crimson-lined robes around them. Away with a quick spring and a merry tinkle of bells, faster, faster, past the brick walls, past a throng of slower people, the soft, cool air rushing by them, still faster, till Rose, pale with excitement, asked, under her breath, if it were quite safe. And Agatha laughed, for was not Mr. Sheridan brave and strong, and had he not the mettlesome steed well in hand?

But he drew the rein at Mrs. Aubin's first word, and they drove at a slower pace, leaving the suburbs behind them, and dashing through long reaches of pine woods, where the snow lay pure from any footfall, and it was still, and cool, and fragrant.

They came back at high noon, still talking busily as they entered the city streets, quieter, but so absorbed that Agatha never clearly knew how it all happened, only there was a sudden rush, a crashing fall close above them, a slide of snow from the roof, and the horse sprang forward with a great, swift leap, snapping the reins in twain, lifting the sleigh sheer from the ground, and hurling it forward the next instant with a violence that tossed her two companions from their seats. A sharp

turn around a corner, a din of voices in the air, and still the animal ran, wild with terror, dashing through the crowds that gave way upon every side, on and still on, out again towards the country, through more thinly peopled streets, over bridges and up long ascents, till the open, broad country road was gained. And all the while Agatha had clung to the vehicle, mute, white, and breathless with terror, nerving herself for the terrible shock that might come any instant, and only praying that if death must be, it might be quick and painless. Could it be now that the frightful speed had diminished, if only a little? Yet it was not quite so mad and reckless. A hope sprang up; Agatha looked eagerly around. They were out in the open country now, the road unobstructed for a long way. So much the less danger of that terrible collision that she had dreaded so unspeakably. Surely the horse went more slowly. By-and-by he must tire out. If she could but possess herself of the reins, hanging loose and trailing upon the ground at either side. Once thought of, it soon seemed possible. By much deft management, clinging fast for safety all the while, she succeeded. In a moment she could have cried with joy to see that the horse was under her control. She brought him to a dead stop at last, and looked back eagerly. No one in sight.

She thought of what might have happened with a sickening horror. If Mr. Sheridan was unhurt, surely he would come for her soon. But he might be lying cold and dead—such cruel tricks her imagination played with. It would not do to risk this deadly faintness in the sleigh. She alighted, went to the horse's head, stroked him gently, called him pet names in her sweet voice, and the creature drooped his head and set back his long, silken ears just as her own pony would have done. And now certainly there was a sleigh in sight coming at a mad rate. The sense of safety which till now she had not fully realized, overcame her. She sat down on a rock by the wayside in her weakness.

Something half blinded her now, in a moment she would know. It was a piteous, eager prayer that her heart put up then. The sleigh stopped, somebody sprang to the ground, and the next instant was bending over her with unutterable tenderness.

"O, my darling, my darling, are you hurt?" She shook her head; her white lips would not frame an answer. He was moving about her, brushing the snow from her cloak, asking

over and over again if she was sure she was unhurt, and she could scarcely see him for the glad, thankful tears in her eyes.

"Rose?" she said at last.

"She is not hurt, beyond, perhaps, a slight bruise." He put her into the sleigh without another word, and turned the horse's head homeward.

"O, we have had such a narrow escape," she exclaimed, with emotion.

"Yes. I thank God for you, Agatha." He did not say any more. Agatha did not care for any more. To sit quietly by him, to feel his care and tenderness, and to be thankful that God had kept them both, was enough. Rose sprang into her arms when they reached home, showing all her emotions, in her innocent, childish way. Agatha was glad to escape from the storm of questions and caresses, to her own room. When she came down, half an hour afterward, Mr. Sheridan was gone.

"He said he would come in again this evening," Rose exclaimed.

Agatha sat down and listened patiently, while Rose went over a minute description of her feelings—how frightened she was, and how she thought she should have fainted, and what Mr. Sheridan said, and how pale he looked, and how excited everybody was. Agatha listened, and made appropriate remarks at suitable places, but her thoughts were all the time far away. But a strange weariness soon came stealing over her, and before night she was tortured by pain. Her nerves were taking revenge for the shock they had sustained. Rose stood over her, bathing her head and giving anodynes—all to no purpose. When Mr. Sheridan came she ran down to meet him, in alarm—not comforted by seeing the dismay in his face when she told him Agatha was ill. The doctor came, and said a low, nervous fever might follow.

Long, slow weeks succeeded, full of pain and a languor almost as hard to bear as that. Through it all Agatha was aware of some one supplying every want, anticipating every possible need.

"Mr. Sheridan has been so kind," said Rose, one day.

Agatha turned her face away. Something, worse than physical weakness, troubled her. All this time she had not seen him. Did Rose know—but Agatha's pale cheek flushed—she would not finish the sentence. Then she was full of shame for what seemed an unmanly impatience. She could trust him, she said to herself. She was sure of his honor. She

must think of him still as a friend—and yet—how fast her heart beat, and how the red blood leapt to her face, as she went over those words he had said, so freighted with love! But perhaps they came from his lips unconsciously—some allowance must be made for the excitement of the moment. And as she thought, Agatha was overwhelmed with shame and grief, because she loved him so. It was vain to try to hide it from herself. Ah, how proud she might have been of him! Now, every thought of him was full of pain.

It was almost May before she could go down stairs. The grass in the city parks was growing green, and Agatha thought that on a hillside that she knew of, under the pines, the arbutus was parting its pure petals, and saturating all the spring air with fragrance.

The drawing-room was sunny and pleasant this afternoon. Rose hovered around her, petting her in all possible ways. The afternoon passed, and by-and-by lights were brought. Just then the bell rang and Mr. Sheridan was shown in. He came up to her, where she sat upon her sofa in the privileges of invalidism, and took her hand without a word. Rose stole away, quietly, and left them alone.

"Are you better?" he said, presently.

"I am almost well," she replied, looking up at him with her old smile. But his face frightened her, it was so pale and worn. He looked at her with a strange, wistful tenderness. A great wave of pity for him swept over her. Some shadow was over them—she knew it, now. But O, if she could suffer instead of him!

"Are you ill—are you in trouble?" she asked.

He made some inarticulate reply, dropped her hand, and went a few paces off. In a moment he came back.

"Yes, I am in trouble."

"Can I help you—can I do anything for you?" she asked, gently.

He did not seem to mind her words, but the sound of her voice soothed him. When he spoke again, it was not in that hard tone.

"Because I have a painful thing to do," he went on. "I said something, that day—"

Agatha flushed red and grew white again in an instant.

"You need not explain," she broke in, eagerly. "People often say things—that is, one is sometimes surprised into saying things they don't mean," she stammered.

"But I do mean it," he said, passionately.

Her heart gave a quick bound; her eyes

sought his face imploringly; her whole soul was in a tumult. The next moment it was as if she had been chilled to stone.

"I meant it," he said, in that strange, rigid tone, "but I had no right to say it. I can only ask you to forgive me, and—forget it."

There was a dead silence in the room. The clock ticked, the low, seething murmur of the flame went on. Agatha sat as if stricken dumb.

"You will forgive me, and pity me, Agatha. You will believe that it is not by my fault that I am shut out from love all my life. I never meant to love you—I never meant you should know. But if I had not spoken to you now you would have had a right to think harshly of me."

There was no answer. He rose as if to go. "Agatha—"

A low moan broke in upon his words. In another moment she was shaken by a tempest of strong sobs.

"O, Agatha, I never meant to bring you sorrow!" he cried, remorsefully. But she did not mind him. He could only stand by her, his hot tears falling on her bright hair, comprehending her love for him, tortured by a wild longing to do anything—everything—if so he might overstep the barrier that separated them. How the slow minutes dragged by! At last Agatha lifted up her head and smiled—a pitiful, sad smile.

"You will not call me a heroine again," she said, "as you did that day."

But the mention of that day brought it all back. How happy she had been that morning, forgetting all that had been painful in her life, letting her twenty-five years that had seemed such a burden fall away from her, and going back to the innocent light-heartedness of her girlhood. It was all over, now—over forever.

Her lip quivered. She rose up. "I think perhaps you had better go, now," she said, gently.

"A moment, Agatha. You know that but one object could come between us. You know that one may suffer a whole lifetime for a single, boyish error. Is it right—is it just?" he cried. "Agatha, there is a way—an honorable way—until now I have not cared, but now—"

"O, hush, hush! you must not say it—I must not even let you suggest it. You must not stain your name ever so slightly for me. I could not bear to hear it tossed about upon foul lips. You must keep it spotless—for me,

Felix. It is all the comfort you can give me," she faltered.

"But, Agatha, for your sake."

"Be good and noble, for my sake."

He took a turn across the floor.

"I cannot bear it!" he exclaimed, passionately, stopping before her.

"It will be harder for me than for you," said Agatha.

"That is where it hurts me." He flung himself into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. "My love, I would have died, rather than have been the cause of grief to you."

His words brought vividly back the agony of that day, when in all her terror for herself, she could not forget him. She stood by him, laying her hand upon the back of the chair where he sat, with soft, caressing touch.

"Felix, I have been thinking of that day—when I feared you were dead, you know. Nothing would be so dreadful as that. I think I can be happy to know that you are in the world, if I never see you again. I don't forget," she went on, tremulously, "that my love is sin. I didn't mean it—I loved you innocently—God will forgive me, if I cannot stop loving you all at once." And now you are going, aren't you?" she said, gently. "When we meet again, it may be where it will not be wrong for us to love each other."

He got up and faced her, haggard and deathly white.

"But all this life is to come first."

She clasped his hand, looking up through a rain of tears.

"Ah, if I could help you—but I can only pray."

One long, tender hand-clasp, one eager, lingering look, as if, the body flung aside, their two souls met, face to face.

"If I can ever come to you, Agatha, I shall come—if only in time to die beside you."

With these words he was gone, and Agatha was left alone with her love—that love which was a sin. She sank down upon her sofa, moaning and crying piteously, "God help me!"

There Rose found her, and had her put in bed, and watched beside her with pale, frightened face, till morning. And when Agatha went home a week after, Rose cried all day, to think that her beautiful air-castles had vanished in bitter sorrow.

The world and its affairs goes on much the same, whether we suffer and are sad, or

whether we are happy and gay. Other people's joys may mock us, other people's sorrows may seem as a summer mist, compared with the gloomy cloud that broods over us, but it is for us to hide the wound in our own hearts, and wait the healing touch of time. The years may be long and weary, the hours leader-footed, but they pass at last, and when they are gone we shall find they have left us, if not content and joy, at least a peace, which is not without its gleams of brightness.

Agatha had no one to tell her sorrows to. For a long time the outward summer world seemed sadly discordant. Its sights and sounds jarred upon her poor, stricken spirit. It was doubly hard to be alone, now, after having tasted such sympathy. But one can bear a great deal. When one is young and strong it is not easy to die, not even easy to lose all elasticity of spirit.

The years brought their benediction. They thinned her cheek, veined her beautiful, black hair with silver, but gave also an atoning grace of their own.

So they drifted by, until five of them were counted. And Agatha was still in her country home, keeping her pony and riding over the roads in rough weather, carrying a bright face into all the homes where she went, finding this world still very rich, and only just beginning to fathom her own resources.

She was accessible on every side to pleasant impressions; everywhere in contact with the healthy, buoyant life around. Such a florist as she was, levying contributions upon all the village children, far and wide—very curious in all the ways of insect life; butterflies took pains to be entrapped by her, and a thousand brilliant creatures submitted to be immortalized among her specimens.

"Never mind stopping now, pony; 'tis only a ladybird, and I've already two at home."

They were coming home from a long ramble among wood paths, very tired, both pony and Agatha. Pony's neck was wreathed with autumn leaves—vivid crimson and warm yellow, and Agatha's hat was similarly ornamented. They were, besides, laden with a profusion of the lovely, perishable things found in the wild-wood, which Agatha could not persuade herself to pass without gathering. There was a basket of cranberries, to say nothing of a variety of miscellaneous articles, added to their burden at the store where they had just called. Under all this weight the pony jogged along so wearily that Agatha was fain to relieve him by walking up every

little bit of a hill. So she read her papers as she went, coming, as she ran over the news, to a name that she never saw without a thrill. Mr. Sheridan had been called to some high office.

"O, how glad I am!" she cried, in a glow of pride—a glow that soon paled away to a dull, hopeless pang, too deep for tears.

But pony was waiting for her at the top of the hill, and looked around as she came up, inviting her, in his dumb, equine fashion, to resume her seat. She did so, and they jogged along soberly enough, till, at a bend of the road, the red chimneys of the old farm-house rose to sight, where it nestled under the shadow of brooding elms. Then pony, scenting his oats afar off, broke into a lively canter, and stopped only in the grassy dooryard, all strewn with the fallen leaves.

Agatha's Aunt Barbara put her pleasant face out at the door.

"Aren't you all tired out, child?"

"No, auntie. We've had a merry time;" and Agatha went in, laden with her wood spoils.

"Now you'll throw them all away, to-morrow," said Aunt Barbara.

"But there is to-night, first," replied Agatha, laughingly.

"Agatha!" called her aunt.

Agatha was on her way up stairs to dress for tea, but she came back at the call. Barbara stood at her moulding table, making out some biscuits. Agatha waited a moment. "Well, what is it, auntie?"

"O! There was Will Thorne called here a moment ago, and said they told him at the depot that a gentleman got off the train there, and inquired for you. He had walked on, and they asked Will to take him up, but Will must have come some other road, for he didn't overtake him."

O, Aunt Barbara could never guess the effect of the words that she doled out in dribbels, between cutting out her biscuits.

"He must be here soon," said Agatha, making her voice very steady.

"O, no, child. Will drove his fast horse, and it's a long six miles to the depot, especially where anybody has to walk it. Who do you suppose it is?"

"I don't quite know."

The familiar, old-fashioned kitchen swam before Agatha's eyes. She went up stairs, trying to control the emotion that made her tremble so, and all the time saying to herself, "What if it should be Felix!"

She smoothed her hair and put on a plain, neat gown. There was no need to borrow color from gay fabrics, no need for any of the little tricks of the toilet. Was this Agatha Varrance, this creature with the red roses in her cheek, and the soft, glittering eyes? She went down stairs, bid Aunt Barbara set the table for three, kindled a great fire in the parlor, to keep away the autumn chill, going every minute to the window to look out. It grew dark quickly. The red moon rose in the east.

Agatha moved about, restlessly. It was no use waiting any longer. She must go and meet him. She opened the door. The white moonlight lay level on the greensward adown the drive. Further off, the road, pale, and clearly seen.

"Tea is ready, Agatha!"

"In a minute, auntie."

She caught a shawl, threw it over her, and ran fleetly down the drive. A little way on, it bent to the left. Turning the corner, she came upon him—almost in his arms before she knew it. Then she checked her steps, with a glad cry. It could be no one else. She would have known him anywhere. The shawl fell away from her shoulders, and the white moonlight shone full upon the dear face uplifted to his.

"O, Agatha, my love! I may come to you now, and there is no one to say me nay."

Back over the same road these two went, in from the chill of the autumn night, to the light and warmth of a home that should be blessed forevermore.

He walked her up where the full glow of the fire fell ruddy and clear upon her.

"Your face has kept its old brightness for me, my darling."

Ah, how bright it was as he spoke.

Tea was over. The evening grew old. The peace and content of this night was past expression. Felix Sheridan's heart overflowed.

"You must hear my whole pitiful story, before you give yourself to me," he said.

And sitting there in the quiet room, her new happiness warm in her heart, Agatha heard and pitied, both.

Often our heart's fire is kindled upon the dead ashes of another's wasted life. Perhaps it is best so. To Felix Sheridan it was easy now to forgive wholly.

The past was all behind them—a long way yet remained—Heaven waiting at the end. They were to help each other along that way.

JESSIE.

BY MRS. C. O. HATHAWAY.

A wee, bright child is Jessie fair,
The hue of sunshine on her hair,
And on her cheek the rose's bloom,
Her heart its censor of perfume.

She is a merry, laughing sprite,
She cares not for the noon or night;
But careless, happy all the day,
She sports the golden hours away.

She is a little thing—our pet,
And talks not plainly quite, as yet;
Says "doose" for goose, and "fid" for fig,
And "tiss" for kiss, and "bid" for big.

Yet sometimes, looking in her eyes,
You'll see a look that's woman-wise;
And from her red and curling lip,
The sagest words will archly slip.

O, happy child!—she heeds not now,
That care shall ever stamp her brow,
Or time dispel life's roseate hue,
Where joys exhale like morning dew.

Heaven grant that o'er her future way
May beam a bright and beauteous day,
And earthly trials lightly meet
A heart so gentle and so sweet.

VIOLA'S FOLLY.

BY MRS. S. GIBSON FOSTER.

I HOPE I am not actuated by spite in writing this record. I acknowledge that a twinge of indignation took me yesterday as she passed by me, she in her carriage, I upon the pavement, she with her plump gloved hands indolently folded in her lap, I with my poor, lame son beside me, and she cast us an indifferent glance that went coldly sliding over us with no sign of recognition. For I remembered the incident I am about to tell.

Viola was my schoolmate, at an inland seminary principally dependent upon local patronage. Accident, perhaps, more than affinity, had brought us into that peculiar relation of intimate and confidential friendship by which each school girl is disposed to distinguish some other. Comparatively mature in age, and therefore considered trustworthy, we had been permitted to occupy a room at the house of a widow lady residing at some distance from the seminary building. Entering the school simultaneously and unacquainted, the decision of the principal and not our own choice had determined this condition of things.

My partiality for Viola induced much comment and discussion. She was known to be of wealthy family, but this in our younger years passes for little. Most concurred in calling her cold and selfish. Certainly she was never profuse or demonstrative in ex-

pressions of attachment, or, indeed, of feeling of any kind. Delicate, dainty, free from apprehension of rivalry, for she was neither very clever nor ambitious, there was nothing passionate or rude in her demeanor toward any. Perhaps it was the soft and glossy languor of her manner, the well-bred poise and *aplomb* of her deportment, that attracted me towards her, it was so unlike the somewhat hoydenish and extravagant carriage of the gushing misses who surrounded us. And I had never had a sister.

I know I loved her very fondly, both loved and admired her. The hints of worldly wisdom that sometimes escaped her, her opinions upon matters of taste in dress and ornament, her allusions to the usages of society, were to my untaught mind the utterances of an oracle.

I used often to doubt if I repaid her fully by my assistance at her tasks and exercises, for the quiet suggestions she would give me touching the appropriateness of ribbons, the harmony of colors, the effectiveness of a style of coiffure. She was beautiful. I was painfully, girlishly conscious that I was not.

So I loved her. And although it sometimes vexed me when she affably chid my *abandon* and simplicity, still with no less frankness did I make her the recipient of my confidences, wondering meanwhile that she should

assure me that she had none to return. And thus, while she I believed, .

"—fingered me, dog-eared me,
As if she had spelled me by the fireside half a life,"

I recognized in her reticence an inscrutable superiority, when others, less enviably intimate, saw only vacuity and heartlessness, and sneered accordingly.

"Come, Viola," I eagerly exclaimed, bursting into our room one afternoon in June, "the girls are all going to Black Rock, and are going to walk back by the splendid moonlight this evening. They are waiting for us."

"They need not wait for me then," she replied, with a smile. "The day has been too warm, I am too comfortable here, and this story is too entertaining."

I remembered expressions of impatience that I had overheard as I delayed the party while I should seek my friend, and allusions to her fine-ladyish contempt for their society and amusements, and urged her warmly.

"O, fie you little goose, they do not want me, or I them. No. Excuse me prettily to the girls, Mary, and be as happy as you can. Come, kiss me good-by."

I saw it would be in vain to insist, and complied with her request. As I kissed her, I was startled to find her cheek was wet. But I was eager to be gone. So with no more words I left her, cuddled in the corner of our little sofa, her long, fair lashes drooping over her cheek as she bent over her book.

It was dark in our room when I returned, flushed with exercise and overflowing with a recital of the adventures of our merry excursion.

"Viola!" I called, as I groped in the darkness for a light, "Viola! Are you asleep, or have you taken to sitting in the darkness?"

There was no reply. Viola was gone. My first instinctive feeling was that Viola was in danger, and I must save her. Very vague and shapeless but none the less appalling was this sensation, and I tried to make it yield to many conjectures that I framed to account for her absence. Might she not be visiting in the vicinity? But such was not her habit, and she could hardly have failed to apprise me of such an intention. Accident or illness at home might have induced her parents to send for her unexpectedly. But this could not have been without the knowledge of Mrs. Atwater, and I had just left her in the room below where I had paused long enough to wish her good-night and be smiled at for my

impatience to unbosom myself to my friend. No. Viola had gone and gone secretly. Then I remembered the tear upon her cheek.

Something must be done, must be done by me, done quickly, done quietly. But what? Stunned and bewildered I seated myself where I had last seen her sit, and leaning my face upon my clasping hands tried to gather in my memory some possible clue to the mystery. It was of no use. The sense of loneliness and impotency, and the goading impulse to action, became almost intolerable. I remembered stories I had read of persons compelled to witness but unable to aid those they loved as they were perishing by fire, by drowning, by wild beasts, and compared their anguish with my own. I looked out from the window. The bright June day was succeeded by a dark and starless night. The rising wind moaned piteously. It was very late and my candle was waning. Again I asked myself should I call others to my aid. But beside the hopelessness of success from such means, I shrank from any act that might bring public reproach and scandal upon Viola. I must not do that.

Tired, sick, dispirited, at last I lay down, dressed as I was, upon our little bed, not to sleep, but to try and reflect more thoroughly and calmly. As I did so I touched something on my pillow. What an eager thrill it sent through me. It was a note from Viola.

"Dearest," it said, "before you sleep to-night make a package of some of my plainest clothing, and place it on the stoop in the rear of the house. I am too hurried to do it myself. Keep my other things if you want them, not to remember me by, for I beg you to forget me. You have been very kind and good to me, but we shall not see one another again."

The shock I experienced at this confirmation of my fears showed me how much hope had lingered among them, and thus suddenly dying, it left my heart sick indeed.

But the restless impulse to action forbade me to pause even to deliberate, and my resolution was speedily taken. Discriminating but little, I hastily made up a package from Viola's wardrobe, threw around me a large cloak, the hood of which I drew far over my features, and went down, first locking my door, to the back stoop. The ghastly moon looked out a moment from a rift in the black clouds, and then, like a guilty face shrinking from sight, hid itself again. Leaving the bundle, I secreted myself behind some shrub-

bery in Mrs. Atwater's little garden, and then crouching there waited for events.

Wearily the time crept by. The restive wind made weird sounds among the leaves and branches of the trees. At length a drizzling rain set in, and heightened my discomfort. Still crouching, shuddering at every sound, I waited, waited. I own that there were moments then, when I almost repented that I had not demanded the counsel and assistance of others. But I strove to repress the thought, add to approve my own resolve that, come what might, the good name of my proud and delicate Viola must run no risk of tarnish from me. If she were lost, if horrible shipwreck of fame and life were to be the result of her wild error, let men and women learn first her misbehaviour from another, not from me. I would not be thus disloyal to her I so fondly loved.

With tense, strained nerves I sat there, every faculty absorbed in expectancy, my misery and wretchedness forgotten, until, at last, I believed I heard a step on the walk. It was certainly a heavy foot crunching the gravel, and, peering from my lurking-place, I saw a female figure stealthily grope for the bundle I had made. Without a word I sprang out and grasped her wrist.

"Holy Mother! What is this at all?" she exclaimed, dropping the package and struggling to escape. My grasp upon her arm was steel, and I pressed my other hand upon her mouth.

"Be still, and listen to me," I said in low tones. "I shall not harm you. But you must do as I wish."

Re-assured by a human voice, she turned towards me the broad, blowed face of an Irish servant girl. Calming her still further, and thrusting the trifling contents of my purse into her hand, I finally persuaded her to pick up the bundle and proceed. Of course I accompanied her, notwithstanding her remonstrances.

It was a long and weary walk through ways already heavy with mire, and the monotonous dripping of the rain was incessant. We stopped at what I recognized as an ill-flavored and ill-reputed little tavern, standing by itself with no other house in sight. I remembered that the coach that brought me first to Weymouth had stopped there to take up a passenger.

Bidding the girl go at once to the lady who, she said, had sent her on her errand, I followed her to the door of a squalid and wretch-

edly furnished room, which she entered. I looked in and my heart leaped up in joy. There, in hat and shawl, just as she had left the house, sat my delicate Viola. The girl, by my direction, had not closed the door, and I cannot forget the wild look, so mingled of dejection and alarm, that Viola cast toward it.

"Is he—is anybody with you?" she asked.

I could restrain myself no longer. Springing into the room I threw my arms about her. A strange cry, such as might burst from the pallid lips of one, who, hanging over a terrible abyss, feels the strong arms of deliverance around him, and she sank fainting in my embrace. With the awkward assistance of the servant, I at length succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. But how changed. Submissive as an infant to my will, trembling at every murmur, she suffered me to place my cloak around her, and, without remonstrance or explanation, to conduct her out of the house.

Hardly had we crossed the threshold, when a carriage stopped before the house, and I heard a familiar voice impatiently cursing drivers, horses, weather and luck. Viola's agitation was fearful, and she clung to me for support. I drew her hastily aside from the entrance as a man brushed past without observing us. As he passed into an inner room I heard Viola murmur "Thank God," and knew that she was weeping on my shoulder.

Hurriedly we made our escape, and before morning, drenched and exhausted, I had unlocked the door of our little apartment and welcomed Viola home. I made no inquiries. I could not, but silently assisted her to prepare for bed, and fell to sleep clasping her tightly in my arms.

When the long and perilous illness that succeeded my night of exposure and excitement had left me, I learned that the term had closed some days before, and that Viola had gone home not to return again. They told me also, as among the incidents that had occurred during my illness, that our teacher of music had resigned his position unexpectedly, about the time I was taken ill, with the avowed intention of going abroad. It was his voice I had recognized.

It was years before I saw Viola again, not until we were both wives and mothers, and I a widow. I have not met her otherwise than as yesterday, nor has the supercilious glance she gives me ever wavered. Yet I believe she knows me.

SONG OF THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

The wind moans drearily to night,
 The air is thick with driving rain;
 I sit and shiver as I hear
 It dash against the window pane.
 My soul is heavy with its woe,
 The heart that loves me is not here;
 I miss the smile whose brightness filled
 The darkest hours of life with cheer.
 O, sad and lonely is the home
 Thy loving presence made so bright;
 God safely keep thee at thy post
 On picket through the dreary night.

My rosy babes are fast asleep,
 Sweet dreams beguile each peaceful breast,
 And angels from the throne of Love
 Keep watch and ward above their rest.

God grant that this too cruel war
 May kindly spare their tender years,
 Nor leave them fatherless, nor turn
 Their young life's sunshine into tears.
 O, sad and lonely, etc.

Great God, be with their soldier sire,
 Who hastened at his country's call,
 Foremost to meet the clouds that hung
 O'er freedom's home so black a pall!
 If he should fall, O, make me strong
 To fill their hearts with freedom's fire;
 And lead them in the paths of truth,
 And make them worthy of their sire!
 O, sad and lonely, etc.

Kitty Connolly:

—OR,—

THE WRECK OF THE OCEAN.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

CHAPTER I.

BLUE WATERS AND FAIR WINDS.

BLESSED with bright sunshine and a favoring breeze, the good ship *Ocean* unfurled her sails like the wings of a great bird, and turned her prow seaward. The last farewells had long been spoken, the last prayers uttered, the last wavings of the handkerchiefs been seen. For days, even months to come, nothing was before them but trackless waters and an oaken ship for home. Green shores and blue mountains were blotted out from their horizon for a time, and looming in the distance of their hearts, if not in their eyes, were the glittering peaks of the Golden Gate and the shores of California.

"Come to me, Kitty," had her lover written, who years before had left home and poverty to seek, amid the river-rolled sands and spar-crystallized gulches, the wherewithal to build another home and keep a wife from want.

"Come to me, Kitty," pleaded the long, earnest, impassioned letter—such an one as only a true-hearted man would write; "Come to me;" and brow, cheek and bosom blushed, rosy-red as she kissed the written words, and her heart answered, "I will."

An orphan was Kitty Connolly. Before she could remember, both father and mother had been taken from her; of them she knew literally nothing. Brought up by strangers, who, though kind to her, yet could not or would not enter into her joys and sorrows as parents would have done, she, while yet a mere girl, had fallen in love. But both were not only young but poor; and marriage at the time was out of the question, for, more provident than is usual in such cases, they looked to the future, and were not contented to take the hope of wealth for the reality. For a year or two they remained happy in each other's love—happily, trustingly looking to the days to come for the full fruition of their heart-hopes. Still it was distant, still uncertain. Still they could only wait and dream. Then the news of untold gold, waiting only the gathering, came from the Pacific shores. Money for the digging, wealth for the poor! What glorious news that for those crushed beneath the iron heel of poverty. "Go," Kitty had said, and he had gone. "Come," he had now written her, and she was coming.

Not rich in the glittering dross of earth, but rich in beauty and in mind was she. Her face was the pure, chaste type we call "Grecian;" her hair a dark, glossy brown, her eyes

a speaking hazel, curtained by long, silken lashes; the brows but slightly arched, delicately pencilled, and darker than her hair; her cheeks the tint of the sea-shell's heart, and her lips the carnation red. As to her mind, the fallacy of the notion that the poor cannot be educated and refined, that their thoughts cannot be lifted above the dull treadmill of daily life, and revel among the gorgeous butterflies and perfumed flowers of poesy, was clearly proved. The work of genius is to build for itself "stone fronts" and palatial mansions. It needs no quarried rock or laborers' hands to erect for them "Castles in Spain."

Gifted thus, poor little Kitty had been pestered by those who would gladly have been held in the light of lovers, who would have given her a home and a name, had she permitted. But it was not so. True to her early love, true to him who for years had been toiling among the arid sands and rocky canons, she listened to no loving words from their lips. Far away was her heart from them and their attentions, and, leaning over the rail, after weeks of weary travel, listening to the unceasing monotone of the waters, she repeated, almost unconsciously, words that he, her dear one, had written her:

"Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee;
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee,
Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee:
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten:
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly;
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy."

"Beautiful, exceedingly," whispered a manly voice by her side, and starting back, she saw the paternal face of the captain smiling upon her.

"I did not know that any one was near," she said, blushing, and speaking in a trembling voice.

"It matters not," replied he, "and you needn't change color like a dying dolphin. True, almost holy love such as yours is nothing to be ashamed of, and if any of the youngsters on board ship dare attempt to tease you about it, just tell me, and I'll make them say their prayers to the morning gun."

"But I did not mean that you—that any one should know that—"

"That you had a lover in the land of gold!" and the bluff, kind-hearted captain laughed merrily.

Poor, little, innocent Kitty! If she had tried she couldn't for her life have kept the secret. Artless as a child, she had herself revealed it before she had been a week on board, and set all the *quidnuncs* to wondering what sort of a man was to be the possessor of so fair a pearl.

"Captain," continued Kitty, as soon as she had partially recovered from her confusion, "Captain, how long will it be before we get there?"

"Get where?" he asked, dreamily. He was thinking of a matron whom he had left behind; thinking of her not as a wife, but as a fair young girl, radiant with freshness and beauty, with whom he had years before walked on the silver sands, listening to the rippling waters; thinking of her as when he first told her of his love, and won from her trembling lips that most longed for of all other words, "yes."

"Where? Why to California. Captain, are you dreaming?"

"I believe I was. Old people have their dreams as well as young ones."

"And are they so sweet?" she asked, looking archly up into his face.

"To some, yes. But you asked me about California."

"And you were dreaming of home. Is not that so?"

"Certainly, and I would not deny it. We sailors are so much away from our loved ones, that we know little of it save in dreams."

"You must be very lonely."

"Sometimes I am, we all are. On the land we have bright, happy young faces like yours—pardon an old man's bluntness—to cheer us. Here my love is my ship;" and he looked proudly at the gallant craft that called him master. "But I am not answering your question."

"About the length of our journey?"

"Yes. We have safely weathered the dangers of the Horn, and, with a fair breeze, will before many weeks see the Golden Gate."

"Without further danger?"

"There is always danger on the ocean, but"—and he raised his eyes reverently—"I need not bid such a little earth-angel as you are to remember 'that God rules upon the water just the same as on the land;'" and he turned away at the moment to attend to the duties of his station.

A great favorite with all on board was Kitty Connolly, except the second mate. Her beauty and gentleness had won every other

heart. Perchance she might have had the same power over him that she possessed over others, had she listened to his passionate love. A Spaniard by birth, and a brutal man both by nature and association, he could neither understand nor appreciate the peculiar beauty and holiness of her character. Had she not been beautiful in form and in face, he would have passed her by unnoticed; but now he deemed her, unfriended as she was, an easy triumph. Many times had he striven to insinuate into her ear, to poison her heart with unholy passion; but her perfect innocence and purity was her safeguard. She understood him not. "*Rien n'est beau que la vrai*"—nothing is beautiful but truth, had been with her a life-long motto.

As the captain left her side, she stepped lightly into a boat that was swinging from the davits on the quarter, and, taking her seat in the stern sheets, looked at the wake of the ship—a spiral line of silver—a glittering serpent that rolled coil after coil, far astern. Above her the Southern Cross jewelled the sky, below her its reflection jewelled the ocean, while ever and anon the mirror-like surface was cut by the razor-like fin of a huge shark, as he swam swiftly around in search of food.

"There'll be a death aboard," muttered one sailor to another, as they leaned over the rail, in full hearing of Kitty.

"You may well say that, Jack," was the response of his messmate. "I never knew a shark to follow so steadily without some one dying."

A sudden thrill shot through the heart of the girl as she heard the words. Suppose she should die! Die while full of life and hope and love! Die while rapidly nearing her waiting, anxious lover! Die and go down—"down among the dead men!" The thought was horrible, and she bent her head upon her knees and prayed long and fervently; prayed until a rough hand was laid upon her person, and a gruff voice whispered in her ear words that caused her to shudder more than even death had done.

"Begone! I will call the captain. I will tell him—"

Creeeping like a cat the Spaniard had left her at the first outcry. In an instant after there was the rattling of ropes through the blocks—the splash of the boat as it fell into the waters, and then the fearful, thrilling cry rang through the ship—

"A man overboard!"

CHAPTER II.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.—RETRIBUTION.

To describe the confusion would be impossible. In every part of the ship lights flashed. Boats were lowered, hencoops, loose boards, pieces of spars, everything upon which hands could be laid that afforded the slightest hope of buoyancy were thrown overboard, even before it was known who was missing. Difficult, indeed, was it for the captain to make himself heard, difficult to enforce the usual order and police of the ship. But when, at last, he seized his trumpet, commanded silence, asked who it was, and the answer came "Kitty Connolly," all order was at an end.

With the first alarm the headway of the ship had been stopped, her sails thrown aback, and she lay like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean," under the golden starlight and soft, Southern breeze, that scarcely lifted a streamer or rattled a shroud.

"Kitty Connolly? My God!" And every heart quailed and every lip breathed a prayer for her safety.

Safety? Far away in the distance was seen for a single moment a white speck; something floating upon the surface of the water. Many a voice called the captain's attention to it.

"It is she," he said, after looking quickly but anxiously through his glass. "Boat ahoy! Give way, men, give way with a will. Dead astern—pull for your lives."

Too late! At the very instant in which the command was uttered all held their breath with horror. An hundred sharp fins were seen cutting the water; a hundred sharks were seen rushing towards one object. For a moment the sea was lashed, churned into foam—thus the foremost boat glided over the spot and found it streaked with blood.

"La Tintorea!" muttered the Spanish mate, with a savage smile, from his lookout in the maintop, whither he had repaired at the first cry.

"The shark! I told you so," said the sailor who had heretofore spoken of it in connection with death.

"My God! Kitty Connolly!" groaned the captain, as he crept below, more like a drunk- en than a sane man. Had it been my own child I could not have mourned her more. Heaven help her lover when he hears of it— she will need none. She is already there—is an angel."

With the curiosity of sailors the men gathered in the waist of the vessel, and talked the

matter over. Investigation had proved that the stern fall of the boat had parted—chafed, stranded, broken. So the second mate reported, and the ends of the rope he held in his hands confirmed the story. But it was very strange that it should do so in a smooth sea and a light breeze. Only the day before the boat had been lowered to carry letters to a passing steamer. Then none had noticed it. But whatever were the thoughts of the men, all held their peace. The temper of the Spaniard was too well known to be tampered with. More than one had felt the blow of a handspike in his hands; more than one seen the glitter of a knife as his swarthy lips unclosed to mutter “Caramba!”

“It had de look ob de knife more’n de chafe,” said the black cook, who came up and examined it carefully.

“What do you know about it?” asked the Spaniard, turning his small, black, fiery eyes full upon him.

“Nothin’,” was the half audible reply.

“Then you had better stay in the galley and hold your peace, you black son of a sea cook.”

“My heart am white ef my face am brac. Dat am more’n some folks;” and he retreated out of the reach of the powerful arm of the mate.

For three days the good ship Ocean sailed smoothly along. The winds were favoring and the waters calm. It was nearing Saturday night, when sweethearts and wives were usually toasted, the social glass passed, and story was told and songs sung. The blithest of any gathered on the quarter-deck at such times had been Kitty Connolly. Where was she now? Every heart thought of the moonlit sea; the sudden falling of the long boat, the floating of a white object, the rushing together of the ravenous sharks, and—they dared not think further. The end was too horrible!

In vain the good captain strove to conquer his own feelings for the sake of his other passengers. In vain he called for story or song. In vain he filled the glass and toasted the dear ones at home. There was a heavy weight on every heart that would not be lifted; a grief that would not be quieted. The shadow of death was yet upon them; time had not cicatrized the wound.

“Will no one sing?” asked the captain. “Mourning truly as we do for the beautiful one that has gone, yet we must not forget our duty to the living.”

Still no one complied. His words had caused a deeper hush; his allusion to the dead a heavier weight upon them, if possible, than before.

“Send the second mate here,” commanded the captain.

Nature in one of her varied freaks had given this revengeful, sullen man rare musical powers. Few could touch the guitar more deftly, and from few lips sweeter notes were ever breathed. Take the form of a demon and touch its tongue with the melody of angels, and the strange combination would have found a living representation in the second mate of the Ocean.

“Gubetta,” said the captain, when his subordinate had presented himself, “get your instrument and sing for us.”

“The strings are broken,” was the curt reply.

“Then sing without it.”

“I am out of voice.”

It seemed for a time as if all efforts to obtain music were to be useless. Suddenly, however, some one remembered that Kitty Connolly also had a guitar, and officiously brought it.

“There, Gubetta,” said the captain, reaching it to him, “you can have no excuse now. At least you can play us something.”

“Not on that, not on that,” hoarsely answered the mate, shrinking back in terror.

“Why not, man?”

“She is dead, and I—”

“Pshaw! Are you not above such foolish superstitions? Surely those who are in heaven are rather to be worshipped than feared.”

“But I—”

“You worship, or pretend to worship, the saints. She is one. Here, take the guitar and play us a tune, or I shall be inclined to think that—”

“Give it to me,” replied the Spaniard, suddenly, breaking in upon the sentence; and he took the instrument and began tuning it with trembling fingers.

“What shall I play, captain?”

“Anything. Please yourself.”

Responsive to his touch, the strings trilled out a low, sweet melody, one familiar to them all.

“Dios! It is *her* song and I played it,” he groaned rather than uttered, as he dropped the guitar at if it had been thrice heated iron.

“What is the matter, mate? What—hark!”

As if from the depths of the sea, as if mermaids were a living, breathing reality, and

saug beneath the bosom of the waters, came the sounds of sweetest music. It was the much loved song of Kitty Connolly, and the same of which the Spaniard had unconsciously struck the strings! Mesmerised completely, every one sat with drawn breath, and listened. There was not—could not be any delusion. It came directly from under them! It was filtered up through the shining waters, from the coral groves and sea-flower gardens below. Its almost matchless words were married to almost matchless music, and under-toned by the rippling waters.

"My God! It is *her* song!" repeated the Spaniard, when the last echo had died away. "Can the dead come back to life? Holy Mother! blessed Virgin, save me!"

But not alone was the mate in his fears. Superstitious as sailors ever are, they gathered around the foremast, as if for companionship. Even the better educated passengers sat with pale lips, statuesque, and marvelling at this strange mystery of the sea.

"It was her voice. Poor Kitty Connolly!" they whispered to each other, after a time.

"Hush!" said the captain. "Hark! She sings again."

Once more the strains arose. Once more all sat enchained, but the influence was subduing rather than fearful, on all except the Spanish mate. Like one suddenly bereft of mind was he. With staring eyes, dropped jaws, blanched cheeks, bloodless lips and rigid form he sat, until the song was ended. Then he arose, and staggered forward like a drunk-en man.

"Dat whar little Kitty Connolly singin'—it whar," said the cook, as the wretched man was passing the galley. "But what am de matter wid you, mate?"

"I am—am—not—"

"Look dar!" shouted the negro, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the Spaniard, turning him around so as to face the starboard quarter, and pointing directly to the long boat.

"O, my God!" came from the ashy lips of Gubetta, as he sank upon his knees and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some horrid vision.

"It am de dead girl's ghost!" whispered the cook.

And she it was, in body or in spirit—living or dead. Dressed as she had been when their eyes had last rested upon her, with the same flush upon her cheek, the same light in her eyes, the same heavy curls of dark brown hair framing in her pure face, sat Kitty

Connolly in the stern sheets of the long boat.

"Look!" again whispered the negro. "Look! It am her ghost for sartin. She am comin' here for—"

"Me! And I murdered her!" came in straggling accents from the lips of the Spaniard.

"Seize him!" shouted the captain, springing forward.

That command awoke the mate from the thralldom of fear. He realized in a moment that Kitty had been in some mysterious manner saved—that the whole was a plot to force a confession from him—that he could hope for but little mercy from their hands. A short shrift and a stout rope was all he could expect, and that without delay.

"Seize him!"

The spell was lifted from his soul—all the functions of both mind and body returned in an instant.

"Carraho!" burst from his lips, and knocking down the negro cook, who had attempted to lay hold of him, he sprang into the rigging, and ran rapidly aloft.

In a moment, the shrouds were filled with dark forms, but as well might they have stayed below. To the very truck he climbed, and then with a fearful curse leaped into the waves.

"Save him! O, save him!" screamed Kitty Connolly, as she clung to the captain.

"It is too late!" he said, leading her below.

But he did not tell her of the spray that was flung high in the air, as the sharks turned upon their backs to bury their thrice armed jaws in his body, until the boiling pit of destruction was covered with the oozy foam of blood. He said nothing of the piecemeal rending of a living man, and the dark, shadowy objects that would soon be stealing under stern and counter again in search for other victims. No, it was far too horrible for her—the only one who had raised her voice in his behalf to hear. Indeed, there was no comment on his fearful fate, save that of the cook, who, rubbing his bruised head, almost savagely whispered:

"De sharks hab got him, and it sarves him jest right. He'll never strike me any more."

CHAPTER III.

THE WRECK. THE LAST OF EARTH.

LITTLE of explanation was needed with regard to the rescue of Kitty Connolly. Many of the passengers were already in the

secret. Leaning over the rail directly astern of and in the shadow of the little boat, was the old cook. For a long time he had been distrustful of the Spaniard, having heard part of a former conversation with the girl. He had seen him cut the rope—had leaped into the water and caught Kitty at the moment of falling, and having had precaution enough to retain his hold of a rope, easily swung himself under the stern, and thence, by assistance from within, placed her in the cabin. For the rest, it was arranged by the captain to perfectly satisfy himself of his mate's guilt, though he but little anticipated such a fatal termination.

Still over smooth waters and beneath tranquil skies swept the stout, brave ship, laden with its wealth of happy hearts, happier still in the glorious dream of the future. The future, to which we are ever looking forward—babyhood to youth, youth to the halcyon days of "twenty-one," manhood to middle age, middle age to threescore and ten! It were well if it but he trustfully to heaven.

"Now, Miss Kitty," said the captain, as they sat one evening conversing as usual of the end of their journey, "get all your blushes ready, for if the wind holds, we will be in San Francisco to-morrow."

"To-morrow, captain? O, I am so glad!"

"To leave an old sea-dog like me, I suppose? If I was only thirty years younger, somebody would have a fight before they got my little girl."

"Fie, captain! But you know I will be very sorry to part with you—with all—you have been so very, very kind."

"Well, I suppose I shall have to give you up to the young scape-grace. But, remember, I shall always look upon you as a daughter—and woe betide him, if he does not use you well."

"But he will, captain dear. He is a brave, good boy."

"You think so; and for that matter, so do I. Wont we have a jolly time at the wedding? I am to give you away, you know—dance with you the first set, and—"

"Not the first," she replied, with charming naivete.

"Well, the next, then? Botheration take these boys! They are always in the way. Steward, bring some wine. This is our last night at sea, and it shall be a pleasant one."

With mirth and song the hours slipped rapidly away, and eight-bells sounded before any one dreamed that it was midnight.

"So late!" said the captain, rising. "I would not have believed it. Fill the glasses for the last time;" and his cheery voice rang out:

"One bumper yet, gallants, at parting; though many

Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest and saddest of any
Remains to be quaffed by us yet."

"Good-night, and pleasant dreams;" and, proceeding to the deck, he glanced at the compass, and then looked long and anxiously at the weather. There was something in it that pleased him not. To the westward was a long, low bank of black clouds, while the scuds were flying thickly over, and directly in the teeth of the wind. With a heavy, sullen sound, the waves broke against the side of the gallant ship, as if knocking for admission. Not a seabird was in sight. All had taken a landward flight.

"Has it been long thus?" he asked of his second officer.

"Steadily increasing, for nearly two hours, sir."

"And the barometer?"

"Has fallen very low."

With his eye turned aloft, he noticed every sail. Everything was in its place—everything as it should be. Turning to retrace his steps towards the stern, he saw, with great surprise, that Kitty Connolly was standing by his side.

"Child, what brings you here?" he asked.

"I could not sleep. Something—I cannot tell what—is the matter with me."

"Anticipation has unsettled your nerves, that's all. Better go below, and dream of—you know who!"

His words were cheerful, but the tone in which they were uttered, far the contrary. So much so was this the case, that the young girl noticed it, and asked if there was any immediate danger.

"Not immediate," was his reply. "Nothing, I hope, more than usual."

"But the wind! The wind! It is blowing very hard."

"A capful, my dear. But please go below. A block might fall upon you, and that would not do, you know, so near both the harbor of the land and the harbor of your heart."

"You will call me, captain, if—"

She dared not name the contingency she thought of, and complied with his request, so far as to go below—though not to dream. If ever earthly prayers could save a vessel from

destruction, surely such as that pure-hearted girl poured forth that night, ought to have been of avail.

The storm steadily increased. The moon was blotted out from sight. The sky surged above, like waves, and the ocean rolled beneath, like clouds, black as ink, and crested as with flame. Sail after sail was taken in—some reefed and double-reefed, and others blown like ribbons from the bolt-ropes.

"If the gale lasts, we shall be upon the rocks before morning," said the captain; and at his commands, everything possible was done to deaden the way of the flying vessel.

Flying? There could be no other name for the rapidity of her course. Every other word is tame, expressionless. Flying—yes, but to certain destruction—flying towards the iron-bound land.

"My God!" groaned the captain; "I could bear this—bear what is to come—but this girl, Kitty Connolly!" And his eyes filled with tears at her untimely fate.

Morning broke at length, heavy, dark and leaden. Scarcely was it perceptible from night. Like fiends shouting on a holiday the wind whistled, shrieked through the now rent rigging and tattered sails. Every wave was washing the ship from stem to stern. More than one brave sailor had met his fate—more than one soul been suddenly sent into the presence of his Creator and his Judge.

But the little of morning light there was showed them the dangers of their situation. The Golden Gate—the long-wished-for, prayed-for haven, was in sight at last. In sight! Better had it been scores of miles away. Could they pass through in safety? Was there water enough upon the bar to float their heavily-laden craft? Terrible questions these, and time and trial alone could answer them.

Lashed at the wheel were four gallant men lashed forward, amidships, in the rigging, others. It was past their power to control the oaken and iron-bolted monster longer. Not more than a cockle-shell—a child's toy was it now. A little cork floating on the waters—a feather drifted by the winds had as much of resistance. God was ruling the ocean now in his wrath, and man, "the paragon of animals," was smaller than the smallest grain of dust that finds a lodgment in the eye.

Pale and untrembling as marble sat Kitty Connolly lashed in the cabin. No human being could have kept footing for a moment. Around her were gathered women and children, some shrieking in their agony—howling

in their fear—tearing their hair in their despair. Some sat frozen in a stony silence, bereft of hope, love—everything but life. She alone, that frail, young girl, retained her perfect consciousness and self-command. She had passed the time when earthly loves or regrets could affect her. She had torn from her heart, as it were, all remembrances of passionate words and fond embraces. She had lifted herself, by the powers of a perfect faith, to heaven, and waited only the coming of the angels that should strike off the fetters of clay. Coolly, calmly, unflinchingly, she looked death in the face. She saw no thorns in the crown of dissolution—only the roses blooming beyond.

"Kitty!"

"Captain!"

There were no long sentences or common-places then. Life had narrowed down to a very minute point. The threads of life were breaking one by one. The last link of the cable slipping through the hawse-hole.

"Kitty," he said, "an hour will decide our fate. It is hard to founder when thus in sight of port."

"But heaven is in sight also," she replied, looking him steadily in the face.

"Can it be that you look thus calmly at death? That you who have so much to live for, can thus unshrinkingly talk of a watery grave?"

"And so much to die for!" And the smile that lit up her face gave to it the glory of an angel.

To him it was a paradox, that she, a slight, beautiful, young girl, could talk thus of a death all others shrank from. That she could trustingly look beyond the clouds, while men, strong bearded men, prostrated themselves and groaned aloud in the very agony of fear. But he was wrong in his estimate of character, wrong in his views of human hearts.

For a time there was a stillness as of death around, save the groaning of the flying vessel, the rattling of the cordage, the creaking of the blocks and the grinding of the rudder chains. Humanity was dumb. The voiceless prayers might have been carried aloft by angels, but they found no utterance in words. The sublime faith—the heroic bravery of Kitty Connolly, hushed the universal wail—stilled the despairing clamor for safety.

"Kitty," said the captain, and his voice was lowered to the very ghost of a whisper—"Kitty, child, daughter, pray for me—pray for all. God help us! God pity us!"

In a calm, low, silvery voice the prayer was

uttered. A petition, such as has rarely come from human lip, perfect in its purity, perfect in its trustfulness, perfect in love, was breathed into the ears, not only of the earthly listeners, but of God's attendant angels. A holy hush followed its delivery, and then the vessel appeared to be lifted as on a mountain top—to sink as into a bottomless valley, and then she struck, trembling, groaning, splintered from keelson to truck.

"My God!" whispered the captain. "She is breaking to pieces! She has struck—we are lost!" And he tore the fastenings from around his favorite, and sprang with her to the fast breaking up decks.

In the mad excitement of the moment boat after boat was lowered, filled—swamped! The frightened wretches rushed into them, overcrowded them—lost both themselves and their last hope of safety. Wave after wave—billow after billow—swept the deck from stem to stern. Hollow groans came from the writhing hull. Great streams poured through the opening seams. Topmast and spar laid shivered in ruin around. The main and mizzen had gone by the board. The foremast alone stood, with fore, back-stay and rigging stranded, wringing like a leafless tree in a mighty wind. The ship was hopelessly wrecked, grinding, with broken back upon the cruel rocks.

In the cabin, surrounded by weeping women and children, the captain had been helpless as an infant. Now amid the elemental war, now with something tangible to cope with, he became all the man again. Wife and children were waiting for his return in a far-off land. Kitty Connolly, the brave, beautiful, trustful girl, was standing by his side, clinging to his stalwart arm—looking in his eyes to see whether aught of hope remained.

"If I cannot save her, I will die for her," he exclaimed mentally, as he lifted her and fought his way forward, through the debris of the wreck and the hissing, rolling waves.

Was there a boat left for him who had lately trod the deck the proud master of all? Not one! The instinct of self-preservation had been too strong in every heart to think of superiority. Master, man, all were upon the same level then, the fear of death had torn away all the distinctions of earth—all of caste—all of education—all of fashion. Alone he must fight the fearful battle for himself and Kitty Connolly.

"Captain!"

"Who calls?"

As from the very bowels of the groaning

vessel, a voice had reached his ears, startling him as if thunder had suddenly rolled above him.

"It am I, captain—the cook."

"What are you doing there?"

"De ship am on fire. I hab bin tryin' to put it out."

"Great God! We might have floated on until rescued. Surely we were seen from the shore. But now!"

"De ax am in de galley, captain. Can't we build a raft?"

Calmly, as if sitting on the quarter deck when the waves were asleep and the soft zephyrs came laden with the odors of the spice isles, they talked now. The terror of death had passed—despair had made them strong.

"A raft? Yes, quick, the axe!"

"It am too late! Hold fast. Look, captain, look!"

As if a mountain was frowning above them trembled a huge wave, crested with fleecy foam. In the flutter of a pulse, it fell, parted and swept everything living from the deck far out into the boiling bosom of the sea. Wrapped in the strong arms of the officer was the heroic girl—swimming by their side the brave, true-hearted negro. For a moment they fought the unequal fight, and then a floating spar brought them succor. Long they floated—drifted, until they neared the shore. Then a boat filled with a manly crew pushed off and rescued them—did all that kind hands and hearts could, and at length carried them to the city.

But the sad news was there before them. Husbands looking for wives, fathers for children, sons for the ones dear to them, friends for friends, were rushing wildly about, seeking to learn who were lost—who were saved.

"Only the captain, the cook and one brave, beautiful girl," said a weather-beaten seaman, one who had been foremost to man the life-boat and hasten to their rescue.

"Her name?" asked a young man, with blanched cheeks and trembling lips.

"The captain called her—Kitty, Kitty Connolly."

"Kitty Connolly! O, my God! But she was saved! saved!"

An hour after, he, the once idol of her heart stood by her side. Once idol, for now there was no room in it, except for the manger-cradled, crucified Jesus. She—all knew that she was slowly but surely dying. That her hours were numbered, and for her another earthly sun would never rise. As the day

waned she was alone with him who was to have been her husband for a time. But of that interview none e'er knew. It was far too sacred for mortal eyes. Even the angels turned weeping away as they listened to her earnest words. Then she parted from the Captain—the poor cook, pointing them to heaven. Then

“Her face

Was pale, but very beautiful—her lip
Had a more delicate outline, and the tint

Was deeper; but her countenance was like
The majesty of angels. The sun set—
And she was dead.”

In one of the perfumed thickets of Yerba Buena, where the birds sing sweetly and the wild heliotrope blooms freshest, is a lonely grave. Kind hands keep it ever free of noxious weeds, and kind hearts have raised over it an almost speaking monument—a broken column, wreathed with flowers, on which is fairly sculptured the name of

“KITTY CONNOLLY.”

I WEEP FOR THEE, DARLING.

BY MRS. ANNA M. LOWRY.

I weep for thee, darling, at evening's still hour,
When sunset is streaking the hill;
I wander all lonely along the old path,
That winds by the side of the rill.
I think of the song which together we sung,
As homeward we used to return;
And I weep, that henceforth I must sing it alone—
Thou'rt gone, and I'm left here to mourn.

I weep for thee, darling, when Luna's pale rays
Are streaming o'er forest and dale;
How, 'neath her soft light we have lingered full oft,
Listening the sweet nightingale.

No more, nevermore shall my darling and I,
Side by side, wander happy along;
And beauty still gleaming from nature around,
Our hearts overflowing with song.

I weep for thee, darling, but not in despair;
I'll meet with my blest one again;
In the bright happy land of my fading flowers,
Midst glory never to wane.
I may weep for awhile, and tread my sad way,
Surrounded by darkness alone;
But the morning will come in its beauty's array,
And I'll meet with my blest one that's gone.

BLACK DINAH:

—OR—

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

THE orchard was all a-bloom with pink and white-scented blossoms which the south wind scattered over the green grass, and carried the perfume out on its wings, to the distant fields. The robins had built their habitations in the apple-trees, and the bluebirds had lain in cunning nests eggs as blue as the backs of the songsters themselves, or the sky, smiling so serenely above them.

Mary Grant stood at the gate that led to the pasture, close by the orchard wall. She was drinking in the spicy scents of the orchard, and her cheeks were like the apple-blossoms. Her straw hat dangled from the hand that rested on the top bar of the gate, and her eyes that mocked the violets were

gazing towards the pasture down the wide lane where two great white and red cows were grazing peacefully in company with a black colt.

“Dinah!”

As the girl spoke, the robins that had built in the apple-tree by the corner set up a loud shout, as if they would eclipse the music of her voice, and were jealous of her powers. They seemed to think that they were successful, for one more daring than the rest, ventured out on the end of a great limb that reached out towards her, and with his round, sparkling eyes, and dainty, tossing head, seemed to be laughing at her.

At the sound of her voice the colt raised its

head and looked towards her; and the cows stopped their grazing and gazed up the lane with great clever eyes, to see if they could find from whence the voice had come.

"Dinah!"

The colt raised her head again and gave a low whinny, then arching her neck, spreading her tail like a banner, she came down the lane like the wind. For a moment she circled round, refusing to approach the gate, but at last she obeyed the beckoning hand of Mary, and came and placed her head upon the girl's shoulder, lying it close to her face as affectionate as a child.

The young girl stroked Dinah's mane, and patted her sleek sides; then she took her nose between her hands and looked straight into her almost human eyes.

"Does Dinah love Mary?" said the girl.

The colt made no audible answer, yet it seemed that she understood the words, so still she stood, following every motion of the young girl with her black eyes. Brutes have affection that should oftentimes shame human beings.

Two men came down from the old brown farmhouse towards the gate. One was the only father Mary had ever known, her Uncle John, in whose house she had lived ever since she was an infant; the other was Hiram Vance the village lawyer, whom people called, and not without reason, a cold, hard man. It seemed as though he never enjoyed life so well, as when he had a mortgage upon some poor man's house and land. Then he had no mercy. People had no right to be poor, he said, and if they were they should be made examples of, as a warning to others.

John Grant and the lawyer came up to the gate. The latter bade her "good evening," in the soft, cat-like, purring voice he could assume when he wished to be particularly agreeable.

The girl replied to his salutations, coldly, and then turned her attention again to the colt. She never liked the lawyer, and less of late than ever, for she had seen much of him. Every day for the past three weeks he had been to the farmhouse. She knew that he held a mortgage upon the farm for three hundred dollars, but that would not require his presence every day, though the time was well nigh out. Mary was too much of a woman not, by this time, to have fathomed his object. He wanted a second wife. People told her that she was good looking. Putting this and that together, the truth came out.

She shuddered at the thought. She ever

become the wife of Hiram Vance? Never! let fortune have what it might in store for her. Often she thought that death would be far preferable. He was three times her age, nearly. That alone ought to have precluded all such thoughts from his mind. He was nearly fifty, and she but sixteen. Summer and winter, indeed.

"That is the colt, Squire Vance, and she needs no praise from me. She shows what she is for herself."

John Grant spoke with a husky voice, and there was something that looked suspiciously like a tear welling up from beneath his eyelashes.

"A very good colt, neighbor Grant; in fact I hardly think there is a better anywhere in the country round. You raised her, you say?"

"I did. I owned her mother; but was obliged to sell her to make a payment toward the farm. It was almost like selling one's own child. And then Charles felt so badly to part with her, and Mary, here, cried herself sick, that I gave them the colt, and promised that come what would I would never sell it. I have seen hard times and still struggled to get along and not sell it, and now that Charles is gone, it seems doubly hard to part with it!"

"O, Uncle John, you are not going to sell Dinah? Indeed you cannot—must not!" and Mary, starting at the very idea, gazed earnestly up into the face of John Grant.

"Mary, I fear we must either part with the colt, or with our home. I am an old man now, and where else should I find a resting-place for my head? Our only hope now lies buried on a Southern battle-ground."

"O uncle, uncle, do not sell Dinah! Remember your promise to the dead; that come what would you would never sell her. How can you break your word?" cried the girl, grasping his hands and giving way to a burst of tears, unmindful that the strong man had as much as he could do to control his own emotions.

"It is like breaking my heart, to do so, Mary!"

"Then why do you? I will go out to work; and I know that Mr. Vance will give us more time in which to redeem the farm."

The lawyer shook his head slowly, yet he did not say no, explicitly. He was too cautious for that. "Perhaps—" he began.

"Do you hear that, uncle? He almost says we shall have more time, and we can yet redeem the farm, can't we, Dinah?"

The colt gave a low whinny, and placed its nose up to her face, as if she understood that the girl was pleading for her. Mary stroked her face and mane, and looked eagerly up into the countenance of her uncle, watching narrowly.

"Well, Mary, if you and the squire can arrange matters, I will gladly keep the colt. God knows I would not part with her if it was possible to keep her. You and the squire can talk it over while I drive up the cows."

John Grant opened the gate and passed down the lane to where the cows were feeding, leaving Mary with the lawyer. For a number of moments there was a silence, and then the girl gazed timidly up in the lawyer's face, as if she would read his heart, mirrored there.

"You will give us time, Mr. Vance. You will not foreclose on the mortgage now?" she said, inquiringly.

"On one condition, Mary, I will give up the mortgage, and you can then do as you please with the colt."

Again Mary raised her eyes, but they fell suddenly. She liked not the look upon his face. It almost made her shudder in spite of all her efforts to be calm. He seemed to be waiting for her to speak, but no words came from her closed lips. She did not dare to ask the condition. Her heart whispered what it would be, yet she tried to think he did not mean it.

"Mary," he said, taking her hand, which was cold as ice, and which she, from fear of offending, dare not withdraw, "I have something that I have long wished to say to you, and which, if you are the considerate girl I take you to be, will put this matter of the mortgage forever at rest. My house is lonely, and I want some one to fill my dead wife's place. I am an old man to what you are, but my heart is warm, and I will try to make you happy, as well as to take a load from the shoulders of your uncle. Mary, will you be my wife?"

For a few moments the girl could not speak. This was the sacrifice he wanted. Should it be given? Never! The hot blood surged from her heart and gave her new strength.

"Mr. Vance, I cannot be your wife; I am but a girl now, and you are an old man. Do not mention this to me again, for it can never be."

The last sentence was added, for she thought him about to speak, to urge his suit. She was mistaken.

"Good evening, Miss Grant," he said, and turned away, walking rapidly toward the farmhouse, beyond which lay the road that led to the village.

Mary watched him until he disappeared from view beyond the farmhouse. Not that she cared whither he went, but looking, as one sometimes does, on vacancy, finding it almost impossible to withdraw her gaze. With a sigh of relief she saw him disappear from view; and then she went up to the farmhouse, all unmindful that the colt was gazing in wonder at her returning without her, for every night they had gone up together.

John Grant came up the lane, driving the cows before him. He saw the colt still standing by the gate, and Mary beyond, going slowly homeward. By this he knew that the lawyer had spoken; that the die was cast which decided the fate of the homestead, and the ownership of the colt that his son had prized so highly.

John Grant saw matters only in a worldly point of view. He thought only of the good that would come to all of them by the alliance of his niece with the lawyer. His position would be equal to any one in the country; for Hiram Vance held his head high, and his wife would take the front rank in society. The old homestead, so dear to them all, would retain the family name, and a stranger would not till the land that had so long belonged to the Grants; and besides this, the colt would not be sold, and the promise to his lost son would be kept; Mary should have her as a bridal portion, and when he was gone, the Grant homestead should also be hers.

Full of these thoughts, he opened the gate and drove the cows and colt through, and up to the barnyard, where he found Mary waiting, with her pails ready to fill with the rich, frothy milk. One glance at her face showed that all the plans he had cherished for her, all his hopes and expectations, were but idle fancies. She had accepted the sacrifice, rather than the hand and fortune of Hiram Vance.

The days went on. The last golden weeks of summer were waning, and September, laden with harvest sheaves, was nigh at hand. Where the blossoms had hung in the orchard, now red-cheeked apples looked out from among the green leaves, giving promise of goodly cheer when the long winter evenings should have come, and the snows lie piled

deep around the farmhouse, heaped there by the blustering winds.

In all these weeks Hiram Vance had not come to the farmhouse; and only once had his name passed between the uncle and his niece, and this was on the day when the term of the mortgage expired. At dinner Mary had said:

"Uncle, I suppose that you will see Lawyer Vance to-day. Ask him to let the colt remain until fall. I know that for my sake and Charlie's you will let him stay in his old pasture, and I think he will be willing to save a dollar."

That afternoon John Grant went to the village and saw the lawyer. He would not take the colt now, but have the payment made all at once, when, by selling his cows and largest portion of his hay, John Grant hoped to obtain the remainder of the sum necessary. This was a little respite. The colt would remain at the farmhouse for a short time longer; yet it was only putting off the much dreaded day which must finally come.

The golden sunlight had faded from the hilltops, and the shadows of evening had fallen thick around the farmhouse of the Grants. The day's work had been finished up, and in the open door sat John Grant, enjoying his evening pipe, the white smoke curling gracefully above his head in the gloom. By an open window of the broad kitchen sat Mary, her head bowed upon her hands, buried in the gloomy thoughts that hung over her young life.

There was not a ray of light shone through the darkness of the future to guide her steps to a single oasis of happiness, such as most mortals look forward to hopefully, trustingly, yet oftentimes pursuing it as a phantom, that is never overtaken. Her uncle had refused to leave him to toil for her own maintenance, but she knew that that time must soon come, for he would soon be past his labors, and the little farm would not produce enough to support them, and pay the wages that a farm hand would demand. Then would come hard, weary toil, but she did not shrink from this. She could work if she had the health that now was hers. She only thought of the long, tiresome, loveless future that was spread out like a straight, dusty road, reaching far into the future.

"Who is that down by the gate, Mary?" said her uncle, taking his pipe from his mouth, and knocking the ashes from the bowl against the bench on which he was seated. "I

thought he meant to call here when I saw him coming up the road."

Mary raised her head and gazed listlessly out into the gloom. Her heart gave a great throb, as she saw that the one approaching the house wore the army blue of her country, and there was something in his walk that reminded her of Charlie, their Charlie! Since he went away she had not seen one in a soldier's dress without thinking of him.

Nearer and nearer he came; her heart stood still for a moment, and then gave a wild throb. Merciful Father! could the grave give up its dead? Had the battle-field yielded up its victim?

For her life she could not have stirred from her seat, but sat as motionless as if bound down by chains. The soldier came up the walk, and accosted her uncle. The voice only rendered her more spell-bound.

"Will you give shelter to a soldier of the Union to-night? I knew your son, and he bade me, if I lived to come North, to come and see you."

"You knew Charlie?" And John Grant sprang upon his feet. "A soldier is always welcome, but this makes you doubly so. Were you with him when he died?" And the father's voice was tremulous with emotion.

"I was with him in the Wilderness, and saw him when the battle was over; not five minutes before they carried him away!"

"Carried him away? Who?"

"The rebels. He was badly wounded in the shoulder."

"Did he not die there?" cried the old man, in great excitement.

"No, he was taken prisoner, and—"

"Charlie!"

The spell was broken. Out through the open door she sprang, and was clasped in the soldier's arms, and pressed to his heart.

"Mary!"

"My son, my son! O God, I thank thee! And John Grant grasped the hand that had been released and held out towards him.

There is little more for us to tell; though the story was long that Charlie told them that night, of battle-fields, and weary days in dreary southern prisons, and of the welcome exchange that came at last, though so long delayed.

We need add but little more. The colt still grazes in his old pasture down by the orchard, as sleek and beautiful as ever; and Charlie Grant has a wife whose name is Mary. The mortgage was paid to the last dollar, and Hi-

ram Vance was disappointed in receiving, neither of the prizes he so much coveted. But not long after he solaced himself by taking unto himself a wife nearer his own age, and who did the honors of his house perhaps better than they would have been performed by Mary.

Charlie Grant's wound prevented further service, and a discharge was obtained. His presence drove away all the gloom that so long had hovered over the homestead of the Grants.

REMARKABLE FACTS.

In England, as is well known, the brown rat has nearly extirpated the native black rat. In New Zealand the same process is going on, and so evident is it, that the natives, or Maories, have a saying, "that, as the white man's rat has driven away the native rat, so the European fly drives away our own, and as the clover kills our fern, so will the Maories disappear before the white man himself." The Norwegian rat has taken the place of the native species, and grows to a very large size; but, strange to say, it is itself driven out of the houses into the fields by hordes of European mice. When Captain Cook landed at New Zealand, he left a few pigs on the island. These soon increased in number, and now they exist wild in such vast herds that it seems almost impossible to destroy them, or to dispossess them of the large tracts of country of which they have fairly taken possession to the exclusion of man. Such is their predominance, that men are actually paid by the

large station-holders at the rate of sixpence a tail for killing the pigs on their runs. They occupy ground which the sheep-farmer wants for his flocks, and during the lambing season they inflict a great loss on him by devouring the poor lambkins as soon as they make their appearance. The boars are said to be remarkably large, and to be provided with enormous tusks, such as have been previously seen only on the savage primitive stocks of wild boars in Europe.

THE BIGGEST FOOL.

Speaking of Josephs, we once heard of several wives making up a purse to be given to the one of their number whose husband should chance to have the most illustrious name. The first commenced: "My husband's name is William." Then followed a long list of all the Williams whose names had been handed down to posterity, commencing with William the Conqueror, and ending with Shakespeare. The second: "My husband's name is George;" and all the Georges, good, bad and indifferent, were brought up as a proof of his right to the purse. The third chimed in with, "Henry," urging her claims as eloquently as the rest; while the fourth, a meek little creature, with no pretensions whatever, quietly remarked: "Well, my husband's name is Joseph; and I don't think I ever heard of a single Joseph who distinguished himself—unless it was Joseph, told of in the Bible, who wrestled with Potiphar's wife; and I certainly think *he was the biggest fool that ever lived!*" It is needless to add that the purse was delivered over to the last speaker, without a murmur.

THE SEA.

BY LUCILLE HOWARD.

Here by the rocky shore,
Where wavelets ever pour
Their sparkling crystals over the golden sand,
In joyous mood I stand;
And while low-singing shells,
From the deep ocean wells,
Will brightest treasures bring here to my waiting feet,
I will these joy-notes keep.

Sweet is its music—list!
Through the soft purpling mist
Of sunny isles 'tis wafted here, with melody rare,
Brimming my heart with prayer.

Hark! is it joy it brings,
Or faith, on gladdened wings,
In trust to me? Or is its soft and whispered tone
But echo of a song at "Home?"

O, now the morning breaks
In gold and scarlet flakes,
And casts the dimple of her smile in every wave,
Wherein the gods might lave!
O, ever restless sea,
Would I could ever be
Where all thy strength might meet my waiting soul's deep thrill
With ever "Peace, be still!"

THE GRANTVILLE MURDER.

BY A MEMBER OF THE BAR.

THE sun was already low in the west when I arrived at the little town of Grantville, and both horse and rider were glad enough to reach their journey's end. Grantville is a thriving western village, and the seat of justice for Grant county. I was not a stranger in the place. I had been a lawyer once, and here it was that my legal pinions were first fledged, and my "shingle hung out" for the first time.

The sight of the court house spire, which was visible at a considerable distance, conjured up many a vision of the past, and threw me into a fit of musing, which lasted until I drew rein before the well known porch of the Boone House, George Swinton, proprietor.

Having been welcomed by the bustling landlord, in person, and having seen that my four-footed companion was well cared for, and having refreshed myself by a hearty ablutio, I began to think about refreshment of a more substantial nature. Descending to the dining-room, I soon ascertained that the regular evening meal was over. There was only a single individual in the room, an old lady sitting at one end of a long table. I walked up to her and held out my hand.

"Raly, sir, you have the advantage of me, for I'm sure I don't know—yes, I do though—aint it?—yes it is—to be sure it is—Mr. C., I do declar'!"

"You're right, Aunt Polly; it's my own self—what's left of me, that is; and that's a good deal less than what's left of you, it must be confessed. You look exactly as you did ten years ago, with the difference of a little more flesh; and that is more than I can say of myself."

"Well, you are altered a good deal since you left us; but so am I too. You are thinner and I'm thicker than we used to be. It's a world of change and transmogrification, as the Apostle Paul says. We can't help ourselves."

Aunt Polly Gridley (as almost everybody called her) was the housekeeper of the establishment, the proprietor being a widower. She was not always quite accurate in her quotations, nor in the management of the high-sounding epithets which she was very fond of using.

"What you say is very true, indeed, aunty; but there doesn't seem to be much change in the Boone House. You and Mr. Swinton are both just where I left you, and the house looks as much like old times as the house-keeper."

"Well, no; there hasn't been no great change in this house, except that horrible catastrof, last spring."

"Why, what was that, Aunt Polly?"

"The catastrof? Why, taint possible that you haint heerd of it!"

"Not a breath of it."

"Bless my soul and body! Deary goodness me—taint possible! Why, I thought the whole colloqueous hemisphere had hearn of that, long ago."

"Why, what can you mean, Aunt Polly? I haven't heerd of anything at all extraordinary."

"Well, if you raly haven't, I—"

The old lady had proceeded thus far when an interruption took place which astonished me as much as the yet undivulged "catastrof" could have done. A beautiful girl, in the first blush of early womanhood, rushed into the room and threw herself at my feet.

I immediately caught her hand and attempted to raise her from her suppliant posture; but she clung forcibly to my knees, and refused to rise. Meanwhile, she seemed to be trying to compose herself sufficiently to speak articulately, but her voice failed her, and after sobbing out with great difficulty the words "save him!—O, save him!" she burst forth into an uncontrollable fit of weeping, which convulsed her whole frame.

I was astonished beyond measure, and not a little embarrassed into the bargain. The poor girl could not utter another word, and her agony was really fearful to behold; while I was utterly at a loss to know what to say to her or what to do with her.

Fortunately, Aunt Polly came to my relief, spoke soothingly to her, and finally led her away, but not till she had again passionately adjured me to "save him." Who "him" was, or what I was to save him from, I knew no more than the child unborn.

"What on earth does all this mean? and

who is that beautiful girl?" asked I of the old lady, who returned in a few minutes.

"Goodness, gracious! don't you know? Don't you remember little Mary Lynch, you used to pet so?"

"The gardener's daughter?"

"To be sure."

"You don't mean to say that that beautiful young lady is Patrick Lynch's little girl? It can't be possible?"

"Well, she's not a very *little* girl, now, but she is Patrick Lynch's daughter. You don't make allowance for the immutability of this here transubstantial world. Ten years makes a big difference in the looks of a ten-year old gal; and that's what Mary Lynch was when you left Grantville."

"That's perfectly true, Aunt Polly; but I can hardly realize the fact that I used to trot that young lady on my knee—it seems but yesterday. But what was the meaning of her extreme agitation, and who is it she wants me to save?"

"And haven't you, raly, now, heard nothin' about it?"

"Not a syllable. In fact, I have heard nothing about Grantville for years."

"Why, where can you have been livin', not to have hearn tell of such an unparaphrased incidence! But if you raly don't know, I suppose I must tell you about it. You see—but you *must* be jokin'; you *have* hearn tell of it, surely. Everybody has. Nobody never talked of nothin' else, for months and months."

"Aunt Polly, you seem to doubt my veracity."

"No, indeed, I don't. I ha'nt nothin' at all to say agin your voracity. But it does seem so strange—I do believe you must have—"

"Aunt Polly—"

"Well, well, well; I'm done. I'll tell you all about it. You remember little Willie O'Connor—don't you?"

"You mean the widow's son, she who lived at the toll gate?"

"Yes sir."

"O, yes; I remember his curly pate and his bright blue eyes perfectly well. I thought a great deal of Willie, and so did everybody else."

"Well, you see, when he was about fourteen years old, he came to live here, at the hotel; and when Patrick Lynch died, he took his place as clerk, and attended to the garden, besides, just as the old man did. He was a better clerk they say; but he wasn't a

reg-lar gardener, like Patrick. Mary Lynch, you know, lived here ever since she was born, and her mother afore her. So the two was a great deal together, and they congealed to each other, from the very first, with remarkable incongruity. Their parents was both Irish people, but they was honest and respectable; as for the two young ones, everybody liked them, and wished them well.

"When Willie got to be twenty-one, he engaged himself to marry Mary, the first of May, and then he was to take the management of the big hotel at the Blue Sulphur Springs. But just while they was preparing for the weddin', this terrible affair bust upon us, like a flash of eccentricity. But I declare to goodness, you must have heard—"

"Aunt Polly, must I—"

"Well, well, well; we'll say no more about that, only I can't help thinkin' it so strange—now, didn't you raly never hear—"

"Upon my soul, Aunt Polly, I don't—"

"Well, well—tain't no matter; I'll just go on and tell you, as if you didn't know anything at all about it, and—"

"But, I tell you, I *don't* know anything about it—can't you believe me?"

"Well, well; it's all the same. I'll tell you about it and even if you have—"

"But I tell you, I *haven't*."

If it had not been that I had grown somewhat rusty in my recollection of Aunt Polly's peculiarities, I would have spared my breath, and let her go ahead without interruption. When she got hold of a notion, it mattered little what, she held on to it like a snapping-turtle, in spite of everything; and attempts to set her right ended in nothing but a torrent of words, often of the most magniloquently *highfalootin* character.

"So, as I was a sayin'," continued the old lady, "a Willie O'Connor was always thought to be a very nice young man; but he was a leetle bit too passionate, for his own good, or other people's either; and when we come to hear what had happened, we didn't think so strange of it as if—but you must know—"

"Tum ty iddy tum tum tee!"

"Aint you jokin', now?"

"Tum ty iddy tum tum tee!"

"Tell me what you *did* hear about it?"

"Tum ty iddy iddy tum tum tee!"

"What do you mean?"

"Tum ty iddy iddy tum tum tee!"

"Well, if you have got older and uglier, you haint got to be much wiser, for your everlastin'—"

"Tum ty iddy iddy tum tum tee!"

"Well, well; you don't deserve it, but I may as well tell you as for anybody else to do it. As I was a sayin', we thought the world and all of Willie, and when the thing come out, such a circumfustration as there was! The whole country was in a uproar, from Dan to the Queen of Sheba, as the Bible says; and how you ever could help hearin'!"

"Tum ty iddy iddy tum tum tee!"

"O, bother! with your tum tum—"

"Tum ty iddy iddy tum tum tee!"

"You're just the very same obstinate crittur you used to be, as unmovable as the laws of the Swedes and Prussians. Well, as I was a sayin', the thing was so extraneous and unexpected that it made an awful bubblub. You wouldn't have thought it possible that he could do sich a thing, would you?"

"Do what?"

"Pshaw! you must have hearn—"

"Tum ty iddy iddy tum tum tee!"

"Well, he murdered the child, you know?"

"Willie O'Connor?"

"Yes, indeed."

"What child?"

"Why, little Emma, to be sure."

"And who was little Emma?"

"Well, I can't but believe you know—"

"Tum ty iddy iddy tum tum tee!"

"Do stop that, and I'll tell you all I know about it. You see little Emma was the daughter of Mr. Swinton's youngest brother, a poor, puny little orphan baby that he took to bring up. That brother was the last of the family, and Mr. Swinton was very much cut up when he died, and he meant to make the little gal his own, and Mary Lynch was her nurse. It was a pretty little thing, after it got stout and healthy, and Mary was desperate fond of it. Indeed it was a great pet with everybody."

"Well, one day I was a-comin' in through the little back yard, when what did I see but Willie O'Connor climbin' out of the nursery winder, and down on to the roof of the little back porch! He was as white as a sheet, and the minute he got from off the porch to the ground, he began to run. Just then, Mr. Swinton, and Bettie Cross, the chambermaid, both put their heads out of the window, and hollered out, 'Stop him! Stop him!' as loud as ever they could bawl."

"There was two or three men comin' along by the alley gate, and they cotech Willie just as he was goin' through it, and brought him back to the house. Bettie had run for an officer, and when he come they went up stairs,

and there was poor little Emmy, lyin' on the floor, stone dead, and Willie O'Connor's handkerchief, what he had strangled her with, still round her neck. He killed her for spite, because he was mad with Mr. Swinton. They had just had a terrible dispute, in Mr. Swinton's room, and O'Connor he got so mad that he run right into the nursery, where Mary had left the child for a minute or two, and choked her to death with his own handkerchief; and then he climbed out of the winder, and tried to get away, after he had fastened the door to keep anybody from comin' in."

"He knowed that Mr. Swinton thought more of little Emmy than he did of anything else, and so he killed her. He always was mighty passionate, but nobody ever thought he would do sich a thing as that. He must have heard Mr. Swinton and Betty comin' along the entry, and that made him get out of the winder. They heerd the poor little thing scream, and when they busted the door open, Willie had just got to the ground."

"A horrible affair, indeed, Aunt Polly; and doubly horrible for poor Mary Lynch."

"Yes, indeed; I'm afraid it'll be the death of her. Her whole soul was wrapt up in Willie O'Connor and that child; and it's hard to say which she loved best. She wont believe he killed the little girl—or she says she don't. But I think she must believe it. Nobody can't raly think that he's innocent, unless they've got incredibility enough to believe that black is white."

"But what have I got to do with the affair, Aunt Polly? Why did the poor afflicted girl come to me?"

"Well, I was just as much astonished as you was when I saw her run in that-a-way, and throw herself on her knees. But she tells me that she saw you when you first rode up, and somebody told her who you was, and how lucky you used to be in savin' all sorts of scoundrels from gittin' the punishment they deserved, whether it was the gallus or the plenipotentiary. No man had more friends, you know, among the thieves and rapacallions, in this part of the State, than you used to have."

"You flatter me, Aunt Polly."

"No, not a bit. You know all about that kind o' cattle. You'd make a first-rate thief yourself, if you was to try; I haven't the least doubt of it. So, you see, Mary heerd them talkin' about you, and she run right here to beg you to do somethin' for Willie. But I'm afraid his case is beyond your doctorin'."

"I'm afraid it is, indeed. When is he to be tried?"

"Right away—the first of next week. And he's in a very bad fix, because Lawyer Trover was to manage his case, and he's sick—so sick that he won't be able to be here at all. There's nobody else to do anything for him but little Johnnie Warner, and he's a mere syphon, especially in the speakin' line. I wish you could do somethin' for Willie—not clear him altogether, I don't mean; but save him from bein' hung, if it's possible. When he dies Mary will die with him. That's an incontrovertical fact."

"It is a hopeless undertaking, I'm afraid. If the facts are as you state them, I don't see how it is possible to save his life. The people must be greatly incensed against him. However, you may tell Mary that I will go and see him to-morrow morning, and if I can do anything for him, I will."

Though the people of Grantville had hardly talked of anything but this murder for several months, I soon found that their appetite for it and its attending horrors was by no means satiated. Listening quietly in the bar-room, I heard the affair discussed in all its bearings. O'Connor had been a great favorite with everybody, but the atrocious crime so circumstantially brought home to him had aroused popular indignation to such a pitch, that it was abundantly evident that he had no mercy whatever to expect from a Grant county jury. They were more likely to hang him with their own hands than to acquit him.

That same evening, before I retired to rest, I had an interview with Mary Lynch. She was the daughter of an Irishman, but born in this country. Her father, Patrick Lynch, during my previous residence at Grantville, had been a sort of general manager and confidential agent for Mr. Swinton. The poor girl was still in a pitiable state of agitation, and could hardly speak intelligibly. Her forlorn condition moved me deeply; and her beauty and manifest ingenuousness increased the impression which recollections of former days no less than the circumstances of the present had made upon me; and I resolved to make every effort I could in O'Connor's behalf, though I had not the least idea that my exertions would avail anything. I was satisfied that he had committed the deed, but I hoped that it might be susceptible of proof that during a sudden paroxysm of ungovernable rage, the child had come in his way and

been killed, but without deliberation or malice aforethought.

The next morning I visited the accused, as his counsel. I had previously seen "little Johnnie Warner," but I soon found that she had not inaptly characterized him as a "syphon," since he merely acted as a conduit for the transmission of other people's ideas, without ever originating any of his own. He was both *syphon* and *cypher*.

When I had been left alone with O'Connor, I took him by the hand, and said, with all the solemnity I could assume:

"Willie O'Connor, when I knew you, in times past, you were a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, and as innocent, apparently, as a babe in its mother's arms. It is therefore with a heavy heart that I meet you again, in this wretched place, accused of the most horrible of crimes, in its most aggravated form. Mary Lynch—"

Up to that moment, the prisoner had gazed in my face with a serious but unmoved countenance, but when I mentioned Mary's name, a convulsive shudder came over him, and his features writhed with agony as he strove to control the big tears, which gathered in his eyes in spite of all his efforts, and rolled down upon his cheeks.

"Mary Lynch," I continued, "has begged me to undertake your defence, and I have promised her that I would do it. But in order that I may act intelligently, I must know the whole truth; and for your own sake and Mary's, for the sake of your poor heart-broken mother—for truth's sake—for God's sake—I conjure you to tell me everything, exactly as it happened."

"It is very hard to bear," said the young man, resolutely choking down the sobs which he could not wholly repress, and speaking in a mournful tone; "I have spent here in Grantville every day of my life, and the people know me as well as they know their own firesides. No one accuses me of ever having harmed a living creature, since the hour of my birth, or of having done anything unworthy of the good name I have always borne. And yet they are willing to believe that in one instant, without any sufficient motive, I belied the uniform tenor of my whole previous life, and became a brute beast—a tiger; or rather a fiend in human shape. It is very hard to bear, and if—" his lip quivered, his voice failed him, and he sank into a seat, and covered his face with his hands, while his broad bosom heaved convulsively with the anguish he vainly strove to conceal.

I was struck with what he said, both with the manner and the matter. The Latin poet's maxim which warns us against believing that any human being ever reaches a high degree of criminality at a single bound—"Nemo repente turpissimus fuit"—etc., occurred to me, and a hope began to dawn upon me, that Willie O'Connor might possibly be innocent, after all.

"Then," said I, "you solemnly assure me that you are not guilty of this crime?"

"God in heaven knows," he exclaimed, looking up into my face. "I loved that child as if she had been my own flesh and blood, and I would have taken my own life sooner than have harmed a hair of her head!"

"But she certainly was killed by somebody, and who was there to do it, if you did not?"

"Her own uncle!" said O'Connor, in a deep-toned voice, and with a lowering brow.

"Great Heaven! do you accuse Swinton of killing the child he loved so dearly?"

"George Swinton loves nothing on earth but money, and for it he would sell his soul to perdition every hour of the day. I have said this to nobody but Mr. Trover; but he is too ill to defend me, and if you undertake to do so, it is right that you should know what I think about this terrible affair."

"Have you any proof implicating Mr. Swinton in the matter?"

"None, whatever; I suppose nobody will believe that there is any truth in my suspicions. That is the reason, in fact, why I have not opened my mouth on the subject, except to Mr. Trover."

"It would be a hard task, I am afraid, to convince a jury that Swinton was the author of the deed; but if you can satisfy me that such is the fact, I will charge it home to him, proof or no proof."

"No more artful, cunning, secret-working man lives, than George Swinton, and no one really knows anything about him, except those who have been brought into close contact with him. But I will tell you all I know about the matter, and you can then draw your own conclusions."

"When I first went to live with him, I had a very favorable opinion of him; but I soon found that his character would not stand the test of intimate acquaintance. I was brought into very close companionship with him, and he could not conceal from me the many moral deformities which he succeeded in hiding from the world in general."

"His last surviving brother died. This

brother was a very wealthy man, and I knew that after his death little Emma alone stood between George Swinton and a large estate. But still it had never entered into my head to suspect that the child could be in any danger from her uncle, inordinate as I knew his thirst for money to be. He professed to be extravagantly fond of her, and his consummate hypocrisy deceived me for a time, as it did every one else.

"One day, I was engaged in varnishing the frame of a looking-glass, in one of the rooms above stairs. In the position which the glass then occupied, I could see all the way across the adjoining chamber, across the entry, and little Emma's nursery, which was on the opposite side of it, and the door of which was open.

"While I was quietly at work, I heard Mr. Swinton stealing along the passage, on tiptoe. I knew his step at once, and presently I saw him. The moment he became visible, I stepped aside, taking a position where he could not see me, though all his movements were reflected to my eyes by the glass.

"I saw him stop at the door of the nursery, and look round, in every direction. Having satisfied himself, apparently, that there was no one to see or hear him, he took a small paper packet from his vest pocket, stepped hurriedly into the nursery, and emptied something from it into a bowl, which I knew contained little Emma's breakfast; for I had seen Mary Lynch place it there a moment before, and then go to the child's bed-room. Swinton stirred the contents of the bowl for an instant, and then departed, as stealthily as he came.

"But a short time before, I had heard a vagrant cat mewing in an adjoining room. I went in search of her, and finding her perched upon the window-sill, I took her into the nursery, and set her down by the bowl of milk-porridge. She licked up every drop of it, and I then wiped the bowl clean. Just as I was finishing this operation, Mary came in with little Emma. Saying nothing about Mr. Swinton's visit, I told her what the cat had done, and carried it off with me, saying that I meant to take its life. There was no necessity to do that, however, for it died in a few minutes with spasms which I had little doubt were caused by strychnine.

"I said nothing to any one of what had happened. In fact I was at a loss how to act. I determined, however, to watch Swinton very closely, and the more so because I was by this time well assured that he felt me to be in his

way, and I believed he would not scruple to make use of strychnine or anything else to get me away.

"I was already aware that Swinton had made advances to Mary, ostensibly with a view to matrimony, though of the genuineness of his professions I felt doubtful. And all the time too the hypocrite was pretending to aid me, in making things ready for my own union with her, which was a project then of several years' standing.

"At last, the black-hearted wretch showed the cloven foot so plainly, that Mary was forced to appeal to me. He still professed honorable intentions, however, and cautiously refrained from committing himself, though his real meaning was abundantly obvious. With some difficulty, I induced the peace-loving girl to tell me everything, and with my blood above 'fever heat,' I sought an interview with Swinton.

"Twenty times, in but little more than as many minutes, I was upon the point of bringing matters to a crisis by giving the scoundrel the chastisement he so richly deserved; but by a powerful effort I restrained myself, and even forbore to give any hint of what I knew about his attempt to murder his niece, although he had the audacity to tell me that Mary had promised to marry him.

"When he said this, I ran to seek her, partly for the purpose of bringing her there to confront him, and partly because I felt assured that if I remained in his presence, I would not be able to keep my hands off him much longer.

"When I left Mary to seek an interview with Swinton (a purpose with which I did not make her acquainted), she had gone into the nursery with little Emma, and there I sought her. The child was in the room, but alone. Mary was not there. I immediately turned to go out, but, to my surprise, I found that the door—the only one—was locked on the outside. Swinton, of course, must have followed me stealthily, and fastened it. I did not stop to speculate about the matter, however. Being anxious to find Mary, as soon as possible, I hesitated only a minute or two, and then sprang out of the window—a second story one—caught hold of a branch of the old grape-vine, and managed to swing myself along to the roof of the little back porch, from which I easily reached the ground, by sliding down one of the posts.

"Soon after I reached the earth, I heard Swinton's voice, at the window above, and Betty, the chambermaid, screaming so vociferously

that I could not make out what was the matter. I paid little attention to them, in fact, for all my faculties were concentrated upon the one object of finding Mary immediately. I knew that as she was not in the nursery she must have gone to the cellar for little Emma's milk, as she always did about that time of day. I therefore passed on to the back gate, in order to go round to the cellar door; but just as I was opening it I heard Swinton call out 'Stop him! stop him!' and the next moment two men turned the corner and seized me. It was only then that I noticed what Swinton and Betty were saying."

"You know nothing of the murder, then; of your own knowledge?"

"No, sir; I only know that George Swinton must have done the deed, because there was no one else to do it, and no one else who had any motive for doing it. I heard a faint scream, as I was climbing along the vine, but I paid no attention to it. Swinton has all the cunning and ingenuity of a fiend himself. I think it likely that when he saw me go into the nursery he locked the door for the purpose of forcing me to escape by the window, the idea having suggested itself, of strangling the poor little girl so expeditiously that it would appear as if I must have done it. He no doubt began to make an outcry the moment the child ceased to breathe; and this attracted the attention of Betty Cross, who was sweeping in an adjoining room, and who soon began to mingle her cries with his. The scoundrel has all the promptness, and boldness, and artfulness of the arch-fiend himself; and I am just as well assured of what took place as if I had seen it. My handkerchief was found round the poor child's neck, and I have no sort of doubt that he put it there; but how he got hold of it, I am unable to tell.

"That is all I have to say about the matter. I can prove nothing of importance against Swinton, nor can I disprove the charges he brings against me. I expect to be convicted, for the consciousness of innocence will avail me nothing except to rob death of something of its bitterness. I have little but thanks to give you for any exertions you may make in my behalf, and I will certainly not be disappointed if they prove vain."

With these words he sank back again, and again covered his face with his hands. I was greatly prepossessed in his favor. His language gave evidence of education and refinement much greater than I had expected, and the experience I had gained among criminals

assured me that he could not be one, unless I was to believe him schooled in duplicity far beyond his years and opportunities. But how was I to bring a jury to my way of thinking, in the very teeth of evidence as conclusive as demonstration itself, and that too supported by wealth and influence of the highest grade?

The prospect looked gloomy in the extreme, and some hours of inquiry and reflection did nothing to brighten it. I then resolved to make a study of Swinton, to watch him every moment that I could do so without being observed; for I had come to the conclusion that if I was to have any evidence of moment in the prisoner's favor, it must come out of him.

I had carried this scrutiny as far as I dared, and the day of trial had arrived. It was Monday evening, and the case was set for Tuesday. My friends all condoled with me, and my unfortunate client, for they considered him "as good as convicted."

At half past twelve o'clock. I was still seated in my private room, smoking a last cigar with my old friend, Billington, who had been one of my most intimate associates in former days, and who was now a puffy, well-to-do farmer, and one of the magistrates of the county.

Suddenly, a shuffling noise was heard in the passage, outside, and the next moment in rushed our landlord, with hair erect, face pale to lividness, and a countenance altogether indicative of the most pitiable, helpless, abject terror, I had ever seen depicted in human lineaments. With averted face, but eyes fixed steadily upon the door, he sank upon his knees, in one corner of the room, shrieking rather than saying:

"O, keep her off of me! For God's sake, keep her off! Only keep her away, and I'll confess everything! I killed her. I strangled her, with O'Connor's handkerchief. He knew nothing of it. I confess it all—only keep her away from me. I can't bear it! Great heaven! there she comes again! There she is—her very dress! O, keep her away! O!"

The wretched man's voice died away in a howl of ineffable anguish, and he shook like a leaf quivering in the wind, his teeth chattered with a noise that might have been heard many yards away. As he was muttering the last words, there glided noiselessly through the door the figure of a child, in a red spotted frock, and with a face of corpse-like paleness, illuminated by a halo of lambent light which played about her head.

We had hardly time to observe this apparition,

when a hollow groan, like the voice of despair itself, drew our attention to Swinton again. As he uttered it, he fell back upon the floor, without sense or power of motion. We carried him to his own bed, called up Mrs. Gridley, who pronounced it an "elliptical attack," and left him in her care after he had begun to exhibit signs of what she called "returning conscientiousness."

When we got back to my room, we found the little figure perched upon the table, cross-legged, tailor fashion, and helping itself in a very lively manner to some eatables we had left there.

"I did it first rate, now—didn't I?" said the diminutive ghostess, in somewhat bread-and-butterish accents.

"You did, indeed, Joe. You deserve a great deal of credit, and we may thank you, I think, for saving the life of an innocent man. We are greatly indebted to you."

"Are you, indeed? Then help me to get off this dress, and this white paint, and this phos—phos—phosphorescent oil, or whatever you call it. Phew! what a nasty smell!"

We took the creature to its own room, and having redressed it, together with the grievances it complained of, we brought to light the dapper little face and figure of Joe Connors, a well-known dwarf of fifteen years, who had kindly consented, for that night only, to take the part—of ghostess, in a little drama, arranged by Billington and myself. It was gotten up in accordance with our knowledge of the peculiar character of the individual who was to constitute the entire audience, and never was drama more successful.

The next day George Swinton was seriously ill, and believing that he was about to die, he confirmed, in the presence of several witnesses, the statement he had made in my room the night before. The facts, as he detailed them, at full length, corresponded, substantially with the conjectures of Willie O'Connor. He had dropped his handkerchief in Swinton's room, and this first suggested to the latter the line of conduct he subsequently pursued.

The miserable man never left his bed till he was taken from it, a corpse, thus cheating the gallows of its legitimate prey. O'Connor was triumphantly acquitted, or rather discharged by a *nolle prosequi*, and there is now no happier couple, and few more prosperous ones, in all the wide West, than the pair designated by Aunt Polly Gridley as "our Willie and his concert."

A GHOST STORY.

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 BY E. LONDON.  
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To those who read this story, I would say, that, however badly told it may be, it is the *truth*; a simple statement of facts, unalloyed by fancy or imagination. I was never calmer, more collected, or wider awake in my life than when the occurrence I am about to relate took place; and although it terrified and appalled me, I fancy that it would have produced that effect upon persons with stronger nerves than mine. A few words by way of explanation will be necessary.

Previous to my marriage, which took place nearly three years ago, I was much annoyed by the persistent attentions of Robert Lisle. He was a violent, self-willed, headstrong boy, whose many good and generous qualities were obscured by his ungovernable passions. The only child of a rich widower, he had been indulged until any opposition to his wishes made him perfectly furious. Had I accepted his suit, he would most probably have tired of me; but my rejection, and the knowledge that I was betrothed to another, enraged him, and made him more determined in his purpose. I was poor, and therefore his father had not approved of the match, although he would have consented to it, to please his son; but although mortified, he was secretly rejoiced at my refusal, and, exerting his authority for once, finally succeeded in sending Robert away, greatly to my relief.

Not long afterwards I was married, and, with my husband, went on a visit to his relatives, who resided at some distance. We were gone three months.

On my return, one of the first persons whom I recognized was Robert Lisle. He was reeling down the street, intoxicated and half senseless, in the uniform of a private soldier. He had returned home a few days previous to my return, and, hearing of my marriage, in a fit of rage and intoxication he had enlisted. He had been intoxicated ever since, resisting all the attempts of his father to bring him to reason. With characteristic obstinacy, he persisted the more strongly in his purpose the more he was opposed in it, and the utmost his father could do, was to obtain a lieutenantcy for him and let him go to war.

He went, leaving the poor old man nearly broken-hearted. For myself, I was both glad

and grieved at his departure; glad to be relieved from his presence, for I dreaded him, and grieved to have been the cause of so much trouble.

A year passed away; a year of quiet, uneventful happiness to me; of what terrible suspense, agony and despair to thousands of others, let those tell whose homes and hearts have been left desolate by this horrible war. At the end of the year a change came, a great joy and a great sorrow. My baby, my precious little comforter, was born; and a few weeks afterwards my husband, a young surgeon struggling upwards in his profession, received a highly advantageous offer from the military authorities, which he felt that he had no right to decline, although it involved our separation for a time, as he could not take me with him. So when I had entirely recovered my strength, he went away, and I was left alone with my baby and my sorrow. It is true he was in no actual danger, but it was our first separation, and it was hard to bear. I did not go home, although he proposed it, thinking I should feel less lonely. I preferred to remain in the little cottage on the outskirts of the town, which we had occupied since our marriage.

Some time after my husband's departure, Robert Lisle came home on a furlough, his first visit home since his enlistment. He was much changed. The stern discipline of a soldier's life seemed to have tamed even his wild spirit. He was quiet in manner, never drank, and, indeed, seemed so steady in every respect, that his father's delight was only equalled by his sorrow at losing him again so soon. He made no attempt to renew his acquaintance with me, further than by a quiet bow when we met, as we did, once or twice, in the street. He was a captain, having been promoted, it is but just to say, for his gallant conduct in some engagement, and not from any influence of his friends. He remained at home but a few weeks, and then rejoined his regiment, somewhere in Virginia.

And now comes a part of my story which, were it not broad noonday, and people passing my window, I fear I should not have nerve enough to write, for the recollection of it sickens me with terror.

It was the night of the ninth of August. Robert Lisle had been gone some weeks, and I had entirely forgotten him; at least the thought of him never once crossed my mind on that evening. I had put my baby to sleep, and laid her in the bed; and then, not being sleepy myself, I went back into the sitting-room, and sat down in the moonlight by the open window. I sat there until I was startled from my reverie by hearing the town clock strike ten. I arose, lowered and fastened the window, and taking a lamp went through the house to see if all the doors and windows were properly fastened, as had been my habit ever since my husband's departure. There was no danger, I suppose, but as there was only myself and a servant girl in the house, it was more satisfactory to know that everything was secure. Having completed my survey, I returned to the sitting-room and fastened the door of that, which led into the hall; then I went into the bedroom and placed the lamp on a small table by the bed. I had commenced to undress, by loosening and combing out my hair, when the thought struck me that I had not wound up a clock which stood on the mantel in the sitting-room, and I returned for the purpose of doing so. As I passed through the door a cold shudder ran over me, and I was seized with a vague terror, which I was angry with myself for feeling. I went to the mantel and began to wind up the clock, when the cold shudder shook me again so strongly that the key of the clock dropped from my hand. Involuntarily I looked backward, over my shoulder, and there, great God! between me and the open door, the light of the lamp streaming full upon him, stood Robert Lisle! Even in that moment of wild terror my mind seemed to grasp, how, I know not, every detail of his appearance. He wore a dark blue uniform coat, much soiled and disordered. His head was bare; his hair looked as if blown back by the wind. His face was ghastly pale, and seemed to wear a look of mingled rage and defiance. He did not move, and, for an instant, I did not stir from my place; I stood perfectly paralyzed. Then, shrieking wildly for help, I sprang to the door, which I sought with frantic haste to unfasten. Doing this, I cast a terrified glance backwards, and, to my utter astonishment, perceived that he was gone. I thought of my child, and, seized with a new fear, rushed wildly into the bedroom. Lisle was not there; nothing was disturbed. My baby was awake, however, awakened by

my screams, probably. The sight of her innocent face seemed to give me courage. Catching her up, and hastily wrapping her in a shawl, I fled from the house as fast as my trembling limbs could carry me. My mother lived not far away, and fortunately I reached her house without meeting any one. My knocks soon brought her to the door, terrified half out of her senses at my appearance; but when I told my story, she laughed at me, and declared that I had been dreaming; a theory in which she persisted, in spite of all I could say to the contrary.

Now, although I knew I had not dreamed it, I never doubted but that it was the living Robert Lisle that I had seen, until, about ten days later, a letter from my husband filled me with a new horror, and my mother with dismay. I give the part relating to my story in his own words. "I am sorry to say that Robert Lisle is killed. He was not killed in action, but after the battle, through his own recklessness and want of self-control. You have probably read in the papers how dreadfully our men, especially Crawford's Brigade, to which he belonged, were cut up and scattered. After the last charge of that gallant and ill-fated brigade, perceiving that the rout was hopeless, Lisle and about fifteen of his company, who were all that remained together, took refuge in a patch of woods, intending to wait a favorable moment to join Pope's division, which was momentarily expected on the field. This they found it impossible to do, and but that the night had closed in, would inevitably have been taken prisoners. As it was, they kept hidden in the woods, listening to the gradually decreasing sounds of the battle, which ceased at last, but left them no better chance of escape, for numerous parties of the enemy were moving about the field between them and our lines. At length, about ten o'clock, Robert's impatience could no longer be restrained, and calling to his men to follow him, he made a dash across the open space towards our lines, the camp-fires of which they could see in the distance. There was clear, brilliant moonlight, and they had not gone far when they were seen by a mounted party of rebels, who dashed after them, calling upon them to surrender. The rest would have done so, for it was folly to resist, but Robert's blood was up, and, for reply, he turned and discharged his pistol at the leader. The next moment he fell, shot dead. The rest of the men were taken prisoners, excepting two, who contrived

to make their escape in the confusion. I have these particulars from them."

This battle was fought on the ninth of August. On the ninth of August, shortly after ten o'clock, Robert Lisle was killed. I

leave the reader to make such explanation as he or she pleases. For myself, if I did not know that it was no dream, I would most gladly persuade myself that it was one.

HALF AN HOUR IN A DRAMSHOP.

BY A REPORTER.

DURING the winter of 1857, I was thrown out of employment. I am a compositor by trade, and was then living in New York city. Not being able to get another situation I became "short" towards the latter part of the winter. I had applied for work at all of the leading journals, but was unsuccessful. In a sort of semi despair I strolled about town—when one day I met an old friend, a typist—whom I had not seen for a long time. After a hearty shake of the hand he asked me what I was about. I told him I was not doing anything, and asked him if he knew where I could get employment. "Why," he says, "my dear fellow, I don't think there is a job to be had in the whole city."

He saw that I looked down-hearted and continued, "I'll tell you what you can do—you can bring your trunk and duds to my room—it's small, but we can get along very well together until something turns up."

That night we were domesticated together, and were quite happy in having a roof over our heads if our supper was scanty.

"Now then," he says, "I'll tell you what you can do. You must become an occasional reporter—go around town to-morrow and gather up what items you can, and take them to either the Herald or Times, and if they use them, they will pay you what they are worth."

I was delighted with the idea, and commenced at once. In a short time one of the regular reporters met with an accident which disabled him, and I was called upon to fill his place, and so I became a reporter.

A few nights after that, my friend came rushing into our room and told me there had been a murder over in the Fifth Ward. I did not wait for anything more but started. I reached Anthony street, and as I passed along before the miserable dens, a gathering of people in one of them caused me to stop. I opened the door, and went in. Such a scene

I never beheld before nor since. The room was a large one nearly filled with kegs, barrels, hogsheds—leaving but a small place for customers before the bar—it was a grogshop. Before the bar were huddled a miscellaneous collection of the most degraded of the human race. Irish and negroes predominated—they were of both sexes, from the little infant to the besotted old man. Upon a barrel near the stove stood a short, red-haired fellow with a nondescript nose, and a frightful scar across his right cheek. He was holding forth upon the murder, that had been committed in the next house—his audience were listening eagerly to his words. "Yes," he said, "Annie was a good little thing, and I'm sorry for her. You see Bob was a little gone when he come home, and he ordered her to get him something to eat. She went out, but returned without anything—then Bob commenced swearing—little Annie says to him—"Bob, I tried hard to get tick—I did indeed," and she commenced to cry. "Don't put on any of yer infernal crying and whimpering faces to me, you little brat—" Bob says, "get me something to drink then." The poor little thing said she couldn't without the money. He then got up and hit her on the head, when she fell down he kicked her with his big stogies until one couldn't tell whether she was a human being or a dog—the cries she made and Bob's swearing so loud, made Sally Martin run in. "Bob," says she, "what are you doing?" But he didn't answer and went away. She then took the poor girl up and laid her on the bed—but 'twas no use, little Annie was dead. I dassn't say a word, for Bob would have fell on me then."

This finished the story of the boy, and I then asked what had become of the murderer.

"Well ye see, my covey, Bob's an old hand, and knows how to take care of himself—now then, mister, I see yer taking down the notes—can't ye give us a treat fore you go?"

I tossed the fellow a dime, although I knew it was wrong to do so, and after turning up my coat collar—for the night was a cold one, I turned to leave, the poisonous odors of tobacco, rum, gin, etc., made me sick. I had gone as far as the door, when the fellow who had related the story called to me. I turned, and he asked me to stay a few minutes. I stood near the door my curiosity excited.

"You're a gentleman of the press, my covey, aint yer?" I told him I was.

"Vell" he says, "when yer wants any news jist come round here and I'ae the chap can give it to yer."

I asked him if he was not an English boy.

"Vell I am now—how did yer know that?"

"By your speech," I replied.

"Yes I was born in Old England and learned my profession there, but ye see the traps got too hot for me, it's a fact, so I come over to this country. Ven I landed, I didn't ave a farden and was standin' on the quay, ven a covey comes along to me and says—"my friend, are you broke?" Says I, I am, and I'ae got a sore hand vare a feller cut me, and can't go to work at my profession." "Vell," says he, "never mind, that'll get well in a day or two—now then you foller me, and don't let any one know 'what you are about.'" So he traps and I follers after till we fetches up into this werry identical crib. Now sir, that covey's name vos Johnny O'Farrell—and better a boy never vos. He tells me that he wants me to train some kids that he would pick up down around the piers snoozing out."

I asked him what he meant by training kids.

"You belong to the press and don't know that training kids is to learn young uns how to steal! And so Johnny O'Farrell got a little room from an Irishman and we vent to work. I soon had some kids in working order, and we done a good business—this was in the winter, and we all vent on the gooseberry lay—that means taking things from clothes lines—and ye see they would talk about it ven dey comes home, so that the landlord could hear 'em sometimes—being only a thin board partition between our room and his'n. One night the boys talked more than common, and that next morning who should come in our room but Mister O'Brien the landlord. Says he, "The top of the morning to ye, Mister Spencer"—my name is Spencer" the fellow said. "The same to yerself, I said back to Mister O'Brien." "Mister Spencer I hears a dale o' talk here amongst you and its gooseberry,

gooseberry, gooseberry, gooseberry from Sunday morning until Saturday night. Now thin, Mister Spencer, you'll have to lave my house, for there's no good in this gooseberrying, gooseberrying every night—and who the devil ever heard of gooseberrying in the middle of the winter—so you'll have to leave or I'll have an M.P., come and look for the gooseberries." So we left Mister O'Brien's, and I hold out round here now."

I had heard enough, and left the place to arrange my report of the murder. I will add that the murderer of little Annie was not executed. Why, I cannot tell. He was sent to State Prison for life.

WORTH OF A VALET.

Lord Nelson's well-known valet, Tom Allen, lived some time close to me, he being then retained in the service of Sir William Bolton. I met Tom almost every day in my walks, and often got into chat with him about his brave and noble master, Lord Nelson. Among other things, I spoke of his wearing his decorations at Trafalgar. Now, Tom, who had been with him in so many other engagements, was by mere accident prevented from arriving in time on that last memorable occasion, having left London after his lordship, and not arriving till the battle was over, and his master's career of glory brought to a brilliant close. But it may be amusing to record Tom's opinion and observations. He said, "I never told anybody that if I had been there Lord Nelson would not have been killed; but this I have said, and say again, that if I had been there he should not have put on that coat. He would mind me like a child; and when I found him bent on wearing his finery before a battle, I always prevented him. 'Tom,' he would say, 'I'll fight the battle in my best coat?' 'No, my lord, you shan't.' 'Why not, Tom?' 'Why, my lord, you fight the battle first, and then I'll dress you up in all your stars and garters, and you'll look something like.'" Thus poor old faithful Tom Allen gave himself credit for having saved his master's life by his rigid discipline in attire on former occasions; and it was evident that he was of opinion that he should have saved it once more at Trafalgar. Tom's accounts of other memorable events of Nelson's life were given with equal naïveté. His old age was rendered comfortable in Greenwich hospital, where he held the office of pewterer till his death.

KENTAUK BRANDT.

BY L. VELONA STOCKWELL.

The wind blew angry and fierce across the bar, bringing in, far to the landward at every sweep, the white, foaming waves, which broke upon the sand with a hungry, ominous roar. What little daylight the murky sky had afforded gave place to sullen darkness, and the red burning star above Kentauk Point was all the light from earth or sky that fell upon that dreary, dangerous coast.

Up through the cedars, perhaps a mile away, stood Kentauk Brandt, the gayest and haughtiest house for miles around, and upon this particular time of which I write, unusually gay and brilliant, since Margaret Brandt, the proud heiress of the house, had gathered friends about her from far and near, to help wile away that dismal November month.

As night set in the rain began to fall, and the wind blew harder and fiercer, until the great watchdog lying before the fire in the long drawing-room, started up uneasily, and, snuffing and growling, went towards the low window and looked out, eagerly, as if some call from the angry sea might have reached him.

Margaret Brandt had been peering into the darkness too, but at these motions from the dog she drew down the shade, and came towards the cheery fire.

"Never mind, Tiger; we are not wanted yet," she said, under her breath, patting the dog's uplifted head. Then, in a louder tone, to a gentleman, one of her guests, who rose as she came forward:

"It is an unusually severe storm, is it not, Guy?"

"Yes. Many a poor sailor goes down, to-night."

Margaret's hand fell heavily upon Tiger's head, and her lips closed tightly. The dog looked up, and moved nearer to her.

"But you are not afraid?" he went on, looking at Margaret's pale face.

Her eyes flashed.

"Hardly!"

Guy Montford was far too deeply interested in Margaret, not to notice the strange, restless mood that had come over her since the storm began.

"You are used to such wild nights, I suppose," he said.

"Yes," with a far-away, absent look.

A step came across the hall and into the room. It was Dr. Delevane.

"Margaret—O, excuse me. I am interrupting you."

"Not at all. What is it?"

"We want you in the parlor."

She took his arm, Guy following them, and Tiger keeping close beside her.

"Stay here, Tiger," she said, pointing beside the hall door.

"Is he afraid to trust you with me?" Dr. Delevane asked, smiling.

"He knows there is a storm, and he and I have had work to do before this, on stormy nights," she answered.

A waltz was just forming in the parlor. Dr. Delevane and Margaret took their places, and the music struck up.

Guy stood back, watching them moodily. Once Margaret's eyes sought his, but there was no such look in them as Guy Montford longed to see.

"Delevane will propose to-night, I dare say, and be accepted, too, likely," he muttered between his teeth, while his eyes flashed angrily.

Squire Brandt came in and stood beside him.

"A hard night, Montford."

"Yes; the wind gets higher."

Its whistling and roaring could be heard even above the music and gay voices within.

"It is the worst storm of the season. Do you not dance?"

"Sometimes," he answered, absently.

He was looking at Margaret again. Something her companion was saying had brought a vivid color into her cheeks, and he thought (they whirled so close beside him that he could almost have heard their words) that her eyes softened a little. His teeth gnashed together in rage.

"The next set with me," Margaret threw at him, as she floated away.

An instant afterward a heavy, booming sound came through the air.

Margaret dropped her companion's arm in

a flash, and stood listening, pale as ashes. The dog had started up fiercely at the sound, and bounded into the room beside her.

Another boom.

Margaret sprang across the room to Guy, Dr. Delevane looking at her, wonderingly.

"It is nothing unusual," the squire said to his guests. "Let the music go on;"—it had ceased for a moment—and on it went.

"You are my friend, Guy. Can I trust you?" Margaret said, desperately, under the music, as if some necessity forced her to speak.

"Yes, certainly. What can I do for you?" he asked, eagerly.

"Go to the beach with me."

"You are mad."

"I should be if I remained here. Will you come?"

"Yes, anywhere."

"Margaret!"—it was the squire's voice—"to the sea, did I understand you? It is altogether too wild.

She went up to him and put her hand upon his shoulder.

"Father, if you love me do not hinder me now, for go I must."

Even Squire Brandt would hardly have dared cross her in such a mood as this. Her face looked ominous.

"You will take care of her, then, Montford," he said, reluctantly.

"I will," he answered, proud that he had been chosen to such an honored place.

They went out into the dark, stormy night, Margaret, Guy, and the dog. It was a long, lonesome way, through the beating, blinding rain. The wind tore through the cedars like mad, and at regular intervals came that sound that froze Margaret's very heart-blood—the booming of the terrible signal gun. Guy could hardly keep pace with her, she flew down the road so swiftly.

"We are not alone; there are others here," he said, as they came upon the shingles.

Perhaps twenty fishermen had gathered there, with their boats and lights, to send out relief to the ill-fated crew; though they had found, upon reaching the beach, that it would be utter madness for any man to dare such a sea as that. There was no more certain road to death.

Margaret came down close to the water. The light shone out clear and steady over the rocks by Kentauk Point, seeming ever to cry, "Danger! danger! danger!" Who was it warning to-night? Ah, who?

"Does any one know what ship it is?" Margaret asked, in a hard, strained voice, of a rough fisherman who stood near her.

"Dun know certain, miss; but the Starlight, owned and commanded by Captain Delano, was signalled below at the Hook, this morning, and we think as how it must be her."

"I was sure of it," she said, huskily, clutching Guy Montford's arm. "For God's sake, will not some one go to them?"

"Can't, in this sea, miss. They'd be swamped afore they started. Hark! the ship is coming close upon us, I believe."

"A thousand dollars to the one who will try to reach them," she said, despairingly.

Just then there came a crash, and the ship was thrown up and stranded upon the beach, not a dozen yards from where they stood. Some of the poor fellows were washed off into the sea, and were struggling with the waves, others were tossed over upon the sand with broken and mangled limbs, while some still clung to the broken rigging, too much stunned and paralyzed to move.

Everybody was at work instantly. Margaret took the lantern from Guy's hand and went hurrying around, first to one and then another, searching for something, like one crazed. One man was lying, his face downward, and more than half his body in the sea, that no one had found, until Tiger, barking furiously, drew him out upon the sand.

Margaret hastened to him, and stooping over the body, raised the face to the light. Such a cry as went up from her white lips, then!

Guy was beside her in a second.

"It is Captain Delano!" she said. "Help me, help me, Guy. O, my God! he is not dead?" She tore open his jacket, as Guy laid him over upon the sand, and put her hand upon his heart. No; it was warm yet.

Guy forced some brandy through his teeth, looking at Margaret like one dazed. There was a mystery here, too deep for him.

"We must take him to the house—you and I, if you are strong enough," she said. "These men will care for the others."

"If I am strong enough! If you are, rather. You cannot help carry him."

"I will!" she said, fiercely. And so up through the cedars they went again, the pitiless rain beating down upon Captain Delano's uncovered face, and he lying as unconscious of all as any dead man could.

Wake up, Max Delano! Do you not know

whither you are going, and whose arms are about you, carrying you thither? Strange that you should sleep on, when by day and night you have been hurrying over the briny deep to look upon this very face that bends above you now! You are going to the great house, too! In pity wake, and stop this mad woman who is hurrying you on in such reckless haste; for the haughty squire will hardly care to welcome you from her arms!

Never a breath stirs the handsome lips—never a pulse-beat quivers along the shapely arm. If not dead, he soon will be. Hurry faster, Margaret Brandt, if his life be worth aught to you!

In through the massive doors, and up the long, winding stairs, into the chamber set apart for royal ones, Margaret would have him borne, and there they laid him upon the snow-white bed.

Guy slid back down the stairs for Dr. Delevane. They came back together in a breath. The doctor went to the bed and put his ear down close to the lips, shaking his head as he raised it.

Margaret caught for breath.

"Dr. Delevane, that man is my husband! You must save—"

She fell backward, and the squire, who had come in just in time to hear her words, caught her in his arms. It was enough to make them all turn pale, such a revelation as this, but the squire's stern face went ghastly.

This was a night long to be remembered at Kentauk Brandt. Margaret came to herself shortly; but the squire had to be carried to bed, and it was well on towards morning before Captain Delano came out of his deathlike sleep.

Such a terrible stain upon the Brandt House as this! The purse-proud squire raved and cursed, and swore that Captain Delano should not stay another hour beneath his roof; while Margaret, equally firm, said if Max Delano went, he would not go alone; and he did not.

While yet the squire was confined to his bed, Margaret and her husband left the haughty house, and long before he had settled back into his old ways, their home was upon the 'deep blue sea,' and Kentauk Brandt was far enough behind them.

They had been married a year before, entirely unknown to any of Margaret's friends, for she knew well what their opinion would be of her brave and handsome, though nameless, lover; and, therefore, neither asked their

sanction or approval of her course. At the end of a three years' cruise, the squire came to his better senses, and now he is very proud of his son-in-law; and indeed he may well be, for Kentauk Brandt would hardly be Kentauk Brandt, without Max Delano at its head.

THE GREEKS AND THE TURKS.

Many of the shocking outrages which led to the war of independence were committed by men maddened with drink. In this war the Greeks at first got much the best of it. They had quite driven the Turks out of the open country, and had stormed half the fortified places in the island, when Mehemet Ali (how every Philhellene hates the name!) came to the rescue of his suzerain, so sore bestead; and several Egyptian regiments, veteran troops accustomed to pitiless warfare in Upper Egypt, were landed in Candia. They soon turned the tide; but the "insurgents" were not by any means put down; Crete is a difficult island to conquer thoroughly; the valleys where the Sfakiotes and other tribes live, are so lost among a confused mountain system, that a few resolute men who know the country can keep armies at bay. However, it was no use fighting without backers, and the protocol of London in 1830, which gave independence to the main-land of Greece, handed over Crete to its old slavery.

The cruelty on both sides in the war of independence, was what we call Asiatic; such, at any rate, as we have no modern examples of in Western Europe. One day a Turk, sole survivor of some band that had been cut off in the mountains, came rushing, hot and weary, into a Christian village. All the men were out, some on the war trail, others tilling the ground; and so he ventured to look into a house and beg a little water. He got what he asked for; but the news had gone abroad that an enemy was in the place, and the women (like a set of Jeels) fell upon him while he slept, and hacked him to pieces with wood-cleavers. So terrified, indeed, were the Turks at the idea of falling into Christian hands, that they preferred dying in heaps, of famine and disease, in their strong places, to surrendering to their ruthless enemies. They deserved to be hated; their rule in the isle had been utterly lawless. Property, wives, daughters, all the Candiot's, had been held subject to the caprice of the Turkish bey. When we find the modern Greek deficient in certain commercial or social virtues, let us

reflect on the training he has had. The wonder is, that the nation should have preserved any vestige of national life; but for their religion, the Greeks must have ceased to exist long ago. Fancy work like this going on unchecked: A certain baker at Khanea has a very pretty wife, of whom he takes special care, never letting her set foot outside his own premises. The Turks hear of her, and are pliqued at never being able to catch sight of her.

At last one of the wildest of the beys forms his plan. He calls at the baker's shop, and says, "I'm going to bring a lot of friends to-night to supper; have one of your famous cakes ready, and let there be no stint of wine and brandy." "Your excellency shall be obeyed," says the man, bowing to the ground. He suspects nothing, for it was usual with those Turks who still had a little regard for appearances, to keep their wine out of the way of wives and households, and to come to an inn or to a Christian's shop for a periodical debauch. They all come, and sitting down on the floor, begin drinking. The man is going off to give his cake a last turn, when they roar, "Bring up your wife to wait on us." In vain he protests, and vows she is not in the house. "If you don't do as you're told, we'll kill you, and then search the place." The wretch brings in his poor wife, and rushes off to answer a loud knock at the door. He opens it, and instantly falls pierced with the daggers of some dozen renegades, who, leaving him dead in the street, go in, bar the door, and join their comrades. What befell the miserable wife, left helpless amid these infuriated monsters, is something too shocking even to think of. No inquiry whatsoever was made about the outrage; none of the guilty were brought to punishment. It is some consolation to think that the Candiotes did not forget them. Such ruffians (and there were many like them) were always marked men, and, when the war of independence began, they stood the very smallest chance of escaping. Not the beys only, but the men in authority, set all justice and humanity at defiance. The headman of a village, a Turk who was nearly always mad drunk, heard that the belle of the place was going to be married to a fine handsome young neighbor. In a sudden freak he sends for the girl and her father, "to congratulate them on the approaching wedding." They come to the aga's house. While they were talking, six strong Turks fall on the father, and, carrying him

out, leave him, well bastinadoed, by the wayside.

By-and-by, the Turk leaves the dishonored girl, and, mounting his horse, rides with half a dozen of his spahis furiously along the highway, to work off the fumes of drink. He meets the girl's betrothed coming up from the next town, loaded with presents for the wedding, and deliberately shoots him through the head. He is never brought to trial. Truly we cannot wonder at cruelties on the side of the Greeks! The only wonder is, that Crete, which made so heroic a stand, should have been given up once more to Turkish misrule, and that those who let Poland go, who suffered Denmark to be dismembered, who gave up Hungary in '49 for want of a stroke of the pen, should have shed their blood like water in the Crimean war, to maintain in Europe a race which will always act as its forefathers acted, whenever it dares. "The Turk never changes." And yet here have we been fighting for him; nay (more wonderful still), here are we now lending him money, bolstering up his loan, planning public works for him, as if he were a bona fide member of the European family!

If the Greeks gave no mercy in their struggle for independence, they got no mercy. The story of the cave of Melidoni, on the skirts of the Cretan Ida, has been told several times. It may be new to some readers. They will find it given at length in Notes of travel in Crete, by G. Perrot; two fresh and interesting papers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for February and March last. Melidoni is one of those great stalactite caverns, like the famous Antiparos grotto, or our own Cheddar cave, which abound in most limestone formations. The softer part of the rock has got melted out by the action of water—there must always have been plenty of water where there are caverns—and so a space is left, more or less extensive, which soon gets adorned with limestone icicles, and pillars, and "organ pipes," and great "curtains" hanging from the misty roof, and "loaves of bread," and "a larder full of geese," and all the other names which the fancy of guides affixes to stalactites. Of course, when the war broke out, these caverns were great places of refuge for the patriots. They put wives and children there for safety. The vast quarries, for instance, identified by travellers with the Labyrinth of Minos, were held by a strong party. The party at Melidoni were not so fortunate. Three hundred and more took refuge there

in the summer of 1812; most of them were old men, women, and children, with just a few strong men to guard the narrow entrance. At one place near the mouth the roof is so low that you have to creep along on all fours. The three hundred had provisions, and would have stood a long siege, had not the Turks (forestalling the Duke of Malakhoff) got a lot of wood and straw together, and lighting it one windy day, managed to fill the cave with dense smoke. The poor Christians ran into the furthest recesses, but the smoke followed them, and not one of the three hundred ever saw daylight again. The cowardly besiegers lay for over a fortnight outside, fearing an ambush. At last they made a prisoner go in and "report;" even after his asseveration, they wait *three days* longer; and then go in and strip the slain. Soon afterwards, six Greeks came to visit Melidoni; they had put their wives and little children here to be out of harm's way. We can imagine the wretched men's feelings when the three who had gone in, brought word to the others who kept watch outside, what was the state of things. Two of them never recovered the shock, one dying at once, the other in a week. The Greeks afterwards got possession of the whole district, and held a solemn funeral service in the cave, where the bones still lie on the floor, getting encased in the fast-growing stalagmite. We might tell many tales of wanton atrocity on both sides, but a more gratuitously barbarous deed than this was never wrought during the whole war. Let us hope that the island had never been the scene of such a horrible deed since the days of King Minos and the Minotaur, with his tale of human victims and the strange "man of bronze," Talos, who would seem, from a half-worn-out inscription, to have been worshipped, (very probably with human sacrifices) at this very cave.

Little thought old Tournesfort of what a tragedy this Melidoni, which he tried to see and could not, would be the scene. He gives us an amusing instance, in relating how he was baffled here, of the "Cretling" (alas! in plain Saxon it means lying—we remember St. Paul to Titus) of the Candiotte papa, and the bullying of the Turkish woywode. It seems to have been a concerted plan between them to extort money from the Frenchmen, who wanted to look at the cave with its inscription, and who were also anxious to see how the gum Ladanum is gathered. After getting three crowns out of them, one for himself,

two for the Turk, the papa takes them to the Ladanum mountains, where they see men in shirt and drawers drawing a machine like a hay-rake, with a double row of leather thongs instead of teeth, over the short, strong-smelling shrubs with which the ground is covered. The work has to be done in the heat of the day, and when there is no wind to cover the plants with dust. The hay-rake is an improvement on the old plan described by Theophrastus: "The Ledon used to be scraped from the hair and beards of goats which had been browsing on the plants from which it exudes." His other wish Tournesfort is unable to gratify; perhaps he does not bribe enough; perhaps there is really some superstition connected with the spot, and making it "dangerous to the state" for a Ghiaour to visit it. Anyhow, he records the delight with which he afterwards found the inscription in Gruter, and "so discovered in the midst of Paris what baffled me in the island itself." Tournesfort, like most of the writers of his day, accepts the Turks as an inevitable necessity, merely occasionally noticing their one virtue, their honesty. "A Turk convicted of theft is strangled in prison, that he may not bring disgrace on the Mahomedan name; he is then stitched up in a sack full of stones and flung into the sea." Their punishments are very cruel.

PLAYING CARDS.

It is generally supposed that playing-cards, under the name of *painted leaves*, were invented about the year 1390, for the purpose of diverting Charles VI., then King of France, who had fallen into a state of settled melancholy. Some, however, assert that they were invented in China in the twelfth century, and that they were known in the East and in Spain during the thirteenth century. As early as 1463 there were cardmakers in England, and the importation of playing-cards from abroad was prohibited. By the four suits or colors of cards, it is said the inventor meant to represent the four classes or states of men in the kingdom. *Hearts* were designed for the clergy; the points of lances, which we call *spades*, for the nobility and military; the *diamonds* for the wealthiest portion of the kingdom, the citizens; and the trefoil, or leaf clover, which we call *clubs*, for the laboring classes.

Let the young man who blushes take courage, for it is the color of virtue.

MARY CANAVAN.

It became part of my lot in life to help the Irish government during the eventful period of the Irish famine of 1846-7. I was a poor law inspector, and had a large district in my charge. I had necessarily to go about a good deal and visit workhouses, hospitals, and relief stations, in the discharge of my duties. My mode of conveyance as a rule was an outside Irish jaunting car, and, with one horse, or rather indeed with a pony, I used of a day sometimes to get over fifty long Irish miles.

I started one morning in the early spring from my headquarters to visit a station in a very remote and wild part of my district. My man-servant—coachman, groom, butler, valet, all comprised in one very original and funny individual called "Mick,"—accompanying me. The night before I left on this particular journey, in which occurred an incident I am about to relate, I told Mick to be sure to stock the "well" of the car with rye bread, that I used to bake in my own house, and above all not to forget to fill my flask with brandy, which, as we shall presently see, was not altogether used for selfish purposes. Many a time when I have been driving along the wild roads, I have seen people who, to my official knowledge were in the receipt of the full amount of ration relief, literally looking starved. The avidity with which they seized and devoured the loaves of rye bread I used to give them from the "well," satisfied me that the money which was sent to us poor law inspectors from all parts of the United Kingdom to expend in any way we thought fit, and which for the most part we applied to the establishment of bakehouses, did all the good it was intended to do, and even more than the generous donors could have anticipated.

I scarcely think I was ever out on a more lovely day than that to which I allude, and if one could only have felt that the people were not dying in hundreds throughout the district, and throughout the island generally, such a day amidst such scenery, would have brought its fullest enjoyment.

Skirting along lovely lakes, above which rose hills clad with vernal beauty, I drove some ten miles, and then turned off by a mountain road which led by a long descent to a wild and barren bog, stretching unbrokenly for many miles towards the sea coast. As we got on the bog, there was an indication that there had been a turf road, but gradually its traces became more and more indistinct, and we had to make the best of our way across

the "blasted heath." At last we came to a road again, and I was enabled to shape my course for the relief station, which I was about to inspect.

The path, or road, or whatever else one might choose to call it, was straight, and so there was nothing to interrupt the view right before us.

Mick, who was never much inclined to wrap himself up in himself, and had been discoursing eloquently on the value of good sound roads, giving me his private opinion as to the character of that on which we were then travelling, suddenly called out:

"What on earth, sir, is that before us?"

"Where?" says I.

"Don't you see, sir? The Lord save us!—a body stretched across the road."

On looking before me, at about a hundred yards distance, I saw that to, which Mick directed my attention.

"Yes," said I, "no doubt it is some poor creature who has died on the way to the station at —, but we shall soon know."

On coming up we found it was the corpse of a woman apparently about forty years of age. Accustomed as I was to see the effects of famine, I was horrified at the ghastly appearance which she presented. Her face was literally so attenuated that I could see all its venous and arterial anatomy as well as if the skin had been removed.

While looking at this horrid sight, it seemed to me that she could not have been very long dead. I could see no habitation for miles around. "Possibly," I said, "life is not quite extinct," and, recollecting the little smattering of doctoring which I learned in early life, I thought it worth while to see what effect a stimulant might have.

"Bring me my brandy flask at once, Mick," said I, "and help me to raise her head."

"For what, sir?" said he. "Bedad, it would take more than your honor could do, to bring her back again."

"Well," I added, "do what I tell you, Mick, and let us hope for the best."

We lifted the body and placed it against a little hillock which was quite close to where we found the woman, and I at once proceeded to open her mouth, a proceeding attended with considerable difficulty. Holding her head back I managed to pour nearly half the contents of my flask (a pretty large one, by the way) down her throat, when suddenly I felt a sort of convulsion at the back of her neck which rested on my hand. This con-

vulsion was to my great delight speedily followed by a faint hiccup, and I at once made up my mind that if I only persevered, I might have the intense satisfaction of restoring a fellow-creature to life.

Mick and I then set to work, and taking the cushions of the car we stretched our poor patient in a recumbent position. We then commenced to rub the extremities, which were like ice, and with a good will we rubbed and rubbed until we were rewarded by seeing the head move, the lips twitch, and various other indications of returning vitality. But to succeed must be a work of some time, and here we were nearly fifteen miles away from the station. We worked on, however, for a little time longer, and I then determined to get as fast as I could to my destination. We placed her on the car in a sitting position, and started for —

We had not gone more than four or five hundred yards when we encountered a most abominable stench, so sickly that I determined to stop and ascertain what it was. Looking to the right, our attention was directed to a thin column of bluish smoke, which came out of the bog. Walking over to the place whence the smoke issued, and scarcely able to breathe from the offensive odor, which became worse and worse, I found to my horror that the smoke was from a human habitation, if such it could be called, an old gravel pit, in which I very soon found the cause of the stench. Here were laying two bodies in an advanced stage of decomposition, an old man and woman. I shudder now when I think of the sight I saw. It was horrible beyond description. It occurred to me at once that the woman we found on the road had crept out of this hovel on seeing the car coming across the bog, and had sunk in the lifeless state of exhaustion in which we found her. And so it turned out to be when I made subsequent inquiry.

We now resumed our journey, and at last arrived at the station, where I lost no time in getting medical relief for my poor patient, and in sending to the gravel pit to have the bodies removed and buried. The next day I returned to head-quarters, and from time to time afterwards had letters from the doctor reporting to me that the woman very speedily recovered, and out of moneys placed at my disposal for charitable purposes I was enabled to contribute to her comfort in the shape of clothing.

A couple of months or more passed away, and the severity of the famine was mitigated by the abundance of food which came into the country. The people began to look better, and every one was in better spirits. My visits to the remoter stations of my district were necessarily fewer, for I had important duties to discharge at the town in which I lived, and where the union workhouse was situated. They were now principally directed to the prevention of abuse in the administration of relief. Though the distress was still great, yet it was an undoubted fact within the experience of all those engaged in the poor law service, that abuses crept in to a very large extent, and it was no easy matter to control them.

On another lovely morning, now far advanced in the summer, I again started for the station at —, near which occurred the incident which I have endeavored to tell. As I passed by the spot where our progress on the road was arrested by the body of the poor woman, Mick said:

"Ah, your honor, glory be to God and thanks to you, do you recollect the crayture we saw here?"

"Yes, Mick," said I, "and I hope we shall never see such a sight again."

"Amen, sir," said he, giving the pony a gentle reminder that he was to get along as quickly as he could. We drove on for a couple of miles, when we met a group of the peasantry of the district going to the relief station for their rations of Indian meal stir-about.

I stopped to make some inquiries, when suddenly I felt my knees embraced, and I saw a girl about eighteen years of age at my feet.

"What do you want, my good girl?" said I.

"Ah! your honor," said she, looking at me with an expression I can never forget, "don't you recollect Mary Canavan?"

"Mary Canavan! surely you cannot be the woman I—"

"Ah! yes, sir," she cried.

And there she was, the shrivelled hag of forty transformed into a girl of eighteen, and all by the simple administration of wholesome food for a few weeks. To those who saw scenes such as I did, this will not appear strange. But even now, at this lapse of time, when the great famine of Ireland with all its horrible circumstances is well-nigh forgotten, I venture to tell this story about poor Mary Canavan.

The Florist.

Amaryllis.

Bulbous plants, chiefly natives of the Cape of Good Hope and South America; but which have been increased in number tenfold by hybrids and varieties. All the kinds are eminently ornamental, and they are all of easy culture; the great secret being to give them alternately a season of excitement and a season of repose. To do this effectually, the plants should be abundantly supplied with water and heat, and placed near the glass when they are coming into flower, and water should be withheld from them by degrees, when they have done flowering, till they have entirely ceased growing; when they should be kept quite dry, and in a state of rest. When in this state they may be placed in any obscure part of a stove or greenhouse where it is dry, and of a temperature not under forty or fifty degrees. If kept in such a situation during winter, some kinds may be turned out into a warm border in spring, where they will flower; and if the season be fine, they will renew their bulbs in time to be taken up before the approach of frost. The chief value of these plants, however, is to produce flowers in the winter season, which they readily do if they are kept dry and dormant during the latter part of the summer and autumn. When the dormant bulbs are intended to be thrown into flower, they should be fresh potted in sandy loam and leaf-mould, and put into a stove or hotbed, the heat beginning at fifty degrees, and ascending to sixty or seventy degrees; and when the leaves appear, they should be supplied abundantly with water. Where seeds are wanted, the watering must be continued, though somewhat less abundantly, after the flowers have faded, till the seeds are ripe; and when these are gathered, they ought to be sown immediately in light sandy loam, and placed in a frame, or near the glass, in a moist part of the hothouse.

Brompton Stocks.

These splendid flowers are biennials, and their seed should be sown early in May, in a border of light sandy soil with an eastern exposure, and never in front of a hothouse or south wall, as they cannot bear too much heat. The seeds should be sown very thinly in narrow drills, made about six inches apart. As soon as the plants begin to grow, and have expended their second pair of leaves, they should be watered every evening with a watering-pot or garden-engine, having a very fine nose. When the plants are about three inches high, they should be thinned out so as to be at least six inches apart, and the plants removed should be carefully re-planted in another bed. In about a month's time they should be thinned again, the alternate rows taken up, so as to leave the remaining plants about a foot apart every way—the plants removed being taken up with balls of earth and carefully transplanted, watered, and shaded till they have re-established themselves. Great care is necessary in transplanting, as the Stocks have long tap-roots, with very few fibrous attached. When the plants are wanted to be very fine, they may be pro-

tected during winter by hoops and mats, or hand-glasses, but in general this is not thought necessary. In March or April a compost should be formed of very sandy loam or sand, enriched with the remains of an old hotbed, or vegetable mould, formed of decayed leaves; and pits about two feet deep and two feet in diameter dug in the flower-borders and filled with it, into which the Stocks should be transplanted, with as large balls of earth attached as can be taken up. They should be carefully shaded and watered till they have taken root; and afterwards they should be watered every night till they come into flower. Thus treated, the spikes of flowers will sometimes be from eighteen inches to two feet long, and proportionably thick.

The Camellia.

Evergreen shrubs with splendid flowers, from China, of which the Japonica, and its numerous garden varieties, are in general cultivation in all the greenhouses of Europe and America. Some of the varieties, as for example, the variegated red, are so hardy as to stand the open air, either as standards, or planted against a wall; particularly if their roots are protected during frosty weather. When camellias are planted out, if the roots are protected during winter, by mulching, (that is, covering with straw or litter,) and the main trunk is wrapped round for about six or eight inches from the ground, with a hayband, or any other covering, the rest of the plant may be left entirely exposed without its sustaining the slightest injury. Camellias are commonly cultivated in sandy loam and peat, and this soil perhaps is the best for them when they are grown in pots; but when they are planted out in a conservatory, or the open ground, they will thrive exceedingly well in sandy loam, mixed with rotten dung, or leaf-mould. When the plants are in a growing state, they require abundance of water, both at the roots, and over the leaves; taking care, however, never to wet the leaves when the sun is shining upon them; as wherever this occurs, the leaves become stained or blotched, and look as though they were scalded. When camellias are kept in a greenhouse or conservatory, imperfections in the glass will produce the same effect. The temperature of the camellia-house should be between fifty and sixty degrees during the growing season; but when the flower-buds are formed, it may be lower, till the beginning of winter, when the buds begin to swell. At this season the temperature ought not to be suffered to fall below fifty degrees, otherwise the buds will be liable to drop off; and they will also drop, if watering be neglected.

Chimonanthus.

The Winter-flower, and its varieties, are well deserving a place against a conservative wall, or in the conservatory; for though hardy enough to stand our winters in the open air, yet from their very fragrant flowers being produced in December, January and February, they are very liable to be injured by the

frost. They thrive in almost any soil, but prefer a mixture of loam and peat. They are readily increased by layers, and cuttings of the young wood, which, planted in sand under a bell-glass, strike freely. The large-flowered variety has darker and handsomer flowers, but they are less fragrant.

Chrysanthemum.

The Chinese chrysanthemum, and its varieties, are well known, and have for many years attracted the attention of the cultivator, on account of the great variety of their showy flowers, which are produced from October to December. They grow freely in any light rich soil, and are readily increased by suckers, division of the roots, layers and cuttings, which flower the same year they are struck; and they are some of those plants that derive great advantage from frequent shifting. When this is neglected, the stalks are apt to become long and weak, with few or no branches; and as the flowers are always terminal, they are consequently few also. Taking off the points of the shoots will make the plant bushy, but it will have a tendency to prevent their flowering; but repeatedly changing the pots always into one only a little larger, will not only make the plants bushy, but induce them to flower abundantly. When this mode of culture has been neglected, the chrysanthemums should be planted against a wall, or pegged down over a bed in the flower-garden; and by slightly protecting them during frosty nights, they will frequently continue in flower till January or February. The varieties are continually changing, new ones being raised every year; but nearly all the kinds may be classed in one or other of the following seven divisions:—the Ranunculus-flowered, the Incurred, the China Aster-flowered, the Marigold-flowered, the Clustered, the Tasseled, and the Quilled. The botanical name of the species was formerly *Chrysanthemum sinense*, but it is now removed to the genus *Pyrethrum*. The best annual chrysanthemums are *C. tricolor*, with white, yellow and purple flowers, and *C. coronarium*, with yellow flowers, both of which are quite hardy, and well worth a place in the flower-garden. Seeds may be procured from all the seedsmen.

Chionanthus.

The Fringe-Tree is a large shrub, well deserving a place in all peat-borders, both for the beauty of its white fringelike flowers, and for its leaves, which are often as large as those of *Magnolia grandiflora*, and die off of a fine rich yellow. It is readily increased by layers or seeds, and it may also be grafted or budded standard high on the common ash, when it will form a fine object for a lawn, or for the centre of a flower-bed.

Chelone.

Handsome herbaceous plants, natives of North America, most of which are, however, now included in the genus *Pentstemon*. All the species grow freely in light rich soil, and are readily increased by cuttings, suckers, or seeds, which, in favorable seasons, are produced in abundance.

Palavia.

This is an elegant annual plant, generally raised on a hotbed, and planted out in May; but which may be sown in the open border in April.

The Larkspur.

This is a well-known annual, biennial and perennial plant, with very curiously-cut leaves and splendid flowers, which are either purple, pink, blue or white, and never yellow. The Siberian larkspurs are remarkable for the metallic lustre of their flowers, the hue of which resembles that of silver, which has been tarnished by fire; and the Bee larkspurs are remarkable and interesting for the curious manner in which the petals are folded up in the centre of the flower, so as to resemble a bee, or a large blue-bottle fly. The larkspurs will grow in any soil or situation; but a rich friable loam, and a situation open to the sun, suit them best. They are improved by the addition of a good deal of thoroughly rotten manure to the soil in which they grow, instead of being injured as is the case with most other flowering plants. The seeds keep good a long time; and those of the annual kinds do best sown in autumn, as when sown in spring they are a long time before they flower. The perennials are propagated by division of the root.

Double Flowers.

These are particularly desirable to cultivate in gardens, not only from their beauty, but from the comparative certainty that exists of their producing their flowers every year, the plant not being weakened by ripening much seed. This is peculiarly the case with the double-flowered trees and shrubs; the double-flowered peach, the double-flowered cherry, and the double-flowered hawthorn never failing to produce abundance of blossoms every year so long as the tree continues in health; while the single-flowered kinds generally fail in producing an abundant crop of blossoms every second or third year. This observation does not apply so forcibly to semi-double flowers, as they generally ripen abundance of seeds.

Gloriosa.

G. superba is a magnificent plant, which deserves cultivation in every hothouse. It is propagated by seeds, which ripen freely; or by dividing the roots, which, after the division, which should be in January or February, should be potted in rather small but deep pots, and plunged into a bark-bed, where they should have very little water till they begin to grow. In March or April the plants should be removed to larger pots; and while growing, should be abundantly supplied with water. The stems should be supported by a trellis; and if allowed sufficient heat and moisture, they will grow rapidly and flower beautifully.

Egg Plant.

A tender annual, nearly allied to the tomato, the fruit of which, when white, greatly resembles an egg. There are some varieties with violet-colored, and some with dark purple fruit. All the kinds are eatable, if dressed like the tomato. The seed should be sown in light rich earth, on a hotbed in February or March, and the young pricked out into pots, and shifted several times, till they are ready to flower. They may then be removed to the hothouse or greenhouse; but they will not ripen their fruit without a good deal of heat.

Ageratum.

Mexican annuals, with curious heads of small pale blue flowers. The seeds should be sown in a warm border in a light soil in April or May.

The Housewife.

Pea Soup.

Put one quart of split peas to soak over night in soft water; the next morning wash them out, and put them into a soup-pot with two carrots, two onions, a stalk of celery, and four quarts of water; let this boil four or five hours; have boiling water at hand to add, as the water boils away much faster in pea soup than any other kind; strain the soup through a very coarse sieve; have a piece of salt pork boiled in another pot one hour; then take it out and skin it; put the soup and the pork back into the pot, and boil it gently one hour, frequently stirring it with a large spoon. Care should be taken that it does not scorch.

Lobster Soup.

Take a shin of veal, two carrots, two onions, pepper, salt, mace, and four quarts of water; boil it three or four hours. Break up a large lobster, take the meat out of the shell, break the shell up, and put it into a saucepan, with water enough to cover it. Let this simmer while the soup is boiling; then strain all this, and put it back into the soup-pot; cut the lobster very fine, and put it into the soup, and boil it two hours. If you have the row of coral of the lobster, grate it, and put it into the soup; it adds very much to the appearance of the soup. Add a quarter of a pound of butter, braided into two spoonsful of flour, a cup of white wine, and a spoonful of vinegar, or the juice of a lemon.

Pea Soup, with Meat Stock.

Put about a pint of split peas to soak over night; wash them from the water, and put them to boil in four quarts of good soup stock, with an onion, a turnip, two carrots, a stalk of celery, pepper, salt and one ounce of cloves; stir it frequently, that it may not burn; strain this through a fine soup-strainer; served with toasted bread, cut small, and sent to table in a separate dish.

Rice Croquettes.

Wash well one teacupful of rice; put it to boil in a pint of milk, the same of water, until quite tender, but dry; while hot, add a piece of butter the size of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, two eggs, the juice and grated peel of one lemon; stir this up well; have ready the yolks of two eggs, beaten on a plate, some fine cracker crumbs on another; make up the rice with your hands in rolls about three inches long, and two inches round; dip into the egg, then into the crumbs; fry them in hot lard to a light brown. Served hot.

Bread Pudding.

Take a pound of stale bread; boil a quart of milk; pour it on the bread, and let it soak one or two hours; then rub it quite fine with the hands. Beat up four or five eggs, and add them to it; also a tablespoonful of cinnamon, or any other kind of spice, two cups of sugar, and a little chopped suet, or a quarter of a pound of butter. Bake or boil it two hours.

Chancellor's Pudding.

Take a tin mould, or a small tin pan; butter it well. Split and stone some large raisins; place them on the sides of the buttered tin about two inches apart; slice a stale brick-loaf, and place it around the pan. Have ready twelve eggs well beaten, and seasoned with lemon or peach-water, and one cup of cream. Set the pan or mould into boiling water; turn in the eggs, cover it up, and let it boil two hours. When it is done, turn the mould over into the dish, and let it stand about ten minutes before removing it, for fear the pudding should break. Serve it with a rich wine sauce.

Apple and Sago Pudding.

Pare and core as many apples as will set into the dish in which the pudding is to be baked; fill the hole in the cored apple with ground cinnamon and sugar; take as many large spoonsful of sago as you have apples; mix it with a little cold water; turn in as much boiling water as will fill the pudding-dish; stir it all the time till it begins to thicken; then cover it up, and let it stand about two hours, until the sago swells; then turn it into the dish, set it into a pretty hot oven, and bake it two hours. To be eaten with sugar and cream.

Paste Puffs.

Roll out a rich paste, and cut them with a biscuit-cutter; lay them on a tin sheet; but a rich puff paste the same size; cut a hole with a small wineglass, making a rim half an inch thick, and bake them until quite done. Just before sending them to the table fill them with preserves of any kind. Paste looks much nicer, if beat-up egg is brushed over it with a paste-brush, and white sugar sifted on just before it is set into the oven. If it is to be very light-colored, use only the white of the egg, and omit the sugar.

Ground Rice Pudding.

Mix three large spoonsful of ground rice in a little cold milk; stir it into a quart of boiling milk; let it boil about fifteen minutes, stirring all the while. When cold, add four eggs, a little lemon; sugar to the taste, and bake it one hour. Line the dish with paste, or not.

Plum Pudding.

One and a half cups chopped suet, one cup of milk, one of molasses, three cups of flour, four cups of raisins, half a teaspoonful of cloves, and one nutmeg. Boil four hours.

Plum Tarts.

Simmer the plums in a little sugar and water until they are tender, then take out the stones and simmer it longer; then strain it through a cullender, and make it quite sweet. Line small tin plates with a thin paste; place a rim of puff paste; fill the plates, and bake them until the crust is done.

Oyster Pie.

Wash out of the liquor two quarts of oysters; season them with pepper, a little mace, a glass of white wine; add a cup of very fine cracker-crumbs, and some little bits of butter; put them into the pie-dish, lined with paste; add half the liquor. The dish must be quite full, and covered with a rich puff paste; baked until the crust is done.

Tarts of preserved Fruit.

Line small plates with a rich crust; make a rim of puff paste, and bake it ten or fifteen minutes, until the paste is quite done; then fill them with any kind of preserved fruit, brush them over with the white of an egg, sift on a little white sugar, and set them in the oven about three minutes.

Cranberry Tarts.

Stew the cranberries with a very little water until they are well done; strain them through a sieve; season them with a plenty of sugar while hot; add a little spice, if to the taste, and let it get quite cool. Line small plates with a puff paste, and put a rim on of the same; fill the plates and bake them until the crust is done.

Leg of Mutton boiled.

A leg of mutton, weighing ten pounds, requires an hour and a half to boil. Flour a cloth, tie the meat in it very tight, and put it into boiling water; when done, put it into a pan, and turn cold water over it, and let it remain two minutes before removing the cloth; this makes the mutton look very white.

Mince Veal.

Take cold roast or boiled veal, and chop it very fine; season it with pepper and salt. If you have any cold gravy, put it with it; if not, butter will answer. Heat it very hot, stirring it often, that the gravy may not oil. Serve it on slices of toasted bread, and garnish with lemon.

Mutton Chops,

If broiled on a gridiron, should be wrapped in paper. They require about ten minutes to cook. When they are taken out of the papers to be dished, season them with pepper, salt, and a little butter.

Chicken Broth.

Cut up a chicken; put it into an iron pot with two quarts of water, one onion, two tablespoonsful of rice, a little salt, and boil it two hours; then strain it through a sieve. This will make one quart.

Fruit Pudding.

One cup of molasses, one of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two eggs, three cups of flour, half a cup of melted butter, one cup of raisins, and one cup of currants. Boil two hours.

Frozen Vegetables.

Frozen potatoes, turnips, beets, etc., may be cooked by washing them in cold water, then throwing them into boiling water, and keep them boiling very fast until done.

Tooth-Wash.

The safest, cheapest, most universally accessible, and most efficient, is a piece of white soap, with a moderately stiff tooth-brush, every morning.

Shoulder of Mutton.

A shoulder of mutton, weighing six pounds, requires one hour to roast; if stuffed, half an hour longer. Before cooking it, take out the bone, and fill the space with a dressing of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, sweet marjoram, one egg, and a small piece of butter.

Potted Salmon.

Scale and wipe a large piece, but do not wash it; drain the salt from it. Season with mace, cloves and white pepper; put the fish into a pan with a few bay leaves, cover it with butter and bake. When thoroughly done, place it to drain for awhile; pot it, and when cold, cover with clarified butter. Thus prepared, salmon is sure to be a favorite dish, either at breakfast or any other meal.

To clean black Silks.

To bullock's gall add boiling water sufficient to make it warm, and with a clean sponge rub the silk well on both sides; squeeze it well out, and proceed again in like manner. Rinse it in spring water, and change the water till perfectly clean; dry in the air, and pin it on a table; but first dip the sponge in glue-water, and rub it on the wrong side; then dry it before the fire.

Veal Sausages.

Take fat bacon and lean veal in equal quantities, with a handful of sage, a little salt, pepper, and, if at hand, an anchovy. Let all be chopped and beaten well together, floured, rolled and fried. Veal sausages are better suited for persons whose digestion is not very strong, than those made of pork.

Tea-Cakes.

Take one pound of flour, one half-pound of common raw sugar, the yolks of three eggs, some caraway seeds, and a little nutmeg; make all into a stiff paste; divide this into flat cakes, and bake them on tins.

To take Mildew out of Linen.

Rub the mildewed article well with soap; then scrape upon it some fine chalk, letting that be rubbed well into the cloth; lay it on the grass; as it dries, wet it a little, and the mildew will soon disappear.

Coals.

These are not only much cheaper in summer and autumn than when the cold sets in, but, in fine weather, they are dry and light; and you get for your weight coal instead of moisture.

Fish.

Fish, in various forms, constitutes in many families an important part of breakfast. At this meal herrings are generally eaten red or salted; then they must be opened and toasted.

To take out Fruit Spots.

Wet the stain without dipping, and hold the part over a lighted brimstone match, at a proper distance. The sulphurous gas soon causes the spots to disappear.

Toast.

Toast should be buttered while hot. Dry toast, in order to be kept crisp, should, as soon as made, be set on its edge in the toast-rack.

Curious Matters.

Cool as a Cucumber.

The *Glanceur du Gard* relates an instance of cool intrepidity in a boy ten years old, at Nîmes, worthy, it declares, of a Spartan. Notwithstanding the prohibition of his parents, he frequently ascends to the summit of the amphitheatre to take the nests of bats, by which the old Roman edifice is peopled. The height of this building is so great, that to look down from the top is sufficient to render the spectator giddy. Recently, the father perceived his son at his favorite pursuit on the topmost crest of the ruins, and, hurrying up to the place, seized the boy by the leg, and, holding him out in the open space, cried out, "Will you promise never to do it again?" The position of the boy was fearful, but he coolly replied, "Lower me a little more, father. I can see a whole brood of bats in a hole below; let me take them this time, and I promise you never to re-commence."

A complicated Case.

A funny case was tried at the recent term of court at New Haven. Peter W. Post died in 1858. Many years ago he was first married. This wife deserted him (taking her children with her), and he had good ground for divorce. He did not get one, however, but subsequently married again. The second wife soon died, and he married a third. With the third wife he lived fourteen years, and then died himself. Upon his death his first wife and children came forward to claim the entire estate, and the claim could not be denied. The third wife then presented her claim against the estate for services rendered. After the case had been partly tried, the parties consented to a settlement, by dividing the property—about four thousand dollars) equally.

Large Men.

Mr. Baker, who died at Worcester, England, in 1766, was so large a man, that, in the language of the local prints, "his coffin measured seven feet over, and was bigger than an ordinary hearse, and part of the wall was obliged to be taken down to admit its passage." Six years afterward there died at Usk, in Monmouthshire, one Mr. Philip Mason, whose dimensions were as follows:—round the wrist, eleven inches; round the upper arm, twenty-one inches; round the chest, sixty inches; round the largest part of the body, seventy-two inches; round the thigh, thirty-seven inches; round the calf of the leg, twenty-five inches.

Application of Photography to Sculpture.

The process consists of taking twenty-four likenesses, at once, of the person whose bust or statue is required, by means of the same number of cameras placed in the circumference of a large circular room. The negative of one of these is then placed in a magic lantern, and the image formed by it is thrown on roughened glass. The block of clay, which is to form the model, being placed on a revolving stand, the circumference of which is divided into twenty-four

parts, an outline is formed on the clay from the image on the glass, by means of a pantograph. The same is done by the twenty-three other negatives, the clay being turned round so as to present corresponding sides, and thus the model contains twenty-four outlines. The ridges of superfluous clay are then skillfully removed.

New Mode of destroying Rats, etc.

A new apparatus has just been invented in France, which is said to be very effective in destroying animals that burrow in any way in the ground. It consists of a small portable stove, which is capable of being inclosed perfectly, by means of a cover with a flange, the lower edge of which is forced into the earth, previously moistened. A kind of bellows keeps up the combustion of the twigs, etc., which are within, and forces the smoke into the remotest ramifications of the subterranean passages, rendering the respiration of the animals there absolutely impossible, and by consequence suffocating them. In one locality, where the foxes were so numerous as to be intolerable, twelve of them were destroyed at once by means of this contrivance.

Stone Jug.

This is the name of a prison. It arose from the following circumstances: A king in India had a great jug made, and a trunk of a tree for a stopple, into which he was accustomed to put prisoners of war. On one occasion he had about a hundred men in it. The stopple was in, and he stood on top of it, when the air inside became so dense that the stopple burst out, carrying the king some hundred yards in the air. Since then, there have been no stone jugs, though our prisons have received that name.

The Pump.

This hydraulic machine is said to have been invented by Ctesibius, of Alexandria, about 120 B. C.; but on what principle it was then constructed is not ascertained. The date of the invention of modern times is the commencement of the fifteenth century. The rise of water in the pump was long supposed to be due to the principle that nature "abhors a vacuum;" and the true reason (the pressure of the atmosphere) was not ascertained till the middle of the seventeenth century.

Rather severe.

In a recent speech at Rochdale, Eng., Mr. Cobden said if a map of the United States were laid before the members and professors of Oxford University, to designate the position of Chicago, he did not believe one of them could come within a thousand miles of it.

Quick Working.

In one of the processes of steel-pen making done by females at Birmingham, a quick worker will cut out in one day of ten working hours two hundred and fifty gross, or 36,000 pens, which involves 72,000 distinct motions of the arm, two in every second.

A Cat at Bay.

The Independent tells a ludicrous story of how a cat was besieged in a cellar. The incident occurred at a house in the cathedral street of Liege. The cat, it is said, had got into a cellar stored with all sorts of provisions, and presented so bold a front and such sharp claws, that no one dared to attempt to force her from her stronghold. At last, after some days, a *commissionaire* who had been a soldier was got to storm the cat's castle. Armed with a loaded pistol, he presented himself at the cellar-door. The family of the house waited above in terrible suspense. At last a loud report, followed by a cry, was heard, and the gallant warrior was found lying on the ground of the cellar, bleeding at the head. The mystery was soon explained. The pistol was an old one, and it recoiled so violently that it struck the possessor a severe blow. As for the cat, nothing more was seen of it, and whether it was blown into invisible atoms, or whether it escaped by some means, the good folks of Liege are still uncertain.

Ancient Human Relic.

The *Nouvelliste* of Rouen relates the following strange circumstance: "The Marquis de V—, who possesses a fine property on the borders of the forest of Cinglals (Calvados), has on his grounds a number of old Druidical oaks. A few days since, some workmen who were employed in cutting down one of these trees were surprised at finding in the hollow trunk the body of a man, which, on being touched, fell to dust. By his side was found the remains of a lance, the iron head of which alone was perfect. The supposition is that the man had been placed there, either dead or alive, by means of an incision made in the tree, the bark of which had afterwards grown over and concealed the opening, and, from the antique form of the lance head, the belief is that he was one of the followers of Rollon, the leader of the men from the North who first invaded Neustria.

Cataract produced by Lightning.

This disease has frequently been caused by the intolerable brilliancy of a flash of lightning; and in some cases, at least, the blindness induced by lightning is due to the formation of one or more cataracts. A soldier on duty at Perpignan, last April, found his right eye all at once affected in a thunder-storm. The sight became rapidly more and more enfeebled, and in two months a cataract was perfectly developed.

New Discovery.

It is stated that wonderful effects may be obtained by watering fruit trees and vegetables with a solution of sulphate of iron. Under this system, beans will grow to nearly double the size, and will acquire a much more savory taste. The pear seems to be particularly well adapted to this treatment. Old nails thrown into water and left to rust there, will impart to it all the necessary qualities for forcing vegetation as described.

A Curiosity.

A moa's egg has been found in New Zealand. It is ten inches long and five inches in diameter, and is of a dirty white color. It might serve for the roc's egg that Aladdin couldn't get—and some think it is just such an egg as that of the roc. It is not quite settled whether the moa "still lives," or is extinct, like the dodo.

Choice Works.

A story is told of a certain Mrs. Petroleum, whose husband had suddenly come into possession of a large fortune, and had erected a house to correspond to the enlargement of his means. Mrs. Petroleum had heard that it was necessary to have a "library," and accordingly sent to a popular bookstore and ordered one. A well-assorted library of standard works was sent up to her house. Next day, down comes my lady in a towering rage at their selection. "Choicest works?" cried she, as an explanation was attempted, "bother your choicest works; they were all different sizes and colors. I wanted them all in blue and gold, to match my furniture!"

Danger from the Sting of a common Fly.

It has been ascertained that keeping the sewers of Paris open for long periods, for the purpose of repairs, gives rise to many serious inflammatory complaints. The very venomous character remarked in the sting of the fly, in some places, has become extremely common in France; and it has been ascribed, with good reason, to the flies having frequented the drains thus opened, and in this way become a means of spreading even fatal disease.

Dividing One's Time.

Some one has discovered, that the word time, when artificially transposed, or metagrammatized, will form the following words: Meti, emit, item. And if the aforementioned and its anagrams be placed in the following quadratic position, they will form what may be termed an anagrammatic palindromic:

T I M E
I T E M
M E T I
E M I T

This is the only word in the English language that can be thus arranged; and the different transposition thereof are all at the same time Latin words. These words in English as well as in Latin, may be read upwards or downwards. The English words time, item, meti and emit (to send forth), are mentioned above; and of the Latin ones—first, time, signifies fear thou; second, item, likewise; third, meti, to be measured; fourth, emit, he buys.

An Indian Mound.

A large mound at Chattanooga was lately dug into and several skeletons were found. The formation of the mound, and the marks of violence upon several of the skulls, lead to the belief that it was the grave of an Indian chief; and that several of the tribe were killed and buried with him. Among the skeletons were those of a woman and three children.

An old Book.

In the British Museum there is a Bible on which is written: *C'est liere just pris ore le roy de France a la bataille de Peyters*, which you may thus anglicise: "This book was captured with the King (John) of France at the battle of Poitiers."

Singular.

Two burglars have been convicted in London, and sent to six months' imprisonment each, on the direct testimony of a parrot, who told its mistress that one of the prisoners came into the room and stole the money.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

In commencing the review of the past month, it is really necessary to say a few words respecting the efforts which President Lincoln made to secure a peace between the North and South, and thus stop some of the blood which is flowing from men who should be brothers instead of enemies, countrymen and lovers of the Union. It seems that the elder Mr. Blair, with that enthusiasm so characteristic of a buoyant nature, so well developed in a young man of seventy, or more, supposed that he could settle the difficulty, and make terms satisfactory to all parties. "You may try," said the president. Mr. Blair rushed to Richmond, was kissed by Mrs. Davis, humbugged by Jeff, and had the wool pulled over his eyes by Benjamin, the man who does not believe in God or the devil. Back to Washington he came, said commissioners would be appointed on the part of the rebels, and then Mr. Lincoln intimated that he would receive them. To Richmond once more Mr. Blair departed, did not obtain a second kiss for some reason not mentioned, laid the train for the commissioners, and then awaited events with the calmness and consciousness of a hero. Of course it is generally known that the president had a long talk with the eminent gentlemen from southern soil, told them that if they would lay down their arms he would treat them kindly, but could not think of giving them independence. As the commissioners wanted that and nothing more, the conference was broken off; and now to obtain peace we must fight for it, and the harder we fight, the more blows we inflict, the quicker we shall obtain it. We all want it. The South is eager for it, the North would shout for joy to obtain it; but we shall have to wait until those eminent commissioners, Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan and Terry obtain it, which they will do if we give them enough men.—The president has given notice that the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada will be terminated

when the treaty expires. That is, he means that it will not be renewed unless the country obtains more advantages than it now enjoys. The Canadians don't like it, but they alone are to blame for the action of Congress.—The Richmond press has endeavored to fire the southern heart, since the failure of peace negotiations. Owing to the cold weather and the scarcity of whiskey, the attempt is not regarded as successful.—The number of deserters from Lee's army is almost incredible, and we should not put confidence in the reports unless they were well authenticated, so that there can be no mistake. During the first three weeks in February, more than 1500 rebel soldiers entered our lines in front of Petersburg and Richmond. No army can stand such drains, and Lee must recruit rapidly or go to pieces.—The Patapsco, one of our iron-clads, has been sunk in Charleston harbor by a torpedo. Some fifty valuable lives were lost. The rebels have taught us one lesson, the idea of infernal machines; and we shall improve on the knowledge, and use it in case England or France is disposed to send a fleet to our waters to look after the welfare of our cities. These machines were laughed at three years ago, but we no longer smile when we read of torpedoes.—The English and French papers comment in wondering terms on the capture of Fort Fisher. They can't understand how one force should fail and another succeed, and therefore they are disposed to pardon our joy at the result. The oftener we succeed the more they will pardon. Triumph and victories are great things for the human family to ponder over.—Gold has had its ups and down during the month; but more of the down than ups. In the mean time, the butcher and grocer don't note the fall of gold, but they quickly see the rise, and add a cent or two per pound when it goes up. Unfortunately they forget to take off the nickels when the precious metal tumbles.—Admiral Porter has given his account of the capture of the forts near

Cape Fear, and very pretty additions to our literature they make. If the admiral would only do the nation's fighting, and allow his secretary to do his despatch writing, he would stand close to Farragut as a naval officer. He is an honest, hard-hitting sailor, and speaks just as he thinks. There's no hypocrisy about him.—England has distinctly intimated that she will not interfere with our quarrel. We are glad to hear it. It is only necessary to be successful to keep her quiet.—The greatest event of the month was the passage of the Constitutional Amendment, declaring slavery abolished forever throughout the land. Fifteen States have already ratified the amendment, and only one, little Delaware, has rejected it. Kentucky is debating, and wants pay for her slaves, but that will not be considered, for if one State receives pay, why not the others? Maryland, Missouri and Tennessee. It is too late to pay for freedom.—For the first time in the history of the country, a colored lawyer has been admitted to the bar of the United States Supreme Court, and a colored preacher has been permitted to deliver a sermon in the capitol building, at Washington. A few years since such remarkable events would have caused a terrible riot and much bloodshed. There is blood enough shed at the present time, and all for the purpose of allowing just such freedom to the colored race; but then those who were instrumental in producing such a state of things never dreamed that the negroes would rise above the position of slaves. Much history has been made within the last four years, and a curious task the historian will have, writing for the North or South.—The English press praises General Sherman. Well, so does our press, and we dare say that it is more grateful to the general than all that the British newspapers say. There is some satisfaction in being appreciated at home.—After a warm discussion in Congress it was agreed to leave retaliation for bad treatment of prisoners to the president, and yet it is known that our soldiers are dying by hundreds in Southern pens, killed by barbarous and inhuman guards. Thank God, one of the most notorious of the rebel jailers, Hog Winter, has gone to another and a hotter climate, where he should roast and suffer as much as he made our poor soldiers suffer while they were under his charge.—An exchange of prisoners has been agreed upon, and now we are receiving poor, half-starved men, unable to do much for months, and the rebels take fat, healthy fellows, all

ready to be made food for powder. About one half the rebel prisoners refuse to be exchanged. They have no idea of losing their valuable lives in the service of the Confederacy.—The president has called an extra session of the Senate, so that important matters can be acted on without delay.—The Paris papers are emphatic in their denials respecting the ceding of Sonora to the French. No such idea is entertained, they contend. The report of such action on the part of Mexico caused a profound sensation in England.—The rebel iron-clads, in the James River were only prevented by an accident from making a formidable raid on our communications at City Point. We were not prepared for them, but now we are. At least, we hope so.—The Canadians have surrendered the pirate Burley, the ambitious gentleman who made a raid on our steamboats on the lakes, last summer. A little hemp around his neck will do him good, and yet we fear that he will not receive his dose.—Boston has been favored with an immense Trade Sale, and it was so successful that others will take place at an early day.—Russia has a fleet of monitors after the American pattern, under way, and they are pronounced capital for harbor defence.—There have been rumors of changes in the cabinet, but no one knows who is to go out or stay in. Mr. Fessenden returns to the Senate.—General Sherman commenced his march into South Carolina under unfavorable circumstances, but he was not deterred by swamps or water. Forward he went, and back the rebels retreated, until Columbia was captured, and Charleston evacuated, the last news being received with extraordinary delight by the North. In South Carolina we must leave the glorious old general, and hope to recount more of his great deeds next month.—General Grant is moving slowly and cautiously, and took one more turn of the vice around Petersburg the other day.—Thomas is on a raid with forty thousand horsemen. Where he will strike, no one knows.—During the month there were rumors of the evacuation of Richmond and Mobile. The rebels will leave those cities when they are compelled to, and not before.—Navigation, during the months of January and February, was much impeded by the ice. The winter has been a cold one, and will long be remembered.—Our friends and patrons are referred to the illustration on the first page. It represents our new head-quarters, where we shall be hap-

py to see admirers of the DOLLAR MONTHLY.

—General McClellan and family arrived at Liverpool in safety, but without stopping to receive an ovation, had the Liverpool people been disposed to accord one, passed on to London. He will remain in Europe about two years, it is thought.—The rebel congress has agreed to arm slaves and put them in the army, but the papers have some doubt as to the success of the project, and on the whole there is a decided feeling of uneasiness at the measure. It is like tossing up a cent, to see who shall treat. Heads, I win, tails, you lose. One party thinks that the negroes will fight better if promised freedom, and a second party declares that the blacks will do wonders with the muskets if masters will agree to hold them (the blacks, not the muskets), in perpetual bondage. The experiment is to be tried, and there is not much time for talking the matter over.—One of the most laughable items that we have seen is from the Richmond Examiner. It says that our colored soldiers are all ready to desert and fight for the rebels if they can be promised their freedom and be pardoned for past offences. By publishing such trash the Richmond papers attempt to keep up their courage.—It will hardly be credited, that in Savannah, where money and provisions were sent in abundance to feed those who had hated, and do, perhaps, hate us, our wounded soldiers at one time were actually suffering for the very things which the citizens were supplied with at the expense of the North. Our men think that this is rather hard, and there are those outside of the army who have the same opinion.—The new loan was taken up in so rapid a manner that government was enabled to pay its soldiers. This shows that our credit is good.—A line of steamers between San Francisco and China is to be established.—New York received all the Savannah cotton and gasped for more. Boston did not get a bale, excepting what was paid for. What fat tables the speculators must have had, and how thankful they should be to family influence and government aid.—We cannot close this review without writing a few more words respecting the capture of Charleston, that hot-bed of secession, where treason first commenced, and where treason should end. For nearly four long years had the Flag of our Union been hooted at and defied by the Charleston people, and how they must have reviewed the events of the past, when they saw it once more floating over their city, with

thousands of stout-hearted soldiers to watch and see that it was respected. What could have been the feelings of those who saw the stars and stripes lowered at Fort Sumter, and then one morning awoke and found that the American Union had once more resumed its supremacy, and that our flag waved over the battered walls, and that Fort Moultrie was manned by blue-coated and blue-jacketed defenders? Bitter must have been the thoughts of the fire-eaters of Charleston, and jubilant were our reflections as we read the particulars of Sherman's movements, and how skill and sagacity secured for us the prize. Glory to the men who accomplished this great result.

MY EYE AND BETTY MARTIN.—Many of our most popular vulgarisms have their origin in some whimsical perversion of language or of fact. St. Martin is one of the saints of the Romish calendar, and a form of prayer to him commences with the words, "*Oh, mihi beate Martine*" (that is, "O, blessed Martin, to me"), etc., which, through some person who was more prone to punning than praying, furnished the plebeian phrase so well known in modern slang language.

SALTPETRE.—This substance, which is spontaneously produced from the soil of many countries in Europe, especially Spain, became, on the discovery of gunpowder, an object of considerable political importance. Various methods were resorted to for extracting it from different substances; and regular associations or companies were established for that purpose in Paris and London about the close of the sixteenth century. Most of our saltpetre is imported from India.

NEW SOURCE OF ALCOHOL.—If coal gas, or the smoke produced by burning wood or other organic matter, is passed into very strong sulphuric acid, it will be absorbed; and if the acid is then diluted with water and distilled, alcohol will be obtained. The absorption of the gases by the acid is facilitated by passing them over coke wetted with some of the sulphuric acid.

A NEW FASHION.—The ladies of Philadelphia have introduced a new custom, likely to be popular, sending anonymously to their gentlemen acquaintances small pies and tarts, enveloped in white tissue paper, like wedding cake. The meaning of this curious innovation is a mystery.

Facts and Fancies.

BROWN AND HIS AUDIENCE.

Of course an election campaign cannot very well pass off without a little fun going along with it. Things will "turn up" that make laughter as well as tears "come," which, were they gathered and printed, would materially assist the digestive organs, by bringing into play the "cachinatory processes." From millions of instances, we have one of *rather* a personal character to relate. A friend of ours (whom we shall call Brown, but that's not his name), who was particularly inclined to go the "whole hog" for — and —, was invited, a few days ago, to address the opening meeting of a campaign club of a neighboring city. He accepted, he being always open to the "spout" in this "public exigency," and accordingly presented himself to the president of the club, at the hour named in the note, in which it was stated "they would be most happy to hear him," etc. The room, on his entrance, was well filled by what, at the first glance, he was persuaded was a "muscular," but exceedingly quiet in their deportment, body of men. Taking a seat placed for him by the side of the president, he awaited patiently the signal to open his mouth and let out the flood of words that were packed away behind his tongue. He was sufficiently early in his attendance to notice that the club was not through with its ordinary business, and that every motion made was first put to the audience in English, and adopted by the few near him, and then clothed and presented in German, the responses being many, vehement and unanimous.

Our friend, who is given to "high-flown" English, occasionally, and is a large dealer in "flowers of speech," at length got up, his name being called for by some fifteen or twenty "enlightened citizens," the rest of the audience, some three hundred in number, remaining perfectly quiescent. As he progressed, he warmed up, getting rather eloquent, quite "toploftical," in fact, to the very great delight manifested by vehement and frequent applause on the part of the "vast" minority that had called him to his feet. But the great crowd remained as before, unreservedly docile. They stood as if transfixed, their eyes wide open, but with scarcely a gleam of

intelligence irradiating them. "These are hard nuts to crack, that is evident," mentally ejaculated our friend, "but I'll fetch 'em," and at it he went again, period succeeding period in the most magnificent order. The gods were recalled and named, and the heavens, including the azure and its stars, the American flag, and a variety of other topics and figures were brought under review, but motionless, still as death, remained his listeners. The perspiration at length began to pour in great floods down his face, and still, assisted by his bannanna, he labored to work up that stolid mass to something like a pitch of enthusiasm for the "good cause," but *nary time*. Applause was not wanting; but it came from the feet, hands and throats of the particular fifteen or twenty who stood in a knot near him. Our friend was satisfied that he had done exceedingly well, all things considered, but he was peaked, and at the expiration of half or three-quarters of an hour's "blowing," gave up in despair. He had met his "lucifer." His choicest expressions, which had never before failed to "bring down the house," had here fallen on barren ground. It is true, the "select few" appreciated and applauded; but the great mass, the "bone and sinew" that filled the body of the hall, were, to him, lifeless, inert. He sat down in despair. There was no use "laboring" further, he concluded. His "mission," he felt, was not *thar*.

He had hardly seated himself, amid the applause of the "appreciative" fifteen or twenty, when a chum of his—a fellow spouter—rushed up to him, and, taking his hand, warmly pressed it, exclaiming, in low but enthusiastic tones:

"Brown, my boy, that was a great speech—an eloquent speech—decidedly the best you ever made! It was a rouser, I tell you!"

"Ah, I am glad to hear you say so. It does not appear, however, as if the body of the audience were particularly pleased. I never saw such a confounded crowd of stupid in all my life!"

"Ah," responded Smith, "the fact is, my boy, and you ought to have been informed of it, the greater proportion of your listeners are recent importations from Germany! Two-thirds of these you addressed don't know enough of English to tell when they are hun-

gry or cold, but the speech was a good one, for all that! It was, I assure you!"

Brown left the club-room in a thoughtful frame of mind.

THE TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

Gaston de Mowbray ground his hair in powder, and tore his teeth out in handfuls; his breath gushed forth with that icy coldness as to crozzle up the table before which he sat into a cinder; he paces the room to such an extent, that the past hung in penny cakes all over the apartment. Suddenly, shrieking an awful bound, he leaped a wild yell at a rat that was dancing a minuet at the other end of the crozzled table. The rat chopped his fortunate (in other words, cut his lucky), impressed with the idea that should he annoy Gaston a minuet longer, he would be annoya-ted.

Let us describe Gaston de Mowbray: his hair was swarthy; complexion, slightly bald; a sweetly-pouting eye, and bright, but soft gray lips; a flushed high nose, and a turn-up cheek bone; merry, little dimpled teeth, and a chin white and regular; he was pale—almost bucket: a splendid fall in the chest; with a wide, broad, and fully-developed waist.

This was the man who, on the night of the 47th of September, 6418, sat with his hands deeply buried in reflection, as the melodious bell-rope of Notre Dame (for which he cared *not a dam*) tolled forth five and sixty minutes past the hour. What is that disturbs his angelical damonil tossing brow? Had his wife committed suicide by swallowing the brushes? No; surely he would not grieve at that. Had he lost a greenback? No; worse, much worse than that. No wonder Gaston de Mowbray spurned the voluptuous pickled pawn-tickets that were placed before him to devour. No wonder Gaston de Mowbray cursed his aunt's sister's grandmother's great grandfather's brother-in-law. Cat's ear hole, he had—O, horror! he had—O, Je! os! o! phat! he had gone and put the wrong end of his cigar in his mouth!

A GEORGIA REPRESENTATIVE.

Some years ago, before secession troubles, there was a very clever but illiterate man named Tate elected to the Georgia Legislature, from Pickens County. When he arrived in Milledgeville he inquired of the first one he met—who, unfortunately for him, was addicted to practical jokes—the way to the capitol.

The gentleman directed him to the Market-house, where, with all the dignity imaginable, he seated himself behind one of the stalls. After a while the venders of meat commenced assembling and hanging their merchandise in a very tempting manner. Tate seeing, as he thought, the members of the Legislature, gazed in awe-struck wonder until he thought he had solved the mystery, and then he said: "You members from the lower counties, I see, know a little more than we Cherokee people. You don't intend to be swindled by these rascally hotel-keepers, so you bring your provisions along with you!" There was some excitement until the matter was explained, when some kind-hearted "member" pointed out the capitol to him.

A SCOTCH ARISTOCRAT.

Tommy Barlow was a property holder on a small scale in Scotland, and, being very aristocratic in his views, he looked down upon all poorer than himself. He was at one time confined to his room by some slight illness, and some of his acquaintances came to see him occasionally, to have a chat with him. One day his wife entered his chamber, and said:

"Thomas, Mr. Williams is below, and wants to know can he come up."

"What Williams?" demanded he, savagely.

"Mr. James Williams, to be sure, a respectable man," was his wife's reply.

"A respectable man?" echoed he, scornfully; "a respectable man you call him? Why, the fellow never drank anything in his life but jerrywag; and call you him a respectable man? Such men ought to be tried for their lives!"

"Jerrywag" is a sort of cheap beer, drank by the poorer classes in Scotland. Tommy drank Scotch whiskey; hence his contempt for Mr. Williams.

AN INTELLIGENT CONTRABAND.

The colored individual known as the "intelligent contraband," has doubtless enlisted, and has been keeping guard at the Covington (Kentucky) Ferry, as will be seen by the following, which occurred there a day or two since:

A merchant doing business in Cincinnati, but who rejoices in the possession of an "Old Kentucky Home," which he visits about twice a week, started with a small valise to cross the river. Arriving upon the opposite

side, he was confronted by a bayonet, behind which he recognized the sombre shadow of the countenance of one of our American brethren of African descent and at the same time he was brought up standing, by hearing the utterance of an imperious "Halt." And the gentleman halted.

"What hab you got dar?" questioned the sable warrior, pointing to the suspicious valise.

"Three dirty shirts, four pairs of socks, a comb, tooth brush and a bottle of Hiawatha," was the reply.

"Whar am your permit to bring dem articles in Kaintuck?" demanded the vigilant sentry.

The gentleman was nonplussed for a moment, when a happy idea struck him, or rather he struck a happy idea. Taking from his pocket book a promissory note for \$130, he handed it to the "intelligent contraband," who after regarding the document upside down with profound attention returned it exclaiming as he recovered arms, "all korrect, you may pass."

PUT A HOLE THROUGH IT.

One night General — was out on the line in Georgia, and observed a light on the mountain opposite. Thinking it was a signal-light of the enemy, he remarked to his artillery officer that a hole could easily be put through it; whereupon the officer, turning to the corporal in charge of the gun, said:

"Corporal, do you see that light?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put a hole through it," ordered the captain.

The corporal sighted the gun, and when all was ready, he looked up, and said:

"Captain, that's the moon."

"Don't care for that," was the captain's ready response; "put a hole through it, anyhow!"

ALL DEPENDS ON THE RELIGION.

A few days since a certain minister of a certain Episcopal Church, in a certain village, not far from Buffalo, started in his buggy to fulfil an appointment in a town some twenty miles distant. He had driven but a few miles when he discovered that his horse was quite lame, and, as the evening began to draw nigh, he deemed it best to stop for the night. In a short time he came to a farmhouse, in front of which a yeoman, considerably advanced in

years, was standing, when the following conversation took place:

Minister—Can you tell me, my friend, how far it is to a house of entertainment?

Yeoman—Well, if you mean a tavern, Mister, about twenty miles; but if you mean a house of entertainment, we have one ourselves.

Minister—Ah, very good, my horse is quite lame, as you see, and I am somewhat fatigued myself. Can you accommodate us for the night, friend?

Yeoman—Well, yes, we can accommodate, but if you are a clergyman, I must tell you that the fare you will get depends on your religion.

Minister—How so, good sir?

Yeoman—Why, you see, if a minister is a good Presbyterian, we give him the best we have got; if he is a Baptist or Methodist, he gets a pretty good living; but if he is an Episcopalian, he can't expect much. We don't think much of Episcopalians out here.

Minister—(smiling)—Well, my friend, I am sorry to know that your prejudices are so deeply imbedded; I am an Episcopal clergyman, and suppose I must content myself with a picked up meal; but let me assure you of one thing, *my horse is the bluest Presbyterian you ever saw.*

The yeoman was not so obtuse that he did not discover and appreciate the minister's joke—a joke which, by the way, procured both for man and beast the best that the farmer's larder and barn afforded.

A HAPPY HUSBAND.

A worthy man in this great metropolis recently visited a medium to witness the wonders of spiritual rappings. He had lived twelve years with a notorious shrew, who at last died, soon after which he married a young woman of comely person and pleasant disposition. On inquiring if any spirits were present, he was answered by raps in the affirmative. "Who?"

"The spirit of Melinda, your deceased wife."

"Ah!" exclaimed he, with a gesture of alarm; but recovering himself, he kindly inquired, "are you satisfied with your condition?"

"Yes."

"Are you happy?"

"Perfectly so," replied the spirit.

"So am I!" gruffly exclaimed the ungallant inquirer, as he turned and walked off.

ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE MORMONS.



Artemus Ward, the celebrated showman, starts for Utah, in the hope of securing peace and happiness.



On arriving at Salt Lake City, Artemus is claimed by nearly a dozen fair Mormons.



In spite of refusal, Artemus is sealed to the crowd by Elder Heber.



After the sealing, each of the fair creatures wants her share of the bold showman.



At dinner-time, Artemus is scolded by his wives for not providing food for his family. Under the circumstances, he is not jolly.



Elder Heber lectures the showman on the atrocity of his conduct in not looking after his family.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Is sentenced to be kicked by robust masculine Mormons, for not doing a husband's duty.



Artemus proposes to take a new wife, but the proposition is not favorably received. The jolly showman begins to lose flesh.



An elderly Mormon lady informs Artemus that she has had a revelation, and must be sealed to him.



In desperation Artemus offers to sell his wives to the Indians. The proposition is not entertained by the sagacious red men.



The noble Indians return Artemus to the bosoms of his family.



The manner and condition in which Artemus left Salt Lake City, after a residence of three months in that romantic region.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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CRINOLINE AND ITS HISTORY.



QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER CRINOLINE.

We see it stated that crinoline is to be discarded from the aristocratic circles of Paris, and that the empress, who for private reasons of her own revived hoops, has appeared in public without them. We do not believe the report. We can hardly think that the ladies of this or any other civilized country will abolish crinoline at the dictation or caprice of one individual, even if she is high in social rank. To be sure all followed her example

when she adopted hoops, but there was reason for such a course; for no article of dress has been assumed for years that will compare with crinoline in imparting to a lady's form such grace and beauty; and to tell them at this late day, after ministers have denounced it; impatient men have laughed at it, and young fops have ridiculed it, that it must fall and give place to heavy and clumsy skirts, is assuming a fearful responsibility; and for our

part we hope that the fairer portion of creation will stand firm, and not drop a single spring or abate one inch of their crinoline's circumference, even if the French court discards it.

But we commenced this illustrated article with the intention of giving a brief history of crinoline, from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the present time, showing by well executed and authentic engravings, how great has been the change and how vast the improvements—commencing with an awkward skirt, and terminating with a light and graceful affair, that will make the bride of eighteen springs blush with delight when she thinks how handsome was her make-up on her wedding day. But seriously, whatever opinion may be entertained regarding crinoline—as to its inordinate use, there ought to be but one, and that most unfavorable—there does not seem to be any well-grounded objection to a moderate adoption of it, especially if it is covered by materials which are incombustible from their nature or the processes to which they have been subjected. It is considered by those who understand the matter best, to allow the use of sufficiently warm clothing, and to prevent an ungraceful clinging of the clothes to the person. At first crinoline was of reasonable dimensions; but it gradually assumed an extravagant size; no door was large enough to admit that of the queen of Henry IV. of France. Large cushions were placed on the hips, and various contrivances adopted to give enormous dimensions to the female figure.

The first great epoch of crinoline may be considered to have closed at the beginning of the seventeenth century; but it lingered for a long time after, and in the most extravagant forms, among the burghers' wives. Hence we find that in 1619 the women of Brunswick and Luneburg were forbidden to wear "petticoats expanded with iron, or by other means."

Crinoline re-appeared at the close of the seventeenth century, accompanied by turreted head-dresses, one of which is shown in the portrait of the queen of Louis XIV. It was then usually made of plaited rushes, or slips of whalebone, forming a kind of basket or cage; and hence, most probably, it was often called a basket and a cage at that time in France. Hoops were introduced in England about 1700, and, in less than ten years attained such proportions as caused the *Tatler* to inveigh against them with all the powers of keen and refined satire. The upper hoop, as in our illustration on page 343, was then termed a "side hoop," and expanded at the

sides, so as to allow the elbows to rest upon it. At this period the ancient Greek and Roman characters were represented on the stage in *peruque* and *hoops*—so completely is all sense of appropriateness banished by an extravagant worship of fashion. In 1745 the hoop had attained a size which exceeded all bounds; and the "baskets" of that period appear to have excited the irrepressible mirth of dramatists and journalists, and the violent hostility of preachers. But in spite of all opposition, crinoline in some form or other, though diminishing in size, maintained its position for long years, and it fell only when the throne of the Bourbons was overturned. Hoops were used in the English court until banished by George IV.

The fair sex after that was satisfied with merely flowing robes until about the end of the first quarter of the present century, when crinoline again made its appearance—but in a stealthy manner; being at first a mere expansion of the "bustle. It was in the commencement very unpretending—only a little horsehair (the crinoline properly so called); then some cane or whalebone in the seams; then hoops of cane or wood; finally steel, which imparts a power of expansion and an elasticity that, the ladies seem to consider, leaves nothing to be desired, as far as elegance and convenience is concerned. Steel has naturally come into general use, for cane, whalebone, wood, horsehair and coffee bags were found to be too clumsy and heavy for ladies' forms.

And now, we ask the most inveterate hater of crinoline, the man who always snarls when it incommodes him in the car, the coach, or on the sidewalk, to glance at the four engravings that illustrate this article, and declare that the last is in the best taste, and that young ladies who look so well with the modern hoop would be extremely foolish to give it up at the mere caprice of an empress, even if she does set the fashion for the world. Let the women of this country stand by their hoops, and we pledge our word that as long as they are worn, all men who have an idea of the beautiful, the graceful, and poetry of dress will sustain them; and what more can the fair sex desire? for after all we have to pay the bills, and some of them are terrible; but the single item of hoop skirts is but a trifle compared to the rest of the toilet. Besides, we fear that if the fair sex discard crinoline, they will take up with something more expensive. Hence, we advocate hoops.

THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

"We are the spoiled children of Europe," said a clever Frenchman to me one day. "Every nation learns our language, so that we do not trouble ourselves to learn theirs." And assuredly the French regard other modern tongues pretty much as the Romans did those of the conquered barbarians. "Those unlucky English!" continued my friend, "they eat half their words, and they have no orthography and no grammar!" While even in the English quarter of Paris, where all sorts of British garments and comestibles may be obtained, I saw lately announced in a shop in Faubourg St Honore, "Currant Gelli, Currant

former English lodger, who came to Paris determined to storn the French language *a coups de dictionnaire*. Keeping that useful manual perpetually at hand, she used to look for the literal translation of each word in a phrase, and form her sentences accordingly; and the effort was sometimes very comic.

One day she told her hostess that she would feel much obliged by her placing in her bedroom "*une poitrine de calecon*," which luminous rendering of "chest of drawers" was of course, Arabic to the poor Frenchwoman.

A worthy pair of very untravelled Britons came over lately to see the sights of Paris; and while doing the lions conscientiously, they



QUEEN OF LOUIS XIV., OF FRANCE.

Gem." The announcement, "English spoken," keeps the promise to the eye, but generally breaks it to the ear, and the words are an enigma to the passing natives. A soldier lately entered a wine-shop in the window of which the above announcement appeared, and asked to be served with a glass of "English spoken."

The *garçon*, as ignorant as his customer, replied that he was very sorry, but they were just out of that particular *liqueur*. "Then what do you mean by advertising 'English spoken,' if you have not got it?" quoth the soldier, as he went off in a rage.

The lady of a house where I once lodged told me that she had been sadly mystified by a

arrived in front of the Chamber of Deputies, on which is engraved in large letters "*Corps Legislatif*."

"What place is that, my dear?" inquired the lady.

"That," replied her husband, "is Corps"—beginning to read, and pronouncing the word "*corpee*."

"Ah," interrupted she, "come away! That must be the Morgue, where the dead bodies are. I would not go in for the world!"

I remember once playing an international game of whist, in which my partner was a young, newly-arrived American, our opponents being two French clergymen. As each

card was played, I repeated the name in French for my young friend's instruction. Clubs happened to be trumps one time, when he had very few in hand. "Dame de trefles," I said, as I played the queen of clubs.

"And that's what I say too, madame," responded he coolly; "d— de trefles!"

One of our adversaries, who spoke a little English, hearing us say "Trump it!" conceived that it was the name of a card, and remarked, from time to time: "Ah! I have my leetle thrumpets in my hand!" sounding the *th* with particular force and pride in his mastery of that British shibboleth.

I remember once having to consult a good

dey do bring de geese to your door, and dey do milk dem; and it cost ver leetle moneys, and it is excellent for de sheest."

What the man meant I could not imagine. The more he continued to extol the virtues of the "milk of geese," the more mystified did I become. At length his meaning flashed upon me. In German, *guiss* is a goat, and *guiss milch* is goat's milk; so the worthy doctor imagined that of the latter words, "milk of geese" was a most classic rendering.

Another German physician, prescribed for his patient, saying: "Acid dings will be ver bad, but sour dings will be ver goot."

"Doctor," I replied, "I do not understand



BEGINNING OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

little German doctor, who was extremely proud of his knowledge of our language. Now, his German I understand perfectly, but his English was a great mystery. My daughter had a bad cough, and I requested him to prescribe for her.

"De Fraulein," he said, after some consideration, "must drink de milk of geese: de milk of geese will be very goot for the Fraulein."

"Well, doctor," I said, trying to keep my countenance, "I dare say it would be good, but I'm afraid it would be difficult to procure."

"No, no, no; not diffecoolt at all. You do say to the geese to come, and de people

you. In English, acid and sour have precisely the same signification; we say indifferently that a lemon is acid, or that a lemon is sour."

"No, no; it is not de same; it is quite *wass anders*. I do tell to you sour is good, and acid is bad."

After much altercation, I discovered at last that by "sour" he meant "bitter!"

The same physician informed me: "Dat of all dings in dis world, de most dangerous for de human body was soap." With some difficulty his patient obtained permission to have clean linen. "But," said the doctor, a sudden thought striking him, "dose sheets, were dey wash wid soap?"

"Yes," I replied, "of course; I suppose they were."

"Den," he said decidedly, "some one must sleep in dem first for two, drie days; dey must not be put into a sick person's bed until de human body have breeze drue dem."

He tried to enforce the same antiseptic rule with respect to articles of personal clothing, but there his patient rebelled and contrived to indulge in some surreptitious ablution.

In German, the verb *bekommen* means to get or to receive. One day, a lady asked an English-speaking German what would be the best method of ascending one of the Seven

"Ah madame, you have no cider in England!"

"Pardon me," I replied; "very excellent cider, and in great quantities, is made there."

"How!" he exclaimed. "I always thought your climate was too bad to allow apples to ripen. And how can there be cider without apples?"

Conversing one day with a German *Wundarzt*, or surgeon, I, after the English fashion, began by making remarks on the weather. "The winter here is colder than in my country," I said.

"And where is that?"—"Ireland."

"Ireland!" he repeated. "I should have said



BRIDAL COSTUME OF THE PRESENT TIME.

Mountains. "O," he replied, "it is ver easy. You do go in de train from Bonn, and you do cross de Rhine at Konigswinter, and den you do all become donkeys!"

An advertisement of these animals, for the benefit of British tourists, was couched in the following terms: "Pious donkeys can be hired here." In German, the word *fromm*, applied to a person, means pious; to an animal, tame, gentle. Hence arose the ludicrous blunder.

Apart from errors of language, the ignorance of even well-educated foreigners touching everything British, is quite wonderful. Happening lately to speak of the cider in Normandy, a French gentleman said:

It was very cold there. Ireland is in Russia."

"O no," I exclaimed, laughing; "I think you are mistaken." Fetching a map of Europe, I tried to enlighten him as to the geography of the British Isles; but I fear with poor success.

During the Indian mutiny, a young German lady, of good family, who wrote Von before her name, innocently asked a friend of mine: "In what part of Italy is India situated?"

A French professor in a university, a man of great learning, once asked me whether Cork was in the north or south of Ireland. What should we think of an educated Englishman asking if Marseilles were in the north or south of France?

THE THREE WISHES.

There was once a wise emperor who made a law, that to every stranger who came to his court a fried fish should be served. The servants were directed to take notice, if, when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other side. If he did, he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death. But, by a great stretch of imperial clemency, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the emperor pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when, one day, a count and his young son presented themselves at court. The fish was served as usual, and when the count had removed all the fish from one side, he turned it over, and was about to commence on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approaching doom. Sorrow-stricken, the count's young son besought the emperor to allow him to die in the room of his father; a favor which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The count was accordingly released from prison, and his son was thrown into his cell in his stead. As soon as this had been done, the young man said to his gaolers—"You know I have the right to make three demands before I die; go and tell the emperor to send me his daughter, and a priest to marry us." This first demand was not much to the emperor's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with the request, to which the princess had no kind of objection. This occurred in the times when kings kept their treasures in a cave, or in a tower set apart for the purpose, like the Emperor of Morocco in these days; and on the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded the king's treasures. If his first demand was a bold one, the second was not less so; still, an emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it; and the treasures of gold and silver and jewels were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them, he distributed them profusely among the courtiers, and soon he had made a host of friends by his liberality.

The emperor began now to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went, with fear in his heart, to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to his prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be granted at once, and you may be hung out of hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sire," answered the prisoner, "I have but one more favor to request of your majesty, which when you have granted, I shall die content. It is merely that you will cause the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over to be put out."

"Very good," replied the emperor, "your demand is but natural, and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

"I, sire!" cried the chamberlain; "I did not see anything—it was the steward."

"Let the steward be seized then," said the king.

But the steward protested with tears in his eyes, that he had not witnessed anything of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter, and that it must have been one of the valets. But they protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the count; in short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the count commit the offence, upon which the princess said:

"I appeal to you, my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offence committed, the count cannot be guilty, and my husband is innocent."

The emperor frowned, and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then he smiled, and immediately their visages became radiant.

"Let it be so," said his majesty; "let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offence than his. But if he is not hung, he is married. Justice has been done."

BARON ACHARD.

The Paris papers announce the death of Baron Achard, one of the oldest generals in Europe. A soldier of the first Republic in 1793, Baron Achard received more than twenty wounds in the service of France. He fought in Prussia and Poland in 1806 and 1807, in Austria in 1809, in Russia in 1812, in France in 1814 and 1815, in Spain in 1823, and in Africa in 1830. General Achard was one of the last soldiers of the first empire, and one of the oldest generals in Europe, having obtained the rank of General of Brigade in 1823, and General of Division in 1830. His career was an eventful one, and his personal recollections

must have been of the most interesting character. We publish an accurate likeness of the deceased general, taken more than ten years

since, when he was on active duty; for in spite of his age and numerous wounds, he was a remarkably well preserved man.



BARON ACHARD.

THE CANADA OWL.

Owls are easily known by their big round heads, the manner in which the large eyes are set in front of the face, and the curious circle of stiff feathers which surround the eyes. They are almost entirely birds of night, pursuing their prey during the hours of darkness, and being so greatly incommoded by daylight that they are partly blinded by the glare and cannot direct their flight. The Canada or Hawk Owl lives in North America, Northern Asia, and Europe. It is common in Canada. The food of the Canada Owl consists chiefly of rats, mice, and insects, during the summer months; but in the winter, while

rats and mice keep within their homes, and the insects are as yet in their pupa state, the Canada Owl turns its attention to birds, and will even chase and kill so powerful a bird as the ptarmigan. It is a very bold bird, and has been known to pounce upon and carry away wounded game that has fallen before the sportsman's gun. While chasing the ptarmigan it follows the course of their migration, hanging about the flocks and making sad havoc in their numbers.

Although so bold and so successful a hunter, the Hawk Owl is by no means a large bird, being only from fifteen to seventeen inches in length, and therefore not equalling



The robin, from the budding bough,
Scans the furrows of the plough,
As the farmer, forth and back,
Turns the clods, a-fallow'd black,
While the flocking bluebirds call
To their fellows on the wall.

Lie the pastures, moist and warm,
Where the blooms of April storm
Every hollow, hillock, space:
Dandelions' cheery grace
Bless the earth in every place,
Like sweet childhood's gladsome face.

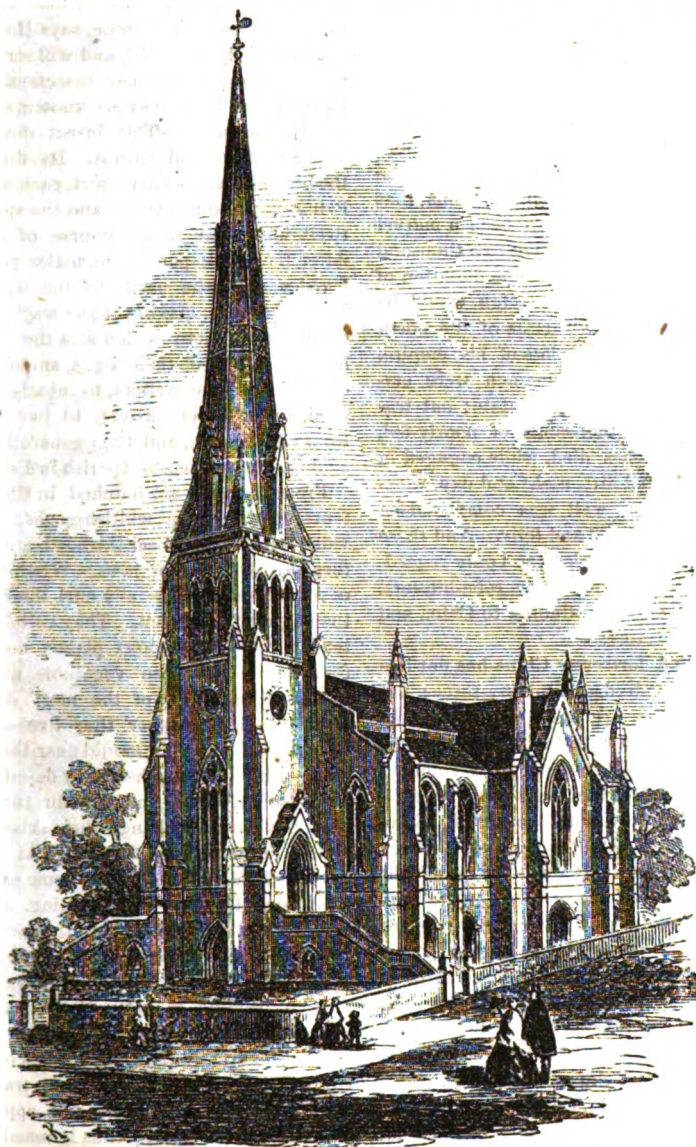
Hidden half, arbutus glows
With a bloom as pink as rose,
Anemones, with beauty frail,
Tremble by the meadow rail,
Violets, with truthful blue,
Twinkle everywhere in view.

O, the promises of spring,
When the happy robins sing,
While the tender flowers, fair,
Rise and blossom everywhere!
What if we were sure that they
Meant for us a summer gay?

ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

the common hen harrier in dimensions. Its nest is generally made on the top of a tree, and not in the hollow of the trunk as is commonly the case with the owls, which usually take possession of a hollow in some dead

plumage is closer than that of the generality of owls, whose feathers are fringed with delicate downy filaments, for the purpose of enabling them to float noiselessly through the air, for the Hawk Owl is a swift-winged bird.



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

branch and lay their eggs on the soft decaying wood, or make their home in a convenient crevice of some old building. The male Hawk Owl is rather less than the female, as is the case with most predaceous birds. The

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

Our Canadian neighbors can't build as convenient or handsome houses as the Yankees, but they can excel us in the massive grandeur of their churches, the stability and durability

of the same always being noted. St. Andrew's Church, of Montreal, is no exception to the general rule, for it attracts great attention, and is much admired by visitors. Although not so large as the Catholic Cathedral, yet it is considered nearly as handsome, in an architectural point of view.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

The excellent illustration on page 353 of the DOLLAR MONTHLY is worthy of more than a casual glance. It is a splendid representation of the Great Wall of China, that stupendous work which has been a marvel and a wonder for more than two thousand years. It was commenced at the dictation of a tyrant who feared that his reign would be short unless the savage Tartars of the north were kept beyond the borders of his empire. How many millions of Chinamen were employed in the work we cannot state; but traditions report that thousands of poorly-fed, over-tasked wretches died, while engaged in piling up stone and dirt, night and day, without rest, until the wall was completed—a monument of toil, skill and folly. And there it stands to this day, useless, and only regarded as an object of curiosity by relic-hunters.

A standard work, in alluding to China and the great wall, states:

"Of so-called fortresses China has not less than eleven hundred and ninety-three; but only a few of them are built in a substantial manner, and able to withstand a cannonade, while the rest consist merely of a common wall and ditch. But the great wall (*wan-li-chang*) on the northern frontier of China proper is the most gigantic work of defence ever erected by man. It was originally built as a bulwark against the invasion of the Tartars, two hundred and fifteen years before Christ, but has become useless by the accession to the imperial throne of the Mantchou dynasty. It is called the myriad-mile wall, and runs from a point on the coast of Leaotong, lat. $40^{\circ} 4' N.$, long. $120^{\circ} 2' W.$ in a westerly direction to the Yellow River, in lat. $39^{\circ} 1-2' N.$, and long. $111^{\circ} 1-2' E.$, thence to lat. $70^{\circ} N.$, and again in a northwest direction to its termination 90° east and lat. 40° north—making twenty-one degrees of longitude, and with its windings a length of 1250 or 1500 miles. In some places it is a single rampart, in others it has a solid foundation of granite. Its height is from fifteen to thirty feet, its breadth such that six horsemen may ride

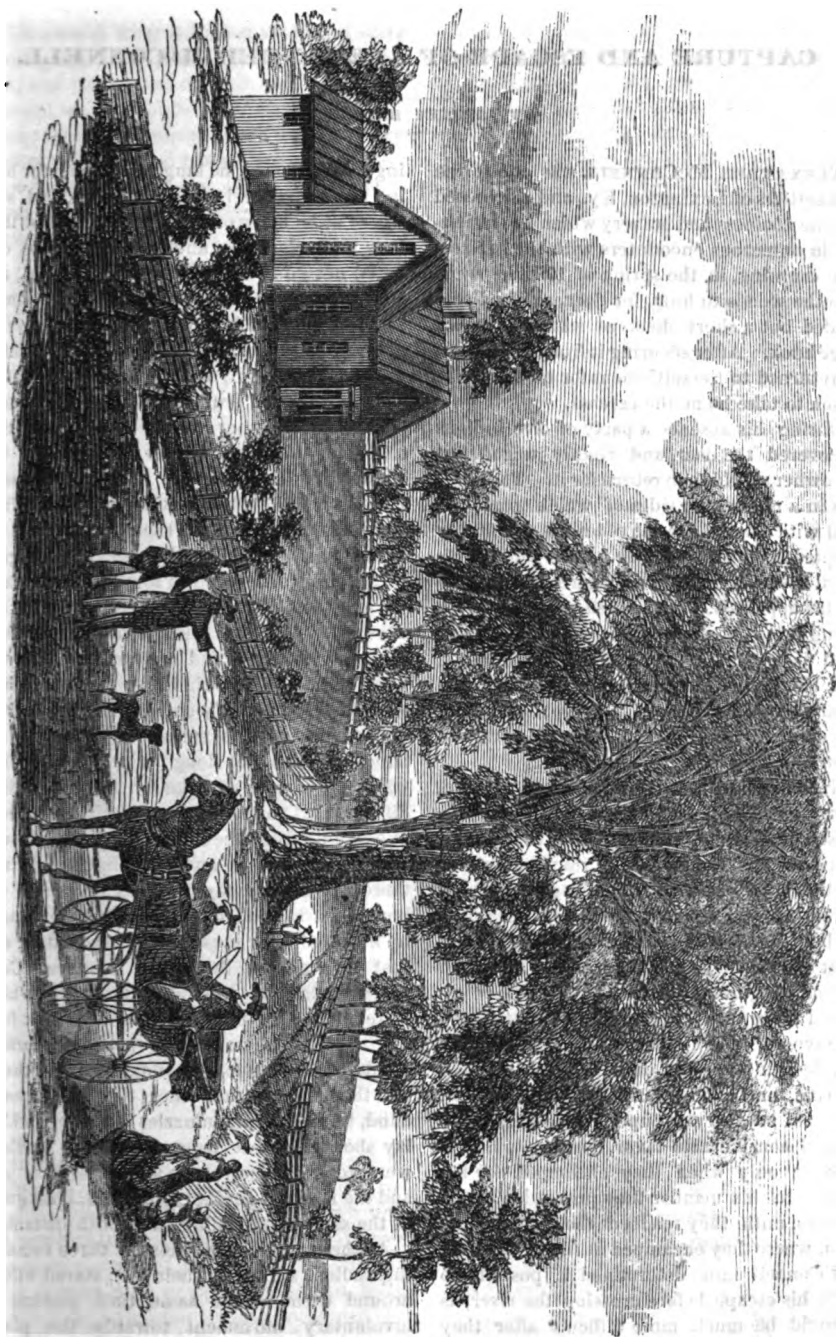
abreast upon it. There are brick towers upon it at different intervals, about forty feet high."

THE COMMON COCKCHAFFER.

The habits and transformations of the common cockchafer of Europe, says Harris, have been carefully observed, and will serve to exemplify those of the other insects of this family which, as far as they are known, seem to be nearly the same. This insect devours the leaves of trees and shrubs. Its duration in the perfect state is very short, each individual living only about a week, and the species entirely disappear in the course of a month. After they have paired the males perish, the females enter the earth to the depth of six inches or more, making their way by means of the strong teeth which arm the fore legs; here they deposit their eggs, amounting, according to some writers, to nearly one hundred, or, as others assert, to two hundred, from each female, and then generally ascend again to the surface, and perish in a short time.

From the eggs are hatched in the space of fourteen days little whitish grubs, each provided with six legs near the head, and a mouth furnished with strong jaws. When in a state of rest these grubs usually curl themselves in the shape of a crescent. They subsist on the tender roots of various plants, committing ravages among these vegetable substances on some occasions of the most deplorable kind. During summer they live under the thin coat of vegetable mould near the surface; but as winter approaches, they descend below the reach of frost, and remain torpid until spring, when they change their skins, and re-ascend to the surface for food. At the close of their third summer (or, as some say, of the fourth or fifth) they cease eating, and penetrate about two feet deep into the earth; there, by its motions side to side, each grub forms an oval cavity, lined by some glutinous substance thrown from its mouth. In this cavity it is changed to a pupa by casting off its skin. The legs, antennae, and wing-cases of the future beetle are visible through the transparent skin which envelops them, but appear of a yellowish-white color; thus it remains until the month of February, when the thin film that encloses the body is rent, and three months after the perfected beetle digs its way to the surface, from which it finally emerges during the night. About seventy years ago, a farmer near Norwich, in England, suffered much by them; and destroyed eighty bushels.

LARGE ELM, LANCASTER, MASS.

**LARGE ELM, LANCASTER, MASS.**

On this page we give our readers an accurate illustration of the large elm that stands near Old Common, Lancaster, Mass. How old it is no one pretends to state with any

degree of accuracy. Its history has been traced for a century back, and then lost in the darkness of years beyond. It is one of the landmarks of the town, venerated for its age and beauty.

CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF ALEXANDER MCCONNELL.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

ALEXANDER MCCONNELL was one of the first settlers of Lexington, Ky., and celebrated for the coolness and bravery which he exhibited in numerous encounters with the Indians. One morning, in the spring of 1780, he went into the woods to hunt for deer, and had proceeded but a short distance when he shot a large buck. After securing it from the wolves, he returned to the settlement for his horse, on which to take home the carcass.

During his absence a party of five Indians discovered the deer, and rightly judged that the owner would soon return for it. The place was in a ravine, the sides of which were covered with a dense growth of bushes, admirably adapted for an ambushade. The Indians divided themselves into two parties, and awaited his approach. McConnell soon appeared, riding leisurely along, unsuspecting of danger, until he was fired upon by the whole party, and his horse shot under him. He became entangled in the fall of the horse, and before he could extricate himself the Indians rushed upon him, and made him prisoner.

His captors appeared to be a good-natured, merry set of fellows, and, after blinding his wrists, commenced their retreat, which they continued until night, when they encamped, binding their prisoner in a sitting posture to a tree. In the morning McConnell persuaded them by signs to unbind his wrists; and, what was remarkable, they allowed him to resume his gun and ammunition. He accompanied them with apparent cheerfulness, and endeavored to win their confidence still further by showing his dexterity in handling his rifle, and shooting a deer for their use. He soon so far won upon them that they showed considerable favor, treating him as a prisoner only when they encamped for the night. In this manner they proceeded several days, until they reached the banks of the Ohio, where they encamped at night, as usual.

McConnell now determined if possible to make his escape before crossing the river, as it would be much more difficult after they should cross, for, even if he should succeed in eluding his present captors, he would be much more likely to meet other parties of Indians, and be recaptured by them, than if he were on the eastern side of the river.

Accordingly, when they commenced secur-

ing him, as usual, he laughed at them for binding him so securely, and by signs, and such words as he knew of their language, told them they were cowards; and, though five to one, dared not go to sleep without tying him; and, by his taunting manner, made them almost ashamed to bind him, but could not prevail upon them to entirely abandon their habitual cautiousness. But, instead of tying him to a tree, as they had previously done, they bound his wrists together with a thong, and then made the other end fast to the bodies of two of their number, and then laid down on each side of him, in such a position that but a slight movement would awake them.

McConnell laid quietly, and soon feigned sleep, endeavoring to form some plan of escape. He laid thus till near midnight, when his eye fell on the blade of a knife almost at his feet; this gave him hope, and he commenced trying to reach the knife with his feet; in which he succeeded, and finally got it into his hands.

Having now the means of releasing his hands, he was not long in using them; but when they were free he felt he had still a difficult part to perform, for should he succeed in escaping from them now, they would soon discover his escape and start in pursuit, and there being so many of them, he could not hope to outstrip them all. He therefore made up his mind they must all be disposed of, and that he had but little time to spare. Cautiously rising he walked to the guns, which were all stacked near the fire. He took four and secreted them in the bushes, where it would be difficult for the Indians to find them, and then taking the other two, one in each hand, he rested the muzzles on a log which lay about six feet from where the Indians were, took deliberate aim at the head of one and the heart of another, and fired both guns at the same time, killing them both instantly.

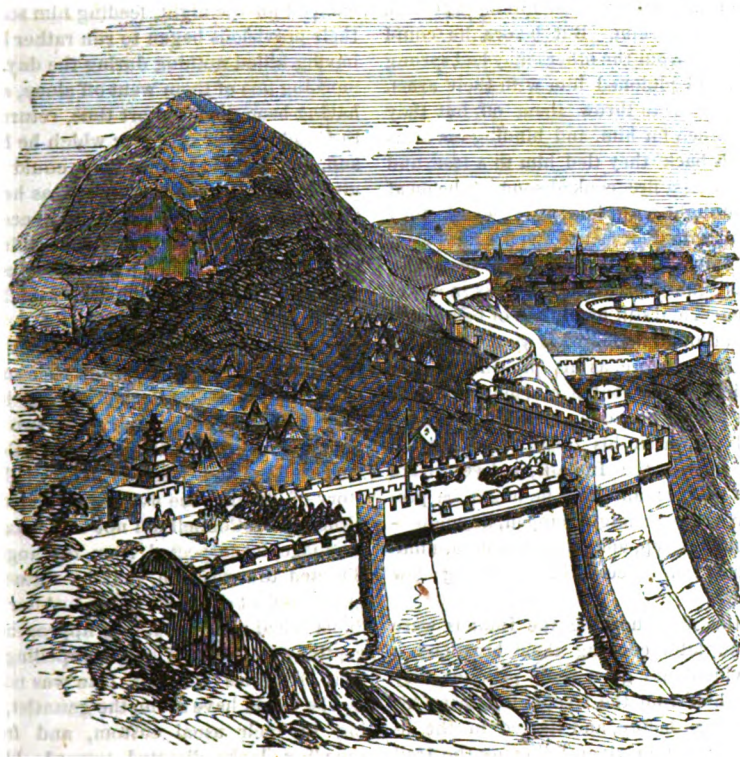
At the report of the rifles the three remaining Indians sprang to their feet, stared wildly around them, at the same time making an involuntary movement towards the place where the guns had been stacked, and finding them gone, gave a tremendous yell, and sprang towards the bushes. McConnell, who on discharging the guns had run to where he had secreted the others, was now ready for them, and bringing his rifle to his shoulder, waited

until he could bring it to bear on two of them at once, and then fired. The first one fell dead; and the second one fell, and McConnell supposed was completely disabled.

The remaining Indian rushed forward, with a yell of defiance, and before McConnell could throw down his rifle and seize another one, he was upon him, and swinging his tomahawk above his head, struck a tremendous blow; but McConnell, cool as ever, dodged it, and the Indian, unable to recover from the impetus of the blow, fell headlong, at the same time

with a tremendous effort, succeeded in turning him; and, getting astride his body, seized him by the throat with the left hand, while with the right he drew his knife and stabbed him in the breast, killing him almost instantly.

He now thought he had succeeded in ridding himself of the whole party; but, upon rising, he felt something grasp his ankle, and looking round, saw the wounded Indian, who had crawled to the spot, and with his left hand was grasping his ankle, while with the right he held his knife. McConnell with a



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

losing his hold on the tomahawk. But before McConnell could spring upon him he had recovered himself, and now grappled with him and bore him to the ground. McConnell, however, soon succeeded in turning him, but was again turned, and so equally matched were they that for some minutes they continued the struggle, neither one being able to gain much advantage over the other, until they had rolled to the spot where the Indian had lost his tomahawk, when he, being uppermost, attempted to regain it, but McConnell at the same instant struck him a powerful blow with his fist, and,

sudden jerk, twitched away his foot, and, seizing the tomahawk of the dead Indian, with one blow sunk it into his skull.

Having now succeeded in freeing himself from a situation in which most men would have given up in despair, he started for home, having first secreted the guns of the Indians, and furnished himself with a sufficient quantity of food and ammunition. He travelled through the day with great caution, having, early in the forenoon, crossed the fresh trail of three Indians; and at night, on arriving at a clump of trees, he encamped, but dared not

build a fire, for fear of attracting attention; after eating the meat he had left he sat down, with his back to a tree, intending to secure a few hours' sleep, and resume his march, in hopes of getting out of the vicinity of the Indians before they should discover his trail.

He had slept but a short time when he was awakened by a noise, and listening intently, he heard the cracking of a small dry twig, and starting to his feet, discovered three Indians within a few feet of him. Having no time to retreat behind the tree, he raised his gun to his shoulder, and fired at the foremost Indian, instantly killing him. But before he could turn to escape from the others they had sprung upon him and pinioned him with their arms. He endeavored to throw them off, but they were too much for him, and binding his arms behind his back they tied him to a tree, and then, building a fire, cooked some of the meat he had brought with him, after which they laid down, with their feet to the fire, and went to sleep, leaving him to rest as best he might.

He was again a prisoner, but was not yet disheartened, and still had hopes of being able to escape, though he feared it would be more difficult than before, as his present captors seemed disposed to confine him more securely than the former had done. He therefore determined to watch his opportunity, and if possible, outwit the Indians, and yet make good his escape; and, that he might be prepared for whatever might happen, he composed himself to sleep, and, although in an unfavorable position, succeeded in obtaining a few hours' sleep.

Early the next morning the Indians were awake, and after cooking their breakfast, a part of which they gave their prisoner, they unbound him from the tree, still leaving his arms bound as before, and started in the direction of the Ohio river, following the trail which McConnell had made the day before, and, travelling at a rapid rate, arrived just at night at the place where his former captors had encamped. Upon seeing his victims they set up a tremendous howling, at the same time dancing around the prisoner, and shaking their tomahawks at his head, until he began to fear they would despatch him at once.

Whether they thought he had killed them alone he could not tell, but they evidently thought he knew something about it, as his trail had led directly to the place. They, however, soon ceased their antics, and tightening the cords on his arms, they again bound him to a tree, and digging a large hole, collected

all the bodies and buried them in it, and, after tramping down the earth and removing all signs from the grave, they built a large fire over the place, scattering the ashes around so as to hide the spot as much as possible from their enemies. After they had finished their labors they again unbound their prisoner, and resumed their march, and, on reaching the river, a short distance above where they had buried the Indians, pulled out a canoe concealed under the bank, and embarking, crossed the river, and again secreting the canoe, encamped for the night, feeding him scantily, as their provisions began to run rather low, they having killed nothing during the day. In the morning one of them went off alone, and, after having been gone a short time, returned with the hind quarter of a deer which he had shot, and, after cooking what they could eat, and giving their prisoner as much as he wished, they unbound him, and commenced their march for an Indian town about thirty miles from the river, which they reached just before night, not having travelled as rapidly as the day before.

Upon coming in sight of the village they set up a dismal howling, and were soon surrounded by the inhabitants, amounting in all to some four or five hundred. The two Indians then commenced talking and gesticulating very rapidly, and were evidently telling the story of finding the five dead Indians; and although McConnell did not understand their language, he suspected, from the angry looks directed towards him, that he formed a part of the subject of conversation. After the two Indians had concluded, they approached their captive and unbound him, compelling him to strip off all his clothing. He was now satisfied he would have to run the gauntlet, according to their usual custom, and from the scowling looks directed towards him, was convinced it would be no child's play, but that they would give him rather rough usage. As soon, therefore, as they had formed their lines, and given the word to start, he found he was not mistaken, for the blows were laid on thick and hard; but he exerted himself to the utmost, and succeeded in passing through the lines with no more serious injury than a severe bruising from the clubs of the warriors.

He was then allowed to resume his clothing, and conducted to a hut standing in the centre of the village, where he was left in charge of one Indian and an old squaw, who gave him some food, at the same time throwing down an old mat for him to sleep on, and then laid

down herself. The Indian wrapped himself in his blanket and laid down before the door of the hut, so that it would be impossible to open it without awakening him.

McConnell now determined to make an effort to escape as soon as all should become quiet in the village; difficulty, instead of discouragement, only making him more resolute. Beside, he knew that if he remained in their hands he would, most likely, have to suffer the most horrid torture on the following day, and

then getting up to stir the fire, or throw on more fuel. At last, however, about one o'clock, she began to show signs of weariness, and soon fell into a deep sleep. The Indian had long been still, and gave every indication of being asleep. McConnell remained quiet a little while longer, until he felt sure they were really asleep, and then commenced operations. He had previously, in his keen glances around the room in search of some weapon, seen an old tomahawk in one corner



THE CANADA OWL.

he preferred a quick and sudden death, in the attempt to escape, which he was resolved upon, rather than be taken alive.

He began to fear, however, that the Indians would never become still, as they kept up a horrid yelling and screeching until near midnight. But finally they became quiet, and nothing could be heard outside the hut but the occasional screeching of an owl. But the old squaw manifested no disposition to sleep, sometimes muttering to herself, and

of the hut. The hut being made of logs there was no hope of escape except through the door, and there was, consequently, no other way than to despatch his guards as silently as possible.

His plans were soon laid. Possessing himself of the tomahawk, he crept cautiously towards the old woman, and, with sure and steady aim, buried it in her skull; and then, with a tremendous leap, reached the side of the Indian, who, however, had been awakened

by the blow, and had partially risen, but before he had time to make an outcry, or free himself from his blanket, the tomahawk again descended, with all the force of McConnell's powerful arm, and, striking him fair on the head, he sank down without a groan.

Cautiously creeping along in the shadow of the hut, he succeeded in getting out of the village without giving an alarm.

Directing his course towards the river, and proceeding at a rapid pace, he reached the spot where the canoe had been concealed



CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF ALEXANDER M'CONNELL.

There was now nothing to prevent his leaving the hut, and hastily arming himself with the gun and equipments of the dead Indian, and securing what food and ammunition he could conveniently carry, he rolled the dead body from before the door, and looking out, found everything still and quiet.

soon after sunrise, and, crossing the river, stopped but a short time to eat, and then pursued his way, and on the third day reached Lexington. His story was not at first believed, but subsequent events proved the truth of it, and he was afterwards held in a sort of veneration by all the settlers.

SPRING'S RETURN.

BY MRS. C. O. HATHAWAY.

Afar amid the forest-scented hills,
Where solitary grandeur dwells apart,
A low, sweet music all the alcoves fills,
And thrilling voices from each grotto start.

They whisper softly to the slumbering flowers,
Waking the arbutus from its leafy bed;
The sweet anemone, in hidden bowers,
Beguiled, lifts timidly her starry head.

Then over stream, and plain, and meadow brown,
The mysterious influence creeps along,
And sudden verdure, nature's festal crown,
Is wrought with perfume, love, and floating song.

A trail of glory lies on southward slopes,
As burnished emerald in the sunrise clear,
E'en as the shimmer of our dawning hopes
Catches new vigor from the vernal year.

Dear Father, God! this world-old gift of thine
We take with joy from thy renewing hand!
We cannot see thy face with sight divine,
But thy sweet smile beams over all the land.

We lay our hand in Nature's soothing clasp,
And go where'er she leads with footsteps free;
Her gentlest and her purest lessons grasp,
And so attune our inmost souls to thee.

THE "MINIONS OF THE MOON."

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN.

CHAPTER I.

At the time of which we write, lawlessness had reached a high pitch in the ancient city of Madrid. A band of young men, composed of members of the best families and headed by no less a personage, as was strongly suspected, than the heir-apparent to the throne, the Prince Don Pedro, had leagued themselves together under the title of "Minions of the Moon," for acts of violence and oppression.

The name was chosen from the fact that their lawless deeds were done in the still hours of the night. The worthy burghers had learned, from sad experience, to tremble at the name, and to the Jewish portion of the community, they became a perfect scourge. Many a rich store was plundered, many a strong box rifled, and the daring perpetrators escaped undetected to squander their plunder at the gaming table, for though strongly suspected, yet from the fact of the dark visors and cloaks they wore, identification was almost impossible.

In various encounters with the watch, they had invariably proved victors, being always well armed and prepared for resistance. None of their number had been captured. Though several had been severely wounded, they had been invariably borne off by their

comrades. If a young noble was brought to his father's house, as had often been the case, upon one of the nights when the "Minions of the Moon" had encountered the city watch, bleeding from many wounds, a duel with a comrade was the excuse for his condition.

The high station of these offenders was another cause for their immunity, the sufferers were afraid to take measures against them. Nor were strong boxes the only object of their depredations. Many a maiden's chamber had been entered at midnight and her honor ruthlessly sacrificed. Woe to the fair wife or daughter of a citizen! her beauty made her soon a victim. Many bore the dishonor in secret, hiding their shame from their neighbors, but others proclaimed the outrage and loudly called for redress. They were only laughed at for their pains.

At last an outrage more daring and high-handed than any that had preceded it, brought matters to a climax. Don Velasco de Silva, a young and valiant captain in the Spanish army, being appointed to the office of commander of the king's household guard, took up his residence in Madrid. Though of high and almost royal lineage, he possessed but little inheritance besides his sword. It may have been from this fact that he selected an old and somewhat dilapidated chateau in the

suburbs of the city he designed for his abode. He mixed little with the gay profligates, of his own age who glittered about the court as gaudy as butterflies. He was grave almost to sternness, quiet and reserved in his manners, forming no intimacies, seeking no friendships. It was soon noised about among the revellers of the court, that the old chateau which De Silva inhabited, contained a treasure which he was jealously guarding from all inquisitive eyes—his sister, or a mistress (report was in doubt), a maiden of sweet seventeen, said to be of surpassing loveliness.

The court gossips found this an inexhaustible topic. Many were the attempts made to extract some information from the young captain upon the subject, but they all proved futile. De Silva received these impertinent inquiries in no amiable mood, and the nervous manner in which he twirled his long mustachios with one hand while he grasped his sword hilt with the other, foreboded a danger which the boldest had not the temerity to intrude too far upon. But the subject was discussed among themselves daily with increasing interest.

"Is she really so beautiful?" questioned Manuel De Gama, of his friend and boon companion, Sylvie De Moena.

"Lovely as an angel—or what I have always imagined an angel to be, judging from the paintings I have seen of them," was the response.

"You have seen her then?"

"I have."

"How—might I ask?"

"Attracted by the reports of the beauty of this girl whom De Silva keeps so jealously immured, for the past week, closely muffled in my cloak for fear I might be met and recognized by that haughty don who handles his sword-hilt so readily, I have loitered about the old chateau which he inhabits, and which he keeps as carefully barred and locked as a prison. The week was nearly expired and the only discovery that I had made was that the household of De Silva consists of an old couple, evidently man and wife—and a crabbed couple I found them. I waylaid each in turn, as they came out to purchase necessities, dazzled their eyes with some broad gold pieces in the hope to gain some information, but not a word could I get from either. I was almost in despair and about to give up the undertaking, when it suddenly occurred to me that though doors and windows were barred in front, yet there must be some win-

dows in the rear of the house looking upon the garden. But how to gain access to that garden, which was protected by a high stone wall, was a question more easily asked than solved. It was of considerable extent, reaching to the river's bank. I prowled along it, seeking for some accessible place. I was fortunate enough to find one. A tree, growing within the garden, had thrust forth its branches in the course of time, displacing the crumbling stones and making a breach which a nimble foot might climb, by grasping the overhanging branches. I determined to attempt it."

"It was a bold undertaking."

"It was that, for I knew if detected by De Silva, or his old servitor, my life would not have been worth the toss of a maravedi. But danger gives a spice to all adventures. In the gloom of the evening I returned to the broken wall, glanced around to see if I was noted, and finding all quiet, clambered over and gained the garden. Long neglect had made the ornamental trees and shrubbery like a forest. There was little likelihood of discovery in the dense gloom. I moved cautiously toward the chateau, guided on my way by a single light, which gleamed like a star. Suddenly the notes of a lute, skilfully touched, fell upon my ear. I paused to listen. The prelude ended, a voice of exquisite melody took up the refrain, and warbled a Moorish love ditty with a ravishing grace."

"It was the caged beauty?"

"It was. I had paused beneath an orange tree, and there she was, scarcely an arrow flight from me, sitting upon a little balcony, which jutted out from the window, the rays of the light within streaming full upon her face. I could distinguish every feature. The fair oval face, the long, straight nose, the raven tresses, and the dark, languishing eyes, the pointed chin, and white throat and neck descending to a bust that might have served a sculptor for a model. She sang several other simple ballads with exquisite skill and taste, and, when I had feasted my eyes and ears sufficiently, I withdrew as cautiously as I had come, and made my way out of the garden, undiscovered."

"It was a bold hazard. Have you related this adventure to the prince?"

"I have."

"What said he?"

"He laughingly exclaimed, that the 'Missions of the Moon' might visit this fair maiden some dark night."

"Umph! De Silva is not the man to tamely submit—he is a noble, not a burgher."

"Pahaw! what could one man do against us."

CHAPTER II.

DE SILVA sat with his fair sister one summer's eve, upon the little balcony which overlooked the garden, as the sun sank slowly behind the western hills.

"Do you tire of this life of loneliness and solitude, sister mine?" he asked.

"It is wearisome," answered Juliana, plaintively. "I long for the freedom of our old home. Why do you never suffer me to go abroad?"

"Simply because I dare not. You smile—you cannot comprehend either the danger or my fear. You have never breathed the atmosphere of courts, your innocence is unconscious of the foul pollution that taints the air. Your beauty would expose you to a peril which I but hint at, as I would not shock your purity with its utterance. Even here you are scarcely safe. Prying eyes have seen you, how I cannot imagine, for I know that Pablo and his wife are as true as the steel of my trusty sword. Some popinjay from the court has been buzzing around our secluded dwelling. Pablo and Theresa have both been met and questioned, offered gold—the old device—to betray their master. Every night I fear a visit from those lawless wretches the 'Minions of the Moon.' By all the saints! if I detect them in the act of invading the sanctity of my dwelling, were they the highest in the land they should not escape chastisement!"

Julina's curiosity was aroused, and De Silva was obliged to explain, which he did as delicately as possible, who these men were, and the danger he apprehended at their hands. Julina's cheek paled as she listened to the fearful deeds, done by these wretches, which her brother recounted.

"Now, Juliana," he said, in conclusion, "you know the cause of your seclusion from the world, and why I so jealously watch over you. We are two orphans left alone and almost friendless in the world, possessing only our proud, unsullied name. You have your honor, and I my sword to guard it. I had rather see you a corpse at my feet, than know you had forfeited that brightest jewel in the crown of womanhood. Now I must say good-night and away to my duty at the palace. Remember my words and be on the alert for

danger. I have a strong suspicion that you will be visited ere long." With these words De Silva took his departure.

The shades of night drew slowly over surrounding objects. Julina lingered upon the balcony watching the stars peep forth one by one, and singing fragments of old forgotten Moorish legends, which her nurse, Theresa, had taught her. And so the night wore slowly on. Theresa lighted the lamp in her chamber, and cautioned her against remaining too long exposed to the dews of night. The moon came forth resplendent in beauty, and Julina saluted her with fresh minstrelsy. At length her eyelids drooped, and she felt the languor of sleep creeping slowly over her. She could maintain her vigil no longer. She arose, entered her chamber, and, in a few moments, the extinguishment of her light was a signal that she had retired to rest.

As if in answer to that signal three dark figures, closely muffled in their cloaks, stole from the shadow of the trees, into the open space illuminated by the moonbeams, and cautiously approached the balcony.

"She has sought her couch," whispered one. "Now is the time for action."

"But how to gain access to the balcony?" questioned he, who appeared to be the leader in the affair.

"I have provided for that," returned he who had first spoken. "I have here a ladder of ropes. I can cast it upon the balcony, and the hooks will grapple in the railing."

"Let us see you try it. Be careful, though, or the maiden may awake and alarm the household ere we can gain access to her chamber."

At the third trial the hooks grappled, and several strong pulls showed that the ladder was securely fastened. He who had cast it, mounted lightly to the balcony and arranged the ladder for his companions, who quickly followed. One by one they entered the chamber, a dark lantern was unclosed and its fiery eye falling full upon the face of Julina, aroused her from her first slumber.

She started up in affright to behold three muffled figures in her chamber.

"The 'Minions of the Moon!'" she shrieked, in terror, recalling her brother's words.

"Faith! sweet one, thou hast guessed it," cried the leader of the three, and clasping her in his arms he imprinted hot kisses upon her lips, thereby stifling her efforts to call for assistance.

With frantic struggles she sought to free

herself from his embrace. Her white night-garment was rent by her efforts, and the purity of her virgin bosom exposed to the gaze of these lawless intruders. Her feeble strength availed her little against her assailants, and soon, exhausted by her own efforts, she lay panting, helpless, in his arms. No cry of alarm had been suffered to escape her lips, and now a handkerchief was bound over her mouth.

"Pity to cover such sweet lips," laughed he, who held her; "but we must have no screaming. Nay, struggle not—you cannot escape me."

"Nor you me, miscreants!" thundered De Silva, as he burst suddenly through the window into the chamber, his drawn sword in his hand.

A wild scene instantly ensued in the chamber. One of the Minions was struck down at the first onslaught by De Silva, but the others, though taken by surprise, threw away their cloaks, and drawing their swords, furiously encountered him. The lantern was extinguished and darkness reigned in the chamber. Juliana's screams mingled with the clashing of sword-blades—a fearful discord.

The Minions encouraged each other with their voices, and to prevent mistakes in the dark. De Silva had the advantage being alone, and he prudently held his peace, answering each call of his antagonists with a sword thrust. He soon discovered by their voices, that the one he had stricken down upon his first entrance was on his feet again. He was contending against three men, but not a sword-blade had touched him as yet.

"Is it you, Silvio?" he heard one say, and as the answer was promptly given, he continued, "make your way out of this, Sir Moon; we are enough for our friend, the captain."

At that moment there was a heavy fall in the chamber, simultaneously a voice cried from the balcony.

"The ladder is gone!"

"Leap then, in heaven's name!" was the answer, "Manuel is down—and I am bleeding from a dozen wounds!"

There was another fall in the chamber, and the sound of a heavy body falling upon the ground beneath the window, mingled with a cry of pain. Juliana remained silent—she had fallen into a swoon at the commencement of this fearful struggle. At this moment old Pablo opened the chamber door, bearing a light in his hand, whilst old Theresa peeped tremblingly over his shoulder. Pablo beheld

De Silva leaning upon his sword. Two bodies lay upon the floor.

"Are you hurt, master?" asked Pablo, anxiously.

"A scratch or so," answered De Silva, "but nothing serious. Hold the light, that I may see who these gallants are. Ah! I thought so—Manuel De Gama and Silvio De Moreno. They killed each other in the dark—I scarcely struck a blow. But there is another beneath the balcony too badly hurt to get away. See to your young mistress, Theresa—she is only frightened—for I was just in time. Bring the light into the garden, Pablo."

They descended to the garden, and found the third Minion there. He had broken his leg in leaping from the balcony. De Silva started back in surprise, as he beheld the pale visage of this man.

"Do you know me?" groaned the sufferer.

"I do," answered De Silva, with conflicting emotions. "Don Pedro, Prince of Spain, you have entered my dwelling this night, for as vile a purpose as ever filled the brain of man, and were I to mete out to you your just deserts I should, as I feel strongly tempted, kill you like a wounded wolf caught in the sheep-fold, but you are my prince, and the reverence of loyalty restrains my hand. You shall be kindly cared for here, until you can be removed to the palace, and I trust the lesson of to-night's adventure will make an impress on your mind."

Lessons are thrown away upon the naturally vicious. Had De Silva ended the career of "Pedro, the Cruel," then and there, history would have been spared many a dark page.

De Silva's timely arrival is easily explained. Suspecting danger, he had kept one of his soldiers on the watch over his premises, with orders to notify him of any suspicious circumstance. The bodies of the young noblemen were sent to their respective homes. It was given out that they had fallen in a duel, and no stir was made over their deaths. Don Pedro never recovered entirely from the effects of his fall, having a limping step, for which he is distinguished in history ever after. The 'Minions of the Moon' never troubled anybody after that night.

De Silva resigned his commission and took service in France (where Juliana was married), and only returned to Spain, to help Henry of Franstamara pull the crown from Don Pedro's head and place it on his own. An undertaking which proved highly successful.

THE HEART WHERE KINDNESS DWELLS.

BY JOHN S. LYLES.

There's beauty in the glorious sky,
 When morn her rosy hues displays,
 And when at eve the western clouds
 Reflect in gold the sun's last rays.
 The star-bespangled heaven is fair;
 But there's a beauty far excels
 Night's brilliant gems, or gorgeous clouds—
 'Tis in the heart where kindness dwells.

A summer rose is fair to me,
 With pearly dewdrops glittering bright,
 And beautiful the sweet spring flowers,
 Blue violets and lilies white;

They lend rich fragrance to the morn,
 Of innocence and joy it tells;
 I love them well, but dearer far
 I love the heart where kindness dwells.

I love the songs of summer birds,
 And murmurs low of rippling streams,
 And fairy music, which so oft
 Comes softly stealing through my dreams;
 But something hath a magic power
 Surpassing music's sweetest spells—
 'Tis the low voice, whose gentle tones
 Gush from the heart where kindness dwells.

THE BUSHWHACKER.

BY THE BARD OF THE EIGHTH.

WHILE our army lay near Falmouth, Va., receiving supplies by way of the Potomac River, at Belle Plain, and Aquia Creek landings, the cavalry were obliged to do picket duty in the vicinity of Dumfries, which made a march, for the relief, of nearly twenty miles from the main army. A regiment composed a relief, and one cold January morning, just before daybreak, the regiment of which the writer of this article is a member, started to relieve a regiment which was then picketing at Dumfries, and patrolling between that place and Ocoquan, which latter named place is situated about fourteen miles distant on Ocoquan Creek. Owing to the miserable condition of the roads, it was nearly dark when we arrived at the picket reserve; and then the time occupied in relieving small detached reserves took us until midnight. Everything was quiet that night, but the one following was disturbed about eleven o'clock by several shots proceeding from different posts around our reserve. Officers would hasten out to ascertain the cause of this firing, and upon questioning the pickets, would receive the reply that they had been fired upon from the dense pine thicket which everywhere lined the roads. At last, after a single shot had been heard, in the rear of our reserve, I was called upon to go and ascertain the cause or result. As I approached the spot where the picket had been posted, I reined in my horse to a slow walk and forced a cough

that might reach the ears of the picket, and give him time to challenge me, before I had approached him too closely: but all was silent, and I rode along a little further, each moment expecting to hear the picket challenge.

As it was quite dark I could not see very far ahead; but hearing the tramp of a horse approaching, I reined mine into the thicket, to await unseen the approach of the other: I took this precaution because I was uncertain in regard to the friendly intentions of whoever was approaching; for aught I knew it might be an enemy. Soon the tramp of the horse grew nearer and plainer; and I knew by the sound, that it was coming at a slow trot. As it came close by me, I recognized the animal to be the one ridden by George L——, who had been placed upon that post; but the saddle was empty, and the horse was making his way back to the reserve. When I emerged from my hiding place, hoping to catch the horse, it sprang away like a startled deer, and I knew it would be useless to attempt its capture; then I resolved to find George, and if possible, ascertain his fate.

The road which I was on, hardly deserved the appellation of road, for it was nothing more than a bridle path, very winding, and so narrow that the pine bush on either side might have been touched with each outstretched hand. I had proceeded along this road about forty rods further, when my horse shied at something ahead of him and seemed

unwilling to proceed. Just then, as fortune would have it, the moon shone through a break in the clouds, and its light falling upon the object ahead, revealed the figure of a man lying prostrate on his face.

Dismounting, and approaching the body, I turned the face upwards, and just before the moon disappeared, was enabled to recognize the features of my ill-fated comrade. Further examination showed me that he had been struck in three places, by what I supposed to be buckshot; one of which had entered his heart.

I at once decided to place the corpse on my horse and take it to the reserve. By dint of great exertion I had managed to get the body nearly slung across the saddle, when I was conscious of hearing a loud report, seeing a flash of light, and at the same instant everything became a blank to me. How long I remained in an unconscious state, I know not; but I think not long. With the first return of consciousness, I felt a hand at my throat, and upon opening my eyes, beheld the form of a man standing over me. My first impulse was to cry out; then reason returning more clearly, induced me to remain quiet, and in place of a show of life, pretend helpless unconsciousness, and at the same time prepare to act. The ruffian relaxed his hand from my throat, and grasping my beard, pulled my head back; then I saw him deliberately open a small pocket knife and try its edge with his thumb. A sense of horror filled my heart! He knelt very close to me—now was my time to act. As quick as thought my hand clutched his throat, and with such strength, aided by the sense of peril on my part, and sudden and unlooked-for surprise on his, that he could not make a sound; and the knife dropped from his nerveless hand. Following up the advantage gained, with desperate might my other hand was brought to clinch the death grip in concert with the other, and the wretch rolled, suffocating as he was, over on his side, and I, regaining my feet, was master and winner of the field. He lay powerless before me, but yet lived; and now, a new thought striking me, I resolved to let him live, although by tightening my grip about his throat, I could have ended his existence in a very short time. Worse than brute which he was, I had a feeling of repugnance against ending his miserable existence; and yet I know not as I should have sooner spared him than I would a beast, similarly situated. No noise of purling waters ever fell with a sweeter cadence

upon the ears of a desert worn pilgrim, than did the sound of approaching horsemen, among the voices of whom, I recognized those of my comrades. They had waited some time for my return, and hearing another shot in the direction I had taken, had come to render assistance if needed. Before they got in sight, I called out for help, and they were soon around me. The wretch whose throat I had not entirely released, lay nearly insensible from the choking he had received; and after tying his hands and feet securely, we placed him upon one of the horses, and along with the corpse of our comrade, proceeded to the reserve.

As an order had been issued to shoot or hang all bushwhackers, without trial, this one was dangling from a tree, even before he had wholly regained the power of speech. Before the tree where he hung, blazed a huge fire, lighting up with its bright glare the corpse of our poor comrade, and scarcely ten feet from him hung the form of the murderer.

We moved our reserve the next morning about forty rods, and the body of the villain was left to hang as food for vultures, and an example to all bushwhackers.

WHAT CHARLEY DID.

Turning into a certain street, I saw a company of boys playing very earnestly, and evidently enjoying themselves finely. One I noticed in particular, who seemed to be the leader of their sports, and just as I came up with them, he was proposing a new game, and giving instructions in regard to it. His whole heart seemed to be in the thing.

At this moment a window was thrown open in the house I was passing, and a sweet, gentle voice called:

"Charley, your father wants you."

The window at once closed, and that mother, as I took her to be, immediately withdrew, without even stopping to see whether Charley heard.

The boy was so busy that I doubted if that quiet voice would reach his ear. But it seemed she knew better than I. The words hardly escaped her lips, when everything was dropped, the boys left at play, and Charley within the doors, where, of course, I could not follow him.

"A fine fellow that," thought I; "he will make his mark in the world; I should not wonder if he was the president some day. If a man would govern others, he must learn to obey, and surely Charley has learnt to obey."

THROUGH THE DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

BY EMILY R. PUTNAM.

When the moon was filling nightly,
In the silent sky of May,
Angels came in starry garments,
And they bore my child away—
Through the deeps of death's dark river,
Where their shining feet went down;
Where the moaning waters shiver
'Mong the shadows that they drown.

But the feet of morning met him
Just upon the other side,
And the darkness of the valley
Drifted downward on the tide.

For the angels crowned his forehead
With the glory up above,
And the Father took him gently
To the bosom of his love.

Even so shall all be gathered
Safely to the Father's fold,
When the circling ages falter,
And the sands of time are told.
Worlds on worlds, like sea ward waters,
Then shall mingle into one,
Burdened with an endless blessing,
To the Father and the Son.

ONLY AN OLD BACHELOR.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

THERE was a great excitement in the village of Doncaster. The Hathaway cottage was taken at last. Not that there was anything strange in that. The only wonder was that it had remained empty so long, such a cosy little place as it was. I don't know to what order of architecture it belonged, but it had a dozen little angles and sundry windows where you would never think of looking for them, and delightful miniature verandahs, and the front door was away round to the rear, which was a most convenient arrangement, since it left the whole front free for roses and honeysuckles to climb over; an opportunity they had improved till the cottage was well nigh smothered in verdure and sweetness. Then there was a tiny plot of grass in front, brightened by little circles and squares of verbenas and petunias, a bit of drive where you could go with a carriage, if you were very careful not to crush the lilac bushes on one side—which peril you avoided by running down the syringas on the other—a queer looking little barn peeked up in a corner, and a bird-house twice as queer perched on the top of that. Then there was the garden with its dwarf pears of all sorts of unpronounceable names—a nice thing to have, although I never learned that they ever produced any fruit—and cherries, and peaches, to say nothing of currants and strawberries ad infinitum.

Indeed, the place had been so thickly col-

onized with trees and plants, that there was scarce room to set the sole of your foot. Besides all this, there was a little paddock in the rear, full three-quarters of an acre in extent, luscious with white clover and June grass, just the paradise for a cunning little Alderney cow, such as the late Mr. Hathaway used to have. And so it was that as the village people counted up all these admirable advantages, they deemed the new tenant a very fortunate man.

All that was known of him was that he was a Mr. Richard Sidney. Nobody knew where he came from. Nobody knew his mother or had ever heard of his father, which was considered a singular and somewhat suspicious circumstance. It was quite time the gentleman appeared and cleared up the mystery.

One day a whole car-load of furniture was unloaded at the depot. Another day passed, and Mr. Sidney did not appear. People began to be indignant. It was even hinted that he was no better than he should be. But the next day it was rumored that he had arrived in town. Public opinion changed in his favor. In the course of that day the furniture was all brought up from the station. There were seven loads. I have it from Mrs. Jenkins, who lives opposite, and kept an accurate reckoning. Her daughter Sophronia added that Mr. Sidney himself carried two large baskets and a huge bag; as also a bandbox.

The bandbox was regarded with great interest. It was circumstantial evidence of a very convincing kind. A bandbox is an article for which gentlemen have, ordinarily, no occasion. It is suggestive of loves of bonnets, vanity and extravagance; all of which implies the existence of a woman. In this instance the bandbox was the lawful property of Miss Kate Regan, a young lady of the Hibernian persuasion, who was expected to preside over the kitchen mysteries.

Mrs. Jenkins, after assiduous observation of the premises, came to the conclusion that Mr. Richard Sidney was only an old bachelor. I grieve to state, for the credit of my hero, that this was the lamentable fact. Mr. Sidney had no wife; but he had his mother. Mrs. Sidney *mater* was possessed of some unfortunate peculiarities. In the first place, she was as deaf as the renowned heroine of Hood's poem. She was also paralytic, so that her peregrinations were restricted to the garden limits, whither she was daily taken in a wheeled chair. It may also be further remarked that she had always shown a decided repugnance to the creation of a junior Mrs. Sidney; probably because she had herself seen the folly of marrying. She however furnished an excuse for calling, and was, so far, an acquisition to the village.

And now for a few words in regard to my hero. Sophronia Jenkins declared, with enthusiasm, that he was a splendid looking man, just like the picture of the Corsair in the illustrated edition of Byron; but I had seen a Kossuth hat before, and I believe he wore it drawn down over his eyes, not so much because he was moody and fierce, as that he was intolerably shy.

There are many kinds and degrees of courage. Of that which bears a man unshrinkingly up to the cannon's mouth, or impels him to volunteer in the ranks of a forlorn hope, Mr. Sidney had plenty. He had seen service upon many a ghastly field in his day, had been the last man to retire from the unsuccessful charge, and had won laurels that many a hero would be proud to wear. But of all this Doncaster knew nothing, and since it was all past, he had no mind that it should ever be known. He had suffered too much from the terrible artillery of eyes, when, by some unlucky chance, he had found himself the cynosure of an eager crowd, to be willing to renew those sensations. He had doffed his military title with his uniform, and pending his complete recovery from the exhausting

strain his system had undergone, he sought a quiet retreat in the country.

The Hathaway cottage exactly suited him. Doncaster itself lay in a green hollow among the hills, where were plenty of picturesque drives, and brawling brooks, and broad, sunny sheets of blue water, while not too far away the mountains lifted their stately heads, looking down from afar at our small ways and petty interests with royal composure.

And what could be lovelier than this gem of a cottage, embosomed in verdure and blossoms? The weary, war-worn man felt as if he had found an elysium. He set up his books, unpacked his pictures—for he was an eager connoisseur in art—as gaily as if he had not, nor ever expected to have, an annoyance in the world. But on the second day he was aware of two faces scanning his movements from an opposite window. He drew down the curtains somewhat hastily. If now he was to be beset with intrusive neighbors, all dreams of peace were at an end. But nothing was easier than to keep the curtains drawn on that side of the house; and, indeed, now that he thought of it, the view from the other window was far more lovely. A reach of green sward, with here and there an apple tree, and just across it the white walls of a quaint, gambler-roofed farmhouse, with great elms oversweeping it, massive trees that cast a long shadow on the summer days before Richard Sidney's life began.

He had been in Doncaster a week, and was sitting in his easy-chair one drowsy afternoon fancying himself reading; but he was in reality looking idly out over the green, clovery field, and half longing to roll in the deep, cool, fragrant grass as he had done when a boy. The house was very still; his mother was taking her *siesta*, and Katy Regan had ceased banging about the kitchen utensils, and was seated under the pear tree by the well-curb hemming a towel. Mr. Sidney could just see her by lazily tilting back in his chair. The same movement that revealed Miss Katy's position showed him some great, silvery thunder-heads hanging in the West, that by-and-by swept up the sky, put out the sun, and brooded in dense, purple gloom over the warm earth. Far away he could see some men making hay, and could hear their loud shouts as they urged each other on. He was just thinking how pleasant it was to sit idle and see other people work, when there came a little ring at the door bell.

Mr. Sidney gave just a breath of dissatis-

faction, and then opened the door. He drew back the next moment in dismay, for it was a woman; no other, in fact, than Miss Sophronia Jenkins; a comely lass enough, and not by any means calculated to frighten a man of ordinary courage. But Mr. Sidney's courage was not of that quality that stands a man in good stead when girlish smiles and bright eyes are brought to bear upon him. Sophronia's face could scarcely have been matched in bloom by one of her father's choicest rare-ripes; her hair was brown and soft, her eyes were blue, and her teeth were white as lilies. Enough to terrify a bachelor, was it not? particularly when she opened her pretty lips and a loud, cheery, ringing voice burst upon him with, "It is Mr. Sidney, I suppose. Could you let father have an extra rake, if you've got one handy? The shower is coming up very fast, and they're hurrying to get the hay in, but they haven't got rakes enough."

Mr. Sidney stammered something about being very glad to oblige, and hastened at once to the barn, whither that dreadful girl followed him, evidently under the impression that he would abscond if once she suffered him out of her sight. And here, while he was turning over a host of miscellaneous articles in search of the one required, she kept up an animated conversation—if that can be called so which is all on one side—enlightening him as to the number and extent of her father's mowing fields, the help he kept, the wages he paid, and various other items of peculiar interest. Was it in a desperate attempt to stem this wordy current, or was it the chivalrous instinct which prompts a loyal knight to succor a damsel in distress, that induced him to offer his services in securing the hay? Sophronia bestowed a smile upon him—it was quite dazzling—and he could not help thinking what a pity it was that women in general, and this one in particular, were endowed with the faculty of speech, for when she spoke he was tempted to wish himself deaf.

"They'll be glad to have you, I know. I don't suppose you know anything about haying, but then you can rake after"—in a tone that implied, "Any goose could do that." "I'll wait for you," she added, "and show you the way."

"O, I thank you," protested the unfortunate man, "I think I can find it."

"I'd just as lief wait as not," averred Sophronia, and she followed him into the house, whither he went to exchange his cap for a

broadbrim, giving Katie a passing nod, and penetrating to the sitting-room. And here was Mrs. Sidney, fearfully wide awake, sitting bolt upright in her chair, and looking stern disapprobation upon the intruder.

"My mother is quite deaf," began Mr. Sidney, in apology.

"Richard, who is that young lady?" interrupted the subject of the remark, peering at Sophronia over her spectacles, and looking very much as if she would like to order the offending damsel out of the room.

"It is Miss Jenkins," replied her son, approaching his lips to her ear.

The young lady alluded to accepted this as an introduction, and coming near put out a shapely hand and beamed down good naturedly upon the invalid.

"How do you do, Mrs. Sidney?" in a voice that reverberated through the room. The old lady shrunk away.

"I am pretty well, thank you, but you needn't speak quite so loud, Miss Jenkins, if you please."

"Why, I thought you were deaf," returned that damsel, in naïve surprise.

"A little hard of hearing, my dear, but there's no need of shouting at me. People are blessed with remarkable lungs nowadays."

"It's a great affliction to be deaf," said Miss Sophronia, still in a stentorian voice.

"Well, I don't know, it has its alleviations," said the old lady, drily. "Richard, my son, where are you going?"

"I'm going to help Mr. Jenkins about his hay," said Mr. Sidney, raising his voice. "He is a neighbor, you know."

"Humph! and Miss Jenkins—she's a neighbor, too, aren't you, my dear?" said the old lady, significantly.

Mr. Sidney colored and stammered confusedly; but Sophronia was equal to the exigency.

"Mr. Jenkins is my father," she shouted. "Mother's coming over to see you. She hopes we shall be neighborly. Mr. Hathaway's folks and we used to be running out and in all the time."

"Indeed! That was very neighborly of you, I am sure. So you're going, Richard. Well, take care of yourself; take care of yourself," said his mother, satirically.

"Ain't she rather peculiar?" demanded Sophronia, the moment they were out in the street.

"I don't know. Being deaf, you see—"

"O, yes, we must make allowances," interrupted Sophronia. "She must grow queer, not hearing much of anything. But I guess I shall be able to make her hear a good deal. I'll come over pretty often and cheer her up."

"You are very kind," said her embarrassed victim, meditating a midnight flight to the North Pole or Central America—anywhere to escape from this.

And now as they met people in the street who smiled at Sophronia and stared at him, Mr. Sidney became painfully conscious that he was walking in the public street by the side of a young lady, with a rake upon his shoulder. But this misery was nothing to what he endured when they turned into the field, and he had to help her across brooks and over stone walls. And then to be marched up to her father and be shaken hands with, and set to work like a subaltern—this ex-colonel—and to see the help smiling at the young lady, and to hear their whispersed jesting about "Sophronia's new beau."

And then when the hay was in, and his linen coat was soaked in the rain, that came in torrents just as the last load was upon the wagon, and his collar was all limp with perspiration, and his hair matted with wet, and his face aglow, and his nerves in a quiver—then to be forced into the house and compelled to eat, though he wasn't hungry, and invited to wash his face at the kitchen sink in the presence of Sophronia and her mother, and finally to be sent home with a great pail of milk in one hand and two cabbages and a bunch of beets in the other—wasn't this a "situation" for a dainty, fastidious, bashful bachelor? Who can wonder that he presented himself in his mother's sitting-room completely unstarched, and ready to submit to any further humiliation? And this his ingenious mother had in store for him.

"So you helped Mr. Jenkins get his hay in," she said.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you saw a good deal of Miss Sophronia, I dare say."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Quite a pretty face the girl has?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And a pair of powerful lungs—don't you think so, Richard?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am," mimicked the old lady. "He has lost his tongue, and talks by rote like a parrot, and all because of Miss Jenkins."

"Don't be absurd, mother," said Mr. Sidney, coloring.

"Absurd! It isn't *I* who am absurd," leaving him to infer that *he* was. "It's no matter, though. Miss Jenkins is well enough if she isn't too neighborly, and you don't go to falling in love with her."

"Mother!" in great astonishment and indignation.

"Now don't go to protesting; I know—men are men and women are women;" and by virtue of this incontrovertible assertion, the old lady considered herself mistress of the situation, and abandoned the question.

"What I wanted to tell you was that we needed some chickens."

"Chickens?"

"Why, yes. We want eggs and meat, don't we?"

"O, yes, of course."

"Then you had better see if you can't buy some chickens."

"Very well; but how?"

"Katy says Mr. Holden has some to sell, in the house across the orchard there; but if you'd rather go to Miss Jenkins's father—"

Mr. Richard got up, his face very red.

"I'll go and see Mr. Holden."

When the shower was quite over, he started with considerable confidence; for when he was in the army they were accustomed to levy upon the surrounding farmers for poultry, and his mission was a good deal more familiar and congenial than the occupation of raking hay under Miss Sophronia Jenkins's supervision.

The birds were swooping around the eaves of the farmhouse, and the great elms let fall some drops upon him as he walked up to the door under their long boughs. He knocked, but there was no answer. Somewhere in the remote distance he could hear a voice singing—a very sweet voice, too, and a woman's—which led him to fear that another trial was before him.

After repeating his knock half a dozen times, and going over a similar process at another door, he deemed it best to enter the long entry and make his way in the direction of the singer. All the doors were wide open, and Mr. Sidney was sure that such a proceeding would not be deemed improper. The long entry led him into a great, square room, quite empty as to any person, but full of sunshine, and rich in pleasant suggestions of a happy home. Its walls were low, the windows narrow, and covered upon the outside by a net-

work of scarlet bean vines in full blossom; everything was deliciously clean and fresh. While he stood in pleased surprise, the song stopped, and somebody began to talk.

"Now, you saucy fellow, just go away, will you; you are not going to eat up all my cakes. Somebody else likes cakes as well as you, Master Greedy;" and then there was a little laugh, and a few tender words to make up for the scolding ones; and so Mr. Sidney knocked again unheard. Then, with some misgivings, he crossed the floor and looked in at an open door. There, before a table, stood a girl, fair and young, brown hair tucked away under a net, her sleeves pushed up over her white, shapely arms, just piling some golden, odorous cakes on a plate. Near her, in a chair, sat a large gray and white cat, a beauty of a fellow, with scintillating yellow eyes, and the pinkest nose in the world.

"Now, Alcibiades," began his mistress, but the creature jumped down from the chair, and his mistress looked around, the prettiest picture of surprise you can imagine, rosy blushes creeping up to her temples, and her wondering blue eyes wide open.

"I beg your pardon; I knocked several times, and you didn't hear."

She smiled, blushing rosier. "I was making so much noise—Alcibiades and I. It is Mr. Sidney, is it not? Will you sit down?" and she came out into the kitchen.

"Thank you. I was wanting to see you—Mr. Holden."

"My father. He is gone over to the Vale, and won't be back till evening." Then, as Mr. Sidney hesitated, "Is it anything I can do? Father trusts me with his business sometimes"—with a bright smile.

"It was about some chickens," said Mr. Sidney, feeling that this apparition was not near so alarming as Miss Sophronia. "I would like to buy some, and I was told he had them to sell."

"He has a great many. I can show them to you if you'd like;" and she perched a little hat on her head, found a basin of corn, and led the way to the poultry yard. Then she called, and they came, obedient to the sweet voice they knew so well, handsome foreigners, with plumage of green and gold, scarlet-throated turkeys, oppressed with gloomy forebodings of Christmas, and small yellow, downy chicks, all forlorn and draggled in the wet grass; down from the barn the doves came flying with soft cooing, and a flutter and rustle of wings. She stood there with the rest-

less things around her, the sun glinting the little shreds of brown hair escaped from under the net, her sweet, smiling face bright with interest, and the yellow corn grains dropping from her fingers, and Mr. Sidney thought he had never seen so pretty a picture.

"They are fond of you," he said.

"O, yes," as if it were a matter of course, as indeed it was.

He tarried much longer than was absolutely necessary to complete his purchase, making himself very agreeable, I dare say.

"And how can I get them?" he said at last.

"You must come to-night and you'll catch them easily. You know they're silly creatures, and can't see in the dark. And father will be at home, then," she replied, in her sunny way.

He came in the twilight, and passing the window saw them at the tea-table, and heard his own name mentioned. Then there was some merry laughter, and then a voice said in deprecation, "Why, father, he's only an old bachelor."

For the first time in his life Mr. Sidney felt ashamed of it. You must know that he had never deliberately forsworn matrimony. In the first place he was poor, and when he had got on in the world he was at a frontier station, and the ladies in that vicinity were not to his taste. And then when he found himself again in society, he was awkward—so he imagined—and shy. And so he was almost forty without realizing what an old old bachelor he was getting. Those words revealed it to him. There was that pleasant young girl, Jenny, her father called her, not in the least afraid of him, nor abashed in his presence, because he was "only an old bachelor."

"Well, well, the position has its advantages," he said to himself on his way home. But I fear he did not appreciate them.

"Whom did you see at Mr. Holden's?" demanded his exacting mother the next day.

"Only Mr. Holden and—"

"Whom, did you say? You forget I'm growing more deaf every day; have been ever since that Jenkins girl was here and shouted at me," said Mrs. Sidney, *mater*, maliciously.

"His daughter."

"O, he has a daughter, too, eh?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Young?"

"I should think so."

"Pretty?"

"I—I believe she is."

"Well! well! It seems you have got into a

pretty place," said the old lady, testily. "One girl opposite setting her cap for you, and another next door."

"Mother," interrupted Mr. Richard, "I don't think there is any danger of Miss Jenny's setting her cap for me. I think I am quite safe;" and he walked out of the room, nor ever from that day mentioned Jenny Holden's name to his mother; not though he spent the long autumn evenings in her parlor, and lent her books, and read German with her, and brought her letters from the post-office, and by-and-by, when he had grown very bold, drove her over to the Vale on a winter afternoon. And all this without allowing himself to dream any rose-colored dreams, because he knew that if Jenny was familiar and friendly, and gave him sunny smiles and gentle words without timidity or affectation, it was because he was "only an old bachelor."

Yet this companionship was doing a great deal for him; slowly wearing away his diffidence, stimulating his intellect, filling his heart, and throwing such a halo over the common-place persons around him, that he even listened patiently to Sophronia Jenkins's brilliant and impressive conversation, submitted to be catechised by her mother, and smoked his pipe with her father.

And so in these ways the time passed until the winter was almost gone. March came in with a great tumult of wind and driving rain. Mr. Sidney had spent the early part of the evening at Mr. Holden's. He was sitting, two hours after his return, before his library fire. His mother was long asleep, and Katie Regan was, perhaps, dreaming of her lover in the old country. Mr. Sidney sat and thought—thought what his life might have been; that it might have been more full of love and sunshine, sweeter in sympathy, and holier through all the sweet ministries of a truer home than this.

And so, sitting lonely and somewhat sad, the hours wore away, and the clock was on the stroke of twelve, when the door bell was suddenly pulled and rang loudly through the house. He opened the door quickly. Somebody in a shawl, pelted by the merciless rain, and assailed by the fierce wind, a white face with gleaming, frightened eyes and a trembling voice, which said:

"O, Mr. Sidney, father is very ill, and there's no one to go for the doctor."

"Jennie!"

He forgot that he had never called her so before, forgot everything but the tender girl

exposed to the rude buffetings of the storm. He took her home in the chaise, and went with what haste he might for the doctor.

Before daylight the danger was past, and Mr. Sidney, going by the house in the morning, saw a pale face smiling down at him from a window—pale, but peaceful, and full of light and hope; the terror and despair that had shocked him so last night, all gone.

That evening he went in to inquire for the invalid. The great, cosy kitchen was all aglow with a roaring fire. Jennie stood on the hearth, the red light flashing on her sunny hair and sweet face. Alcibiades sat on the hearth, apparently absorbed in reflection. Mr. Sidney went up to the fire.

"He is a great deal better," she said, seeing the question in his face.

"I am glad of it."

"I am glad—O, so glad—you don't know. My father is all the world to me."

"Is he?" with a feeling of pain. The words jarred upon some hidden chord.

"He is all I have, you know," her eyes filling. "I was almost rebellious last night, and yet—" her hands fluttering, and a slow smile creeping to the quivering lips, "I know if he were taken something else would come. God would not leave me quite desolate."

"Something else has come now—something that would joyfully, O, *how* joyfully—cherish you and bless you all your life."

She looked up in his face, her own growing pale and serious.

"What is it?"

"My love for you. Do you care for it? Is it anything to you?"

The fluttering white hands were still. A rosy crimson, that was not the firelight, deepened her cheeks.

"Do you mean it?" with trembling eagerness.

"I do mean it, my love," bending over her, white with emotion.

"Then—I am so happy! O, Mr. Sidney, I never thought of this."

"Engaged, did you say?" The old lady put on her spectacles and looked at him.

"Yes, engaged."

It was so loud that Katy Regan heard it in the kitchen, and stopped her work to hear what followed.

"Well, I always knew that girl would make a fool of you. If she's coming here to live, I shall wish she was dumb."

"Why, mother, what girl? It is Miss Holden."

he's been attentive enough to make some girls suspect something."

"I hope, Sophronia," said Mrs. Jenkins, "you aint going to fret, though, to be sure,

"Fret about *him*! Not I, mother. Why, he's only an old bachelor, any way," cried the young lady, in a voice which indicated that her heart and lungs were equally sound.

SONG OF BOREAS.

BY CORA L. V. HATCH.

I come from my kingdom wild and free,
From my kingdom beyond the Northern Sea!
My chariot the storm, my steeds are the gale,
My spear is the frost, my shot are the hall,
I ride on the top of the ocean wave,
I shout ha! ha! in each rocky cave,
In my kingdom wild and free.

O, great is my kingdom wild and free,
My kingdom beyond the Northern Sea,
Where shining spire, and dome, and wall,
And tower and turret o'ercrowning all,
Where ivory gates flash forth their light,
And no one passeth their strength and might
To my kingdom wild and free.

O, bright is my kingdom wild and free,
My kingdom beyond the Northern Sea,
Where sapphire caves forever shine,
And flashes dart from the topaz mine,
Where gleameth the opalescent flame,
And the ruby and diamond outshine their name,
Where the emerald and amethyst heights
Gleam down the beryl and amber flights,
In my kingdom wild and free.

O, proud is my kingdom wild and free,
The gleaming shores of the Northern Sea!
My ships of war, so calm, so high,
Come out from beneath the flaming sky
Like spectral ships of Vikings old,
Who swept from the Northern seas for gold,
And now from the regions of Death come down
In silence to add to their great renown,
Or doomed for their crimes so bold,
To sail forever in icebergs cold,
From my kingdom wild and free.

I come from my kingdom wild and free,
From my kingdom beyond the Northern Sea,
And I scatter the white and fleecy snow
From my wings of frost wherever I go;
And I sift over flower, and grave, and tree,
The smooth cold sheet of my witchery,
For naught can stay my solemn flight,
Nor noontide hour nor spell of night,
For I come from beyond the sea.

MY HOUR OF TRIAL.

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 BY EMMA ELWOOD.  
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It was decided at last. The engagement of Warren Milford and Felicia Harcourt, my cousin, was settled beyond the possibility of a doubt. And this was how I found it out. I had been enjoying a quiet moonlight stroll all by myself, through my uncle's extensive grounds, and upon my return to the house, threw myself wearily into a rustic chair, close by the conservatory, so shaded by climbing plants and shrubbery, as to be entirely hidden from view within doors. I had not seen Warren Milford for three days. He had been absent on business connected with his regiment, and I knew not that he had returned, until his well-known voice, breaking in abruptly upon my thoughts, as I sat secluded from observation, sent the warm, tell-tale blood to my cheeks, and a sharp pang to my heart, for which I could not then account.

He was conversing with Felicia in a low tone; they were in the conservatory, I knew by their voices, and so near my hiding-place that I became at first an involuntary listener to their conversation, and afterwards, I will not deny it, I listened of my own free will. I had not power to tear myself away.

O, the deadly sickness at my heart, as Warren Milford poured into my cousin's not unwilling ear a tale of manly affection and cherished hopes, such as I had been longing and praying for in my heart's secret recesses, even though without sufficient cause for such tender aspirations. True, he had apparently treated us both with the utmost impartiality, and yet, now the secret was out, I could see that I had been blind; blind to many little loving attentions bestowed upon my cousin, unimportant in themselves, nevertheless speaking volumes when one held the clue to the motives which prompted them.

Yes, he had been extremely kind and attentive, even confidential to me; but it was simply because I was Felicia's favorite cousin and guest. I could see it all now. Fool that I had been to entertain the slightest suspicion that I, with my plain face, humble fortune, and unpretending country manners, could captivate the heart of such a man as Milford, the brave colonel who had already won countless laurels in his country's cause, and golden opinions from not a few. He was fitted to shine in any society; handsome, highly edu-

cated, in fact, a man to win friends and retain them. He had but to say the word to form an alliance with the fairest of our belles, thus adding new riches to his already large fortune.

And yet, with these awe-inspiring facts staring me full in the face, even I, plain little Mabel Sherwood, had dared to love him; to love him deeply, passionately, as one with my disposition never could hope to love another. And he was the only man I had ever yet met whom I could thus worship, and now he had plighted his troth to another. And I, who had come up to my uncle's beautiful summer residence on the banks of the Hudson, heart-whole and free as the winds, must return to my rural home with a deep wound rankling in my fevered heart, which time might heal, and yet I knew the scar would ever remain.

It may seem strange that I could thus lose my heart so entirely in the short space of two months, to a stranger; but it was even so, and I loved him as truly and devotedly as though I had known him long years. For I was very quick in reading character, and I felt that Warren and I were grandly fitted for each other. He was colonel of the — New York regiment, had been in the army a year, and in consequence of a severe fit of illness had been at home on a furlough for three months, to recover his exhausted energies. He was now quite well, and would leave home to rejoin his regiment on the morrow. The previous spring his father had purchased the estate adjoining my uncle's; the two families had thus become very intimate, and Warren had become an almost daily visitor at Vine Rock while at home. His attachment for my cousin had not yet been discovered, even by their own immediate friends, and as Felicia was not the girl to disclose her preference for one of the opposite sex until his intentions had been made known, she had kept her feelings on this subject secret even from me, hence my blind passion for one whom I could never hope to win.

With burning cheeks, I listened to Milford's fervent declaration. I despised myself for playing the part of eavesdropper, and to prove my regret sincere, I shall keep that well-remembered conversation safely locked within my own breast. One remark only, relating to myself, I will disclose.

I could imagine how they were seated; he with his arm thrown caressingly around her, she with her proud head drooped low upon his shoulder, while I—O, it excited me almost to frenzy to think of the agony I was enduring. To think that he was the only one I had ever yet loved, while she, who could count suitors by the score, and had accepted this offer, I felt convinced only because it was the most eligible one in a worldly point of view she had yet received, was so much more favored than I.

But as I was saying, they had been talking a long time, and I was just turning to creep stealthily into the house, when I heard my own name mentioned in a way which caused me to pause and hold my breath to catch the words, which chilled me through and through.

"And so you imagined I loved little Mabel Sherwood. She is an innocent, unassuming little thing, but no more to be compared to my Felicia than a wildwood flower to a highly cultivated rose. I have the highest respect for your little coz, my darling, but as for love, I never dreamed of the thing in connection with her."

I waited to hear no more, but fled to my room like a startled fawn, locked myself in, and when Felicia sought me an hour later, pleaded indisposition, and begged her to make my excuses to Colonel Milford.

Felicia did not room with me that night, for I told her I was very restless, she would do no good by remaining, and would only lose her own rest. Full of gentle sympathy, she finally consented to leave me and occupy the next apartment, if I would promise to call her if I grew worse. What I suffered through those lonely night-watches, it is impossible to tell. Long, weary hours, I sat with dry, stony eyes, unable to shed a tear. But finally towards morning a softer mood came over me, and a torrent of tears relieved for a time my distress.

When morning came, I nerved myself for another trial, the parting with Colonel Milford, when he came to bid the family good-by. We were all grouped upon the piazza when he bade us farewell. To me he came first.

"I am sorry, Mabel, you were ill last night, but am very glad to find you better to-day. You must take care of yourself, my little woodland violet;" (how the words stung me!) "I fear so much dissipation does not agree with your more quiet habits of life. Good-by, little Mabel; I trust we shall meet again, God willing."

O, how bravely I tried to choke back the lump which was rising in my throat, as he grasped my hand with a gentle farewell pressure. Spite of my efforts to the contrary, one big tear escaped my overflowing eyes, and fell upon his hand. He looked surprised, but I hastily ejaculated:

"God preserve you in battle, and restore you in safety to your friends, Colonel Milford."

And unable longer to conceal my emotion, I darted hastily into the house, whither other members of the family soon followed, leaving my heart's idol alone with his betrothed. In an hour he was gone, and early the next morning I was on my way home, unable longer to remain at my uncle's, where everything reminded me of perished hopes.

A year later I was at Vine Rock again. Felicia was very, very ill, and I had been summoned to help win her back to life and health. One night, how well I remember, I sat alone by Felicia's bedside. Her eyes were closed, and she lay hardly conscious of anything that was passing. I was to sit with her part of the night, and at one o'clock the nurse, who had retired for a brief slumber, would relieve me.

Some medicine was left in my charge, which was to be administered every hour. On no account was I to fail in giving it at the precise moment. Her fever had about reached its crisis, and her life hung as it were by a single thread. It was now half-past seven; the physician had just left. He had intended to remain with his patient through the night, but having received a hasty summons home, to attend his only child who was taken suddenly ill, he left minute directions, which he enjoined us faithfully to follow, and departed, promising to call early in the morning.

My feelings as I sat beside my dear cousin, for very dear she was to me notwithstanding her many faults, I cannot describe. If she should die, I pondered, there was a bare possibility that Colonel Milford in his affliction might turn to me for solace. And then, why then it was not impossible that his grieved heart might find a second love in me.

The thought sent a thrill of joy through every fibre of my being. But only for an instant. I banished the unworthy feeling ere it found a lodgment in my heart, and dropping on my knees by Felicia's bedside, I prayed silently and earnestly that God would permit her to recover, and that he would keep all evil, selfish thoughts far, far from me. As I

was about to rise from my kneeling posture, I was astonished to feel Felicia's thin hand on my burning forehead, and to hear her voice softly calling my name.

"Mabel," she whispered faintly, "I think I am dying. Come nearer, dear cousin, and listen while I have yet strength to speak."

Trembling and speechless, I sat down on the bed beside her, and listened in silent amazement to her eager words. She had lain very quiet all day, so quiet we fancied she must be either asleep or insensible; but she was only thinking, she said, and had resolved to confide to me her thoughts.

"Mabel, I cannot die with a lie on my lips, and you, darling, must make atonement for me. I must be brief, for my strength is ebbing fast. Raise me up, and do not lose a word, I implore. You must write to Colonel Milford to-night, yes, Mabel, to-night, when I have told you all, and tell him that I wish to dissolve our engagement. You think this is unnecessary, that death will speedily dissolve it, without any intervention of ours. But I repeat, I cannot meet my Maker with a falsehood on my lips. I was betrothed three years ago to a poor artist, who is now in Europe, endeavoring to perfect himself in his art, and thus gain riches and fame, all for my sake. For I am convinced, dear Mabel, that he loves me tenderly, devotedly, and to him also have I given my heart's love. So while Colonel Milford possesses only the casket in which my love is enshrined, the gem itself belongs solely and forever to Herbert Kingston.

"O Mabel, I have deeply wronged them both, but I trust God has forgiven me, for that has been the prayer on my lips every moment of consciousness. I have been very heartless; but even at the eleventh hour, I would make amends for my sinfulness. Now you surely will not refuse my dying request. You will write for me two letters—one to Colonel Milford, stating these facts, and begging his forgiveness for my cruel deception, the other to Herbert, assuring him that I am all his own in heart, if not permitted to be so in deed, and that my latest thoughts were of him and heaven."

Felicia sank back exhausted, and I, grieved to the soul by this strange story, and Felicia's sad condition, administered the doctor's remedies, which I had not failed to do exactly as he had directed, and begged her not to distress herself with a further recital of past errors.

"Dear Mabel, I am not distressed now,"

she went on to say, "I am very calm, I have made my peace with God, and I trust my manifold sins are pardoned. Colonel Milford's heart-wound will not be severe; he will soon find another to fill my place. But Herbert—O, he will suffer keenly."

A spasm crossed her face just then, a look of bitter agony. But it passed away, and she turned again to me, with a sweet smile wreathing her pale lips.

"I did not mean to be so cruelly heartless, my darling, but I was dazzled by Colonel Milford's brilliant offer. He is a prize worth winning, and I was proud of my conquest; proud of my triumph over fairer belles. But ah, there was a restless, unsatisfied longing in the depths of my heart, and if sickness had not laid me low, I should never have married him. For of late I have had many misgivings, and Herbert's last letter was so full of hope and joy, in anticipation of his speedy return to me, that I had been earnestly considering how I should best undeceive Milford, and smooth over this unfortunate affair ere Herbert's arrival.

"I first met Herbert that summer I spent at the lonely farmhouse up in Vermont. He boarded at the same place, and before I left there we were privately engaged, and our engagement has remained a secret all these years. For Herbert trusted me implicitly, and did not wish it known, until he could come with fair worldly prospects to claim me as his bride. We have secretly corresponded, and thus you see I have foolishly carried on numberless flirtations, and trifled with many hearts, while my own was still as really and truly Herbert's as when I gave it into his keeping three years ago.

"I was very vain and fond of admiration, but I carried my flirtation with Colonel Milford further than I intended. And after we were engaged, I thought amid the dangers of battle there were many chances against his ever returning to marry me; and in case he did not, he would be spared the cruel knowledge of my deceit. So you perceive, dearest," she added with a faint smile, "my love for him was only an outside show. Ah, if my gentle mother had been spared to me, I should never have been reduced to such a strait. Now, Mabel, let me see you write my two letters, and then I shall feel much easier in my mind."

Very noiselessly I procured writing materials, and wrote two brief notes as desired, wording Colonel Milford's very carefully, and

unconsciously infusing into it a goodly share of my own tender compassion for the heart-agony I supposed he would suffer on receipt of this unlooked-for intelligence. He knew not of her sickness, for my cousin would not permit us to send him word, saying it would only distress him and unfit him for duty, and now, in the event of her death, she would be doubly lost to him. He would not even have the satisfaction of feeling that she was true to him to the last; "and if he loves as I love," thought I, "he will scarcely recover from the shock."

"Thank you, dear Mabel," she murmured, with a flush of gratified content, as I folded and sealed the letters.

"Now call Nurse Norton, and seek the rest you need. I feel strangely drowsy, and would sleep awhile."

I kissed her tenderly, and praying that this sleep might prove her earthly salvation, I stole softly from the room, summoned Nurse Norton, and instead of seeking my pillow, crept stealthily down stairs, unfastened the outer door, and threw myself in an agony of grief on the very piazza where I had last seen Colonel Milford. A light burned dimly in Uncle Harcourt's room. Poor man, worn out with anxiety and sorrow, he had doubtless fallen asleep, and I would not have him disturbed until there was some decided change for the better or worse.

It was a glorious moonlight night. Stillness profound and deep ruled the hour, and I felt soothed by the quiet beauty of the scene.

"Father in heaven, O, do not let her die!" I entreated, assuming unconsciously an attitude of supplication, and clasping my hands in tearful entreaty. "Restore her to life and health, and henceforth be thou our guide and protector."

"Amen!" ejaculated a deep, husky voice in close proximity, and turning in alarm, I beheld—Colonel Milford.

"You here?" I gasped, "and at this hour?" And unable to say more, I sank helpless upon a rustic settee, and covered my face with my hands.

"Yes," he hurriedly explained, "I met my newly married sister and her husband, two days ago in Washington, and she informed me of Felicia's dangerous illness. I obtained a few days' furlough and hurried home, hoping I should not be too late to see our loved one. My mother told me I was not fit to come here to-night, and begged me to wait until morning. But she had previously in-

formed me that she watched with my poor suffering darling last night, and that she was also here this afternoon, when but faint hopes were entertained of her recovery. Do you think I could rest after that intelligence? I came hither at once, late as it was, convinced that I should find some one who could relieve my suspense, even at this untimely hour. Your prayer assures me that she is not dead—O, tell me she will live!" he implored, seizing my hand, and gazing eagerly into my tear-wet face. "You do not think she will die? The world would be a barren wilderness with her dead," he moaned.

"Dead!" I exclaimed, bitterly. Somehow this deep love of his for my rival galled me terribly just then; I was wholly unprepared for it, and could not bear it with any degree of firmness. My nerves were all unstrung, I suppose, for I had been sorely tried. Hence, there was neither patience nor prudence in my reply.

"Dead!" I repeated; "yes, Colonel Milford, she is dead to you."

He looked at me in blank amazement.

"Is the girl crazy? What mean you? If living, how can she be dead to me, her husband before God?"

I groaned in agony of spirit.

"God comfort you," I answered, with a sudden burst of tenderness, "for I cannot. Come in here, Colonel Milford, and read your fate."

I led the way through the hall into the moonlit library, struck a light, drew one of the notes I had recently penned from my pocket, and thrusting it into his hand, hurried from the room.

A half hour later, it occurred to me all at once that I might accidentally have handed him the wrong note in my haste. In frantic eagerness, I glanced at the superscription of the remaining letter—O, agony! I had given him the wrong one.

"And yet it can make but little difference," I reflected, "although the note intended for him would have been more soothing to his feelings, as I softened the cruel blow as much as it was in my power."

And now, strong man though he was, I felt sure he would reel under the shock. I crept quietly down stairs again, re-entered the library, where he still remained pale and weak as a child (I could see by one hasty glance), and with averted eyes presented the right note, and seized the other which lay open upon the table, saying I had made a mistake. I

then turned to leave the room, but he detained me.

"It is I who have made the mistake," he said, slowly and sadly. "I who have thrown away my heart's best affections upon a trifter."

"Hush!" was my involuntary exclamation. "She is deeply repentant, and much I fear upon the very verge of the grave. O forgive her, Colonel Milford, as you hope to be forgiven by One higher than any earthly potentate. Remember, her mother was taken just when she most needed her, and she has been allowed her own free will, unrestrained by a gentle maternal influence. O, pity and forgive her, Colonel Milford, I implore!"

I sank sobbing at his feet, but he gently raised me, and seated me beside him.

"You would not have proved thus untrue, my little wood flower," (I started impatiently then, but he only looked at me very calmly in a sort of hopeless way). "All women are not alike, are they? O, say they are not, or I shall never trust womankind again."

"No, believe me," I replied, eagerly, "there are more true than false ones. How any woman can trample upon a man's true heart, I cannot conceive, and yet, my friend, is there not as much deceit with one sex as the other?"

He made no reply, but sat looking gloomily through the window at the glorious prospect without, yet seeing nothing, and for a brief period wholly unconscious of everything save his own bitter thoughts. I knew he would never have read Kingston's note if he had noticed the superscription, and as Felicia had desired me to commence the note thus—"My own dearest love," mentioning no name, of course he had seen nothing in that to excite suspicion, and doubtless read on in unbelieving wonder, as one in a dream. There had been no stormy burst of passion, at least in my presence; but he was a brave soldier, schooled in the art of self-government, and it was not likely he would break his heart for any woman. How little I knew him then!

"Mabel," he said at length, laying his hand caressingly upon my brown tresses, "tell your cousin I forgive her; that my forgiveness is sincere, but should she live, I will never look upon her face again, until the old love is dead in my heart. I trust God will spare her life," he added solemnly, "that she may fulfil her first vows. Should she die, Mabel, may God pardon her as I now do, and receive her with open arms of mercy."

There was a stern pathos in his voice which was very touching, and I, witnessing by spirit

almost his inward grief and scorn of all woman-kind, shivered and wept softly, like a grieved child.

"God bless you, little Mabel," he faltered, as he rose to go. "Your gentle sympathy has robbed this hour of a portion of its despair. Keep your innocent simplicity in your woodland home, sweet child, and some day when my three years' warfare is ended, we may meet again, if God spares my life."

A dreadful chill struck to my heart; what if he should not be spared? An involuntary cry of agony escaped my lips, and again I was conscious of that surprised, penetrating gaze, which Colonel Milford had fixed on me a year ago at our first parting. Did he suspect my secret? Heaven knows I strove desperately to hide it, but after he had left, this thought troubled me for months.

"Farewell, little comforter; pray for me, and do not quite forget him who was to have been your cousin. I shall probably never marry; for faith once lost is not easily regained. But you shall be my little sister, and sometime you may hear from me."

He stooped quickly, and imprinted a grave kiss upon my brow, as a brother might have done, and ere I could recover myself, he was gone.

Long I lay sobbing, until the rosy streaks of dawn appeared in the east, and then fairly worn out with grief and my sleepless vigils, I sank into a disturbed slumber.

"My little woodland flower, have I found you at last?"

How the hot blood rushed into my face, at that well-remembered voice! I was dreamily reclining upon a grassy knoll just at the edge of the broad forest which extended a long distance in the rear of my quiet home, and watching the golden sun go down behind a gorgeous curtain of glowing clouds.

I sprang to my feet with an eager bound, and then sank again upon my grassy seat, covering my face with my hands, as I always did when confused by any unexpected occurrence. Very gently Colonel Milford uncovered my tell-tale face, and imprisoned my two helpless hands in his, while he unfolded a second time in my hearing (but with how different feelings on my part) a little heart-history, such as I had never hoped to hear from his lips, until very recently.

His last letter had partially prepared me for this revelation, but every previous one had breathed only a tender regard for me, such as

a brother might feel. They had been filled with interesting accounts of his adventures, and until the very last letter, I say, I had never dared hope for this joy-fraught moment. From the hour when he had cast aside his love for Felicia once and forever, as a thing unworthy to be cherished, he told me he had unconsciously placed me in that secret niche of his heart; and tracing back all my actions, he was assured of my secret heart-worship for him, long before my own lips confirmed this assurance.

And there, at that sweet sunset hour, in my favorite spot, I told him of that dread hour of trial, when I listened spell-bound to his confession in the conservatory, and he smiled archly when I reminded him of the comparison he had then drawn between my cousin and myself.

"Ah, Mabel, I have learned that the rose is not without its thorn; but the sweet woodflower lifts its modest head, drinking in the dew and the sunshine, and exhaling its fragrance abroad, quietly winning favor, where a more showy flower leaps into your notice at once by its dazzling brilliance. My little violet wooed and won me completely ere I half suspected the fact, and now I trust she will shed her sweetness into the wilds of my life, which were so desolate ere this unassuming flower stole its way into their barren depths, and supplanted the rose in my affections. Darling little woodland blossom, I trust we shall be very happy together."

Nestled in his protecting arms, while the sun sank lower and lower, and the bright evening star peeped out behind the hills, I told him all, keeping back nothing, not even my evil thoughts in Felicia's hour of suffering. And he listened gravely, chiding me not; he only stroked my hair tenderly, murmuring "poor child, poor tried heart!" I felt much better when he knew this, and how my spirit had rebelled against the cruel fate which had given to my rival my idolized one. And he, I was certain, loved me none the less for my frank confession.

And now what more have I to add, save that there was a quiet wedding a month later, and not only one, but two. But stay—I did not tell you that Felicia recovered from her dangerous illness, contrary to her own and our expectations, and by her subsequent blameless life, endeavored to atone for her past follies. Herbert Kingston returned shortly after her recovery, and Felicia and I were married the same night. It was her earnest

wish that the double wedding should take place at Vine Rock, but Warren would not consent to this arrangement. He did not wish to meet her, he said, until our nuptials were solemnized.

And now I am the happiest little wife in existence. After an honorable and perilous service of three years in his country's cause, my heart's love has returned to me, scarred, but not mutilated—thank God for that! my dearest hopes are realized, and my hour of trial has passed, leaving me the sweet fruition of my brightest dreams of happiness, in atonement for past suffering.

AGGREGATE LABOR OF MANKIND.

Along with compassion that is excited by listening to a tale of want, there is apt to arise at the same time, a feeling of astonishment that such a thing should be in a land like this. Perhaps, however, the true wonder is that want is not universal. One-half the race die before they have contributed an iota to the world's sustenance or their own. One half of those who survive the period of childhood are women, who do not, as a general thing, contribute directly to the production of wealth. Of the men, many are sick, many are old, many are idle, many are wasteful, many are parasites. Those who do work, and live to an age of three-score years and ten, spend one-third of their lives in bed, one-twentieth at the table, one-sixth in recreation. Much of their lives is wasted in mistakes; much of what they succeed in producing is swept away by fire and flood. During half of the year Nature sleeps. One harvest in five proves a failure. Only a fraction of the earth's surface is capable of cultivation. A large part of the general labor is absorbed in the production of luxuries, in repairing the damages of war, in preparing for future conflicts, in the transportation of products, and in journeys. Probably not more than one half of the whole amount of human force is expended in earning the world's daily bread. The standing marvel, therefore, of society is not that they should suffer want, but that there should be any who do not.

Every thought and feeling is painting a stroke, in the darkness, of our likeness that is to be; and our whole life is but a chamber, which we are frescoing with colors that do not appear while being laid on wet, but which will shine forth afterwards, when finished and dry.

THROUGH FIRE.

BY ADELIA SAVITT.

"Why don't you enlist, Jack Irving?" asked saucy Sue Barton. "You, a great six footer, broad-shouldered. You'd make a splendid soldier. Why don't you?"

"Why, Sue, you have given the reason in your question. It's because I am so broad-shouldered and splendid. You see I've no notion of being mutilated."

"O, here's a man for the homage of women-kind!" cried Sue, with curling lip. "A handsome figure of a man—turn round, do—and let me admire the fit of this last new suit."

"Well, how do you like it?" asked obedient Jack, turning round and round, for her inspection. Her eyes were watching him gravely.

"Are you a man—can you have life, intellect, and manhood, and refuse to use them for our country and for freedom?"

He winced a little, but said, good-naturedly still, "You know, Sue, I'm for liberty—the press—and I am willing to make any sacrifice for my country-women."

"But, Jack, have you never felt, when you have seen regiment after regiment march by your office, that you were lacking somehow? And don't you ever think of the days to come, when little children will ask with eyes of wonder—'wasn't you borned when the great war was?' What will you say then?"

"Say? O, that I wasn't able-bodied."

"Do you think you can shirk your duty in this way, and be called a man? What is your life—what are your limbs worth, that you should keep them safe at the expense of honor?"

"They are all I have, my dear enthusiast. 'Liberty and right,' a saved and 'regenerated country,' and all that, couldn't provide me with another life and a set of limbs half so convenient. To tell the truth, my little fire-eater, I don't feel the least blood-thirsty; I have a natural shrinking from cold steel and hot lead."

"In short, you are a coward."

"Don't presume too much upon my good-nature, Sue, people don't call me *that*—"

"What?"

"Coward."

"I call you that, then! You are a coward; you are contemptible. I wish you would go away; you are—"

"Softly, softly—don't run on so; let me take down for future reference," and he produced a pencil and ivory memoranda case, from his elegant new coat pocket.

"Coward, and contemptible! I remember that," and something like a flash was in that clear blue eye.

"You may take that down, and more—you shirk your duty; you have no sense of honor."

"Hush! that is enough. I have it written down, Miss Burton."

"No, not all yet—take this." And she took a ring from her finger, and threw it at his feet.

"What shall I do with this?" he asked, picking it up coolly; but his face grew pale with passion or regret, she could not tell which.

"Give it to some woman who is willing to believe what I once did—that you are a man—if you can find such a one."

For answer, he held the glittering circlet up to the light to see the diamonds flash, then threw it into the red coals in the grate, and without a word or look, went away.

Sue Barton looked after him, the fierce light of anger fast going out of her eyes, leaving them full of tears.

"Well, it's ended, I suppose," she said—"I have known all the time he couldn't bear such words from me always. I was cruel—I was mean, to taunt him so; and he is so good and kind! how could I say such cruel words? O, how could I!"

The next night found Sue Barton brilliant with diamonds and white lace in crowded party rooms. There were rustling silks, and flashing diamonds, and rare laces, the cost of which would have paid half the soldiers in the field then suffering for the scanty wages they earn with their blood.

Everywhere at home, we revel in luxuries; we make the nights merry with music and feasting, when only a little way off, just beyond Washington—down in Savannah—there are soldiers who suffer, not only for want of their daily rations, but for what their families need at home—their pay. Are we at home guiltless? Shall we say, "let the government pay its soldiers?" Shall we send our soldiers to the war, with a street procession, a state flag, a dinner of cakes and pies at the

station, and thenceforth shirk all responsibility in the matter?

Our patriotism is too often like Sue Barton's. She was indignant that a man should not think it a good thing to be a soldier. Blue coats and shoulder straps were very fascinating to her. She gloried in the success of our arms. Her eyes grew bright at the recital of daring deeds, and she scorned in a true heroine of a story style, a man who dared to utter unenthusiastic words to her, and there she stopped. She didn't dream of self-denial. She never gave a moment's time—a dollar, a word—that was not a pleasure to her—and no denial. Out of her abundance of talents, and time, and money, she gave only a Jewish tithe—and not abundantly; many a poor widow who gave her mite, was more true-hearted than she.

An uneasy consciousness of this truth came over Sue Barton this night, as she glanced at herself in the full length mirrors of the dressing-room, and caught the flash of her jewels. Somehow the brightness of her dress, and the beautifully decorated rooms hurt her; she thought of an account she had that day read of our starving men in southern dungeons—"and we are dancing and feasting," she thought.

Jack Irving wasn't with her this night; for the first time for months she missed him from her side. Her pleasant good-natured escort, who always bore her whims and humors with imperturbable good-nature. Sue didn't lack for attendants, for she was rich, and pretty, and piquant; and to-night she was very gay and charming, they thought.

How little do we know! Ah the time her heart was aching. She was brilliant with wit, and the pleasant nothings which make up the conversation of a ball-room; but under her breath she was saying, "I was cruel to him, and I love him so!"

While Sue was learning this lesson of society, to cover her heart out of sight, to smile when she would have wept, and to parade her dress and jewels when she would have put on "sackcloth,"—while she was learning this, the army was being reinforced—Jack Irving was a soldier. Everybody wondered; Jack gone a private soldier! why, a year ago he was offered a colonel's commission.

He went away without seeing Sue, but leaving at her door a note, in which was written, "You are a coward—you are contemptible;" and this was all she had left, for the love he had given her, for the truth she had given

him. Yes, she had something else, hid away among her treasures, a broken, blackened ring; and something else too—a despairing pride in the soldier she had sent to the war.

Jack Irving, like all good-natured people, would bear much; but when the limit was passed, and offence taken, it was deep and lasting.

"She called me a coward—and our engagement burnt out in the flames of the grate," he thought; and then he set about forgetting the past. He tried to put away from him the memory even of his love for Sue. He was so even and straightforward himself, that he could not understand how any one could say cruel, scornful words one moment, and love him better than ever the next. He *had* loved her truly—and the putting away from him of her pretty wilful ways and pretty face gave him a dull pain; but he very earnestly and conscientiously thought it his duty to forget her, and he tried. While he was trying to forget, Sue was treasuring up every word and look of the dear past—living upon the memory of words half heeded when spoken, now very precious, and worshipping her soldier. She chid herself if he was out of her mind a moment, and with a woman's pertinacity loved him absent and forgetful of her, far better than she ever had when looking into his eyes, and assured by his dear words that she was his "dear love."

Jack Irving was a soldier—a strong, earnest, fighting soldier. He had good blood in his veins, blood that half a century back had run through veins hard and healthy with labor. The Irvings were sturdy pioneers, and made with hard strokes a name for themselves and the generation after them. The blood had never run out, only stagnated in Jack's veins. His arm was as strong, his courage as unflinching as any of the dead—makers of their own fortunes had been. But with a good name, a fortune, an easily acquired education, there was nothing for him to strive for, everything had come to him as his birth-right without more than a pleasant effort on his part. And so he had settled into a "society man," proud of his position, of his pretty affluence, and of his handsome figure. Those sharp words of Sue Barton waked him up. The old blood rushed through his veins, burning out all modern impurities.

Sue Barton's friends wondered and questioned awhile at Jack Irving's freak, as they called it. Then new excitements and pleasures came up, and he was lost to them. Sue

danced bravely through the winter, danced and smiled while her heart was aching, and her eyes heavy with unshed tears. O, how she hated it all—the senseless small talk, the air sick with perfumery, the gay dresses and tables loaded with costly delicacies; and how she loathed herself that she should live in all this apparent unconsciousness of our nation's terrible trouble. She grew into a morbid state of contrition and despair. The sight of a wounded soldier, of little, begging children, went to her heart like a sharp knife—but she was proud.

"People will say it is because Jack left me, if I stay away from these wicked parties," she thought. So to save her pride she mixed with, and felt herself tainted by, this fashionable throng of exclusives.

With the spring came a rest for her, a rest from this terrible hypocrisy which she had felt obliged to keep up, but no rest for her heart.

"I sent him away with cruel words. He thinks I hate him, and he has forgotten me," was the bitter thought that haunted her. She turned with a kind of despairing disdain from all the various plans for the summer's amusements.

"Which shall it be, New York or Saratoga, for this summer?" asked Mr. Barton.

"Neither, father; I shall not leave home this summer."

"What! stay here in all this heat and filth, my child; what freak has possessed you now?"

"No freak, father. I have no heart for all this dancing and dressing; I want to be at home, and rest."

"We will go to the seashore, Susie; you can have rest and quiet there."

But she didn't choose to go, and her young friends heard her decision with many exclamations of astonishment as to what had come over Sue Barton.

She told her father she wanted rest, and he smiled to see the kind of rest she was taking those hot sultry days. Shorn of all her finery, in plain walking dress, she found her way into many wretched by-streets, and into houses sad with poverty, and misery, and sin. How her heart sickened at misery she had never dreamed could exist in a city so full of wealth. She came down to her own luxurious table with a kind of conscience-stricken loathing of the rich food.

"My Sue, you are as pale and gaunt as those people you tell me of. Are you starving yourself through sympathy, child?"

"O father, that I should have trifled away so many years of my life, and never realized that there was something to live for besides dancing, and dressing and taking my ease!"

"My child, you have lived *that* life and this; which satisfies you?"

"Neither satisfies me, father. I was carelessly happy then—I am carefully miserable now. How can I be otherwise when I see life as I see it every day?"

"You are too intense, Susie; you take everything in such a life and death sort of way. When you were my joy, little Sue, you hurt me with your intense delight in gaiety; and now that you see sin and sorrow are in the world, you take them all upon your own slender shoulders. You are wearing yourself out, give your money and your sympathy wherever they are needed, my child; but keep for me your own sunny face, that has made me happy all my life."

"O father, I try to be cheerful and happy but everything oppresses me so." The sobs were thick in her throat and choked her words. "O, father, father, is there anything worth living for?"

He didn't answer in words, but drew her close to him, soothing her with loving caresses.

"My darling," he said after a while, "do you care for Jack yet? Has he dared to slight my little girl's love?"

"It was I. Don't blame him, father! I sent him away; but I have suffered for it so!"

He knew all then; and if he had loved his pretty, graceful laughing girl of a year ago, he idolized the true woman with sad eyes, a pale face, and with earnest, true ideas of life.

All this time where was our soldier, the elegant broad-shouldered, well-dressed Jack Irving? Broad-shouldered still, and sun-burnt, but a gentleman though he carried a musket and wore no straps. If the war had never been, if Sue had never waked him up with her haughty words, he would have been the living, well-dressed Jack of a year ago—living because life was cosy and pleasant—never realizing that God would hold him accountable for every talent wasted. But he was thoroughly awake now. He gave his body, a splendid gift, to his country's service—and he gave his soul to it too. Earnest, upright, high-minded, he was a model—he was the model of the regiment. He carried with him the prestige of riches and a good name; added to these he had those other qualities more honorable, and they respected and

loved him. He had the true heroism in him, not merely the animal courage to fight bravely and fiercely, but the courage to make truth and right a basis, and stand firmly upon it. And so our handsome lady's man had come out from his ease and luxury into the hard life of a soldier, and into perfect manhood, leading men by his example to endure with patience, to fight with strong hearts, and to die willingly in a holy cause—and he was a private. Many good positions had been offered him by officers, who would have been proud of his distinguished name and figure upon their staff, but he wasn't a soldier for show or pay.

He thought often of Sue Barton, but he never heard from her. Her changed life, her growth in true womanliness, was never before him, and so he thought of his pretty thoughtless Sue, with something very like scorn that such a woman could ever have held his heart. And yet, when the memory of her parting words rose before him, he felt a kind of pride in them and the one who said them. "They were partly true, and some day I will thank her for them," he thought.

That *some day* came soon after. It was in the time of battles, a year ago. Brave men died and won victories then. Jack Irving fell, shot through; a dozen men dropped their muskets and pressed around him. It was in the thickest of the fight; our men were falling, dying and trampled upon, on every foot of ground. He had been leading them, though a private. In the front ranks his tall figure had been a mark for the enemy and a guide for them, and they had followed. He fell, and they, forgetful of their lives, unheeding the fierce commands of their officers, paying no attention to his feeble cry, "*leave me, leave me,*" took him carefully in their arms; they guarded him with their bodies, dropping one

by one, wounded or dead; only two lived to lay him softly down under the great tree, where bare-armed surgeons and busy soldiers were binding up gaping wounds or holding blessed water to lips that would never speak again.

In the list of "badly wounded," Sue Barton read Jack Irving's name. She did not faint or cry out. She went around to her father, and laid her hand upon his shoulder. "He isn't dead," she said.

He didn't die. The wound though severe, would heal in time, and they sent him home. He awoke to consciousness a week after, in his own room, and felt soft hands upon his hot face.

"Sue, Sue," he whispered, "is it you?"

He knew her though the face was a year older, and the eyes so changed. It was his Sue, and yet it was not.

"What has changed you so, my little girl?" he whispered again.

"Love," she said.

His face grew paler, but he held her hand close. "Some one has won you, you have learned to love some better man, Susie."

He looked so pale and wistful, poor Sue forgot her pride, forgot everything but him.

"O, Jack, it's a poor wounded soldier, I love. O, so pale and hungry-looking!"

"I am hungry for your love, my darling."

"Let me feed you, dear Jack," she said, kissing him, softly.

Jack Irving got well. He had a faithful nurse, his wife, Sue, who watched with a great joy the elixir happiness, sending life into his veins, though she knew it was to take him from her. Sue Irving is very proud of her broad-shouldered private, who not long since entered with our triumphant 20th corps, the streets of Savannah.

THE SEVERED RINGLET.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

Well I remember this soft, brown tress,
Its sister curls among,
As it touched with dainty, light caress
The fair brow where it hung,
Or caught some glancing gleam of golden light,
To make that brow of smiles more warmly bright.

Now, though it be severed and borne away,
Those left are waving o'er
That brow as white as the ocean spray,
As merrily as before;
And the severed tress is lovely, though shorn,
And away from its sister ringlets borne.

THE END.

BY L. VELONA STOCKWELL.

And now, I pray you, blame me not—
 The world is wide;
 Let all our past be quite forgot,
 Merged in the tide
 Of other hopes and other fears.
 And haply, in the coming years,
 We both shall say,
 Smiling meanwhile, "Our stormy night
 A cloudless day
 Has brought—God's ways are best and right."
 You will not mind these falling tears—
 My heart is weak;
 And as the bitter moment nears
 When we must speak—
 Ah me! our last, our sad farewell!
 It is but meet that I should tell,
 By tear or moan,
 How hard a thing it is to say,
 "Our love is done;
 Henceforth we go a separate way."
 And you'll forgive it that my voice
 Bids you be gone?
 Bids you, because I have no choice—
 O pity! none;
 Because the fates have sternly bound
 Me hand and foot, and hedged me round

Past all release:
 So to our destiny, why not
 Submit in peace?
 It is too late to change our lot.
 And when the new life comes to me,
 And I have learned
 To wear my bonds submissively;
 When love has burned
 Out from my soul, and left at last
 No trace or token of the past;
 And when your heart
 Is bright again o'er some new love—
 Ay, do not start!
 These years will wear thick turf above.

This other love—then we may meet
 Mayhap; but now
 'Tis better, wiser that our feet
 Should swiftly go
 Our different ways, till—woe is me!
 We're wide apart as wide can be;
 So take my hand—
 Yes, kiss my lips, and let this day—
 You understand?—
 End all for us—adieu! away!

WINNIE HOLMES:

—OR,—

MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE.

BY MRS. EMMA F. PRADT.

I AM sure I do not know why I promised to wed Vivian Holmes, with his haughty, imperious disposition. It certainly was not because I loved him, but it must have been my evil genius that prompted me to say yes, when he asked me to wed him.

"I took the bonds lightly, without a sober thought On what results might issue from This more than Gordian knot."

It is of my married life I am going to write. I have always regretted that plays and novels should end with a wedding, and give one no idea of how the lovers prospered after marriage; and I have asked myself the question, frequently, is it because it would spoil the romance? The object and moral of all modern works of fiction seems to be the develop-

ment of a process by which husbands are gained, but not how to keep them; and in writing out this full, frank confession, with all due humility let me add, it is from a sincere desire to do some poor, tempest-tossed soul good, and perchance scatter seeds of hope in some weary heart; for I have seen hours of dumb, mute anguish, when all hope seemed to have died.

Of my father I knew nothing, except that he had gone to California by the overland route, and had never been heard of afterward. He was supposed to have been murdered by the Indians. My mother died soon after, and I was left to the care of my uncle, a dear good soul as ever lived. Sometimes I think if I had had a mother to warn me of the pitfalls and quagmires of married life, I might possi-

bly have escaped much suffering, and perhaps have been a better wife. We both had quick, impetuous dispositions; both needed a firm guiding hand.

It was in June that our vows were plighted, and Vivian came to live with us, in the old homestead; for my uncle would not consent to have me leave him, as he was growing old, and I was all he had in the world, and he could not spare me, he said. So, when the lilacs' purple blossoms hung in thick clusters, and the carnations blossomed by the garden walk, and the pansies nestled by the garden wall, yonder, and buttercups and daisies were sprinkled richly through the emerald grass—a bright June morning—I became Vivian's bride.

I can recall every fond memory of that day; the perfume of flowers, Vivian's look of happiness, and how proud and handsome he looked; and though there was no feeling of bliss in my heart, as I had imagined there would be, I was at least proud of my noble-looking husband. But when the final words were spoken: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," a cold, icy feeling seemed settling around my heart. God pity me, 'twas the shadow of the future.

I was proud-spirited, though sensitive to a fault; Vivian defiant and unyielding; and the first year of our married life dragged miserably by. Its details I will not try to give; they are fraught with too much misery to permit me to dwell upon them, and I cannot bear their torturing memory. O, how I looked back to the happy days in the past, and what a bitter contrast they presented to the weary present.

All my sorrow and misery I strove bravely to conceal from Uncle Harry, for it would have broken his heart to have known how wretched his poor little Winnie had grown in the past year, though he frequently remarked how large my black eyes had grown, of late, and how thin I was getting; and when the loose sleeve fell from my arm, it made me shiver to see how attenuated it had become.

And then God sent us our little Millie. We called her Millicent, after my mother. I thought then that the stormy passions would cease, and the calm, quiet love of paternity would, in a measure, unite our hearts. This hope shone o'er my heart a radiant amulet, guarding it from despair.

But, alas! Vivian had become so changed! He never spent his evenings at home, and I frequently noticed that he had been drinking;

and when under the influence of wine, his withering sarcasms pierced like a barbed arrow to my very soul. He grew less attentive to business, and I suspect the excitement of the gaming-table was what kept him from home so much. He seemed hardly to know we had a babe, though day by day she grew as beautiful as a dream; and the first words I taught her lips to frame, were "darling papa." I remember how eagerly I watched for his coming, that night, and imagined that he would take her on his lap, with delight at her first baby words. O, that wretched night! Its every event is graven as with a pen of fire on my brain.

Uncle Harry had gone to lie down, complaining of feeling tired. I had sat down, with my harp, and played all the old tunes that Vivian and I used to sing, and found myself wondering why we had not sung together of late. Weary of this, I picked up a book Vivian had been reading, and my eye fell upon this sentence, underlined: "We are fearfully and wonderfully made; we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. But there is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." I nervously closed the book, for there seemed to be something prophetic in every line. I felt a strange presentiment of coming evil, that sent a chill to my heart. Night was settling over the earth, and black, portentous clouds were looming up in the west. With my little Millie in my arms, I sat and dreamed. Thus an hour went by. The storm had steadily increased, and the branches of the elm that stood near the window tossed and moaned in the gathering blackness, and the lightning flashed like an angry spirit, and the thunders rolled like the fearful rattle of artillery. Still I dreamed on, until Millie, nestling in my arms, after a fearful clap of thunder, whispered, "mama" in such a terrified manner. Then, for the first time, I realized that the rain was pouring in torrents, and the night had grown fearfully dark. Now and then a sharp flash of lightning seemed to cut the heavens, and a roar of thunder would shake the house to its foundation. A terrible fear suddenly crept to my heart, why, I know not; but, taking Millie in my arms, I fled, like a terrified child, to the kitchen. Jane, my housemaid, sat by the fire, quietly knitting, never heeding the fierce warring of the elements. Her calmness partly reassured me, and I sent her to Uncle Harry's room to see if he wanted anything, and if he was comfort-

able. In a few moments she came back, her face perfectly colorless, and almost unable to articulate. She said:

"Mrs. Holmes, I think your uncle is dying."

He had been subject to apoplexy, and I knew now why he had felt so tired. I do not know how I got to his room, but I found him in the last agonies of dissolution, with the beaded sweat standing upon his noble forehead. Poor Uncle Harry! Dying, and all alone! A few gasping, convulsive efforts, and all was over.

The night wore away, with none but us two desolate women in the house. Shall I ever forget the exquisite suffering of that night, with the corpse of my uncle lying there, stark and cold, and the wind sighing dimly through the trees, the rain beating heavily against the window pane, and anon the deep-toned thunder, like the awful voice of an offended God?

Early the next morning I sent to the store to inquire for Vivian; but no one had seen him or knew aught of him; but when business hours came, it was discovered that a few days before a forged check had been presented to the bank, and funds to the amount of three thousand dollars drawn. In Vivian's desk was found the following note, addressed to his employers:

"Messrs. ARNOLD & STONE: It will be but a few days, at least, before you are apprised of my perfidy. I make no excuses, except that I became involved by gambling; and, as one sin generally leads to another, I fraudulently procured the sum of three thousand dollars from the bank, which I will return at some time, so help me God!

"Yours, VIVIAN HOLMES."

Then I knew that he was a fugitive, fleeing from justice. O, the double wretchedness of that day, as I sat in my worse than widowhood, in that dismal house, trying to realize that this fearful calamity was not all a dream—pressing my nails into my flesh to see if I was awake or not.

Perhaps there are women in the world who would have grown strong and self-reliant under these complicated trials, but they struck me utterly dumb; and as the neighbors gathered in, some from mere curiosity, and others from a sincere desire to assist and sympathize with me, I only realized a something swaying and surging through the house, with my heart like stone within me. I sat in my large arm-

chair all day, deprived of all feeling or power. I felt like a human being suddenly frozen, with but one emotion in my whole nature; and that was, my passionate love for my child.

The employers whom Vivian had so shamefully defrauded, learning of my double misfortunes, were kind to me in the extreme; and in my gratitude I almost hated the man whose name I bore, for adding disgrace to past injury.

The funeral of my uncle was at last over, and I was alone with my crushing sorrow. The evening after the funeral, Mr. Arnold, the senior partner in the firm, called to see me, to learn what my prospects for the future were. I told him that I had always known Uncle Harry had intended that the old homestead should be mine; but having died without a will, I supposed the property confiscated; that I had not a relation, that I knew of, in the world. I remember how pitiably he looked upon me; and that look seemed like a sunbeam, warming my frozen heart.

I remained in the old homestead for a month or more, but finding my slender means rapidly diminishing, I began to see the necessity of finding some method of supporting myself. Glancing over a New York daily, I noticed an advertisement for a governess; and seating myself at my writing-desk, I wrote a hasty letter to the advertiser, stating to him that I was dependent upon my own labor for a livelihood, having of late been left so by the death of my uncle; that I had a little girl, who must also become an inmate of the family where I resided.

In a few days I received a reply from Mr. Chapin, saying that he was pleased with my letter, and I might come, if I still desired so to do, and enter upon my new duties; and that we would decide upon the terms of service when we had become more acquainted. It was all I knew of, so I packed my few home treasures and personal effects, and by night was on my way to my new home.

I found my new friend a genial, kind-hearted man, about forty-seven years of age. His wife had recently died, and he designed placing his two children under my superintendence, in his country residence; and as soon as his business could be arranged, he designed going to Europe. I felt that I should like him, from the first; and as we sat in the cheerful little sitting-room, that stormy November night, with Millie sleeping in my arms, and Eddie on a little cricket at my feet, his curly head

lying in my lap, and little Nellie, sitting quite thoughtful and dignified, for such a little lady, in her rocking-chair, by her papa, I remember thinking what a quiet home-nest it was; and I felt a sense of blessed relief that I was free from the domestic tyranny of Vivian Holmes. Yet, when I looked at Millie, I could hardly repress the groan that came surging up from my stricken soul, that she would never know a father's love and tenderness.

I often think of that pleasant evening, with all so cosy and homelike in that little sitting-room. I have passed many happy days there since, of which that night was only a preface.

Mr. Chapin soon arranged his business, and feeling that I was worthy of the trust he reposed in me, he placed the children under my entire control, with but the stipulation that I was to keep an accurate diary of all we did, every day—of the children's health and general improvement—and forward it to him weekly. "Thus, Mrs. Holmes, I shall so note their improvement," said he, "that I shall not feel so much my separation from them."

So for two years I had the entire charge of those dear children, who came to love me as a relative; and I began to find myself so attached to them as to dread Mr. Chapin's return, lest I should be separated from my darlings. Millie grew more lovely day by day, and Nellie and Eddie seemed to love her as a sister. I now look back to that two years as the happiest of my life, with the innocent child-angels as my companions.

By-and-by Mr. Chapin returned, and brought with him the former pastor of the church at B—, who had been travelling on the continent for his health. He was to resume his pastoral duties in B—, and was to become an inmate of Mr. Chapin's family. Mr. Chapin expressed himself highly gratified with the care I had bestowed upon his children, and desired no change. So we made a very cosy family, and the winter passed pleasantly away.

CHAPTER II.

"Thou art the victor, Death!
Thou comest—and where is that which spoke
From the depths of the eye, when the bright soul
woke?"

Gone, with the fitting breath!"

A DARKENED chamber—hushed tread—stifled sobs—and low whispers—an anxious mother, whose very life seems going out with the existence of her child, and you have the

next scene in the drama of my sorrowful life. My little Millie was *dying*. Do you know what it means, reader? Have you ever stood over your last hope, and seen the taper flicker, and for a moment brighten, and then suddenly go out, leaving you to grope in Egyptian darkness? Have you ever seen the longing gaze of dumb, mute agony—the short, gasping breath—the damps clinging to the dear brow? Do you remember the death-rattle—the cold chill, that curdled the blood in your veins—and then how you straightened out the little limbs, at last feeling that all was over, and the idol you had set up on your hearth-altar, with such bright, glad hopes, as fairy scenery, was lying in ruins, smitten by the stern iconoclast, death? While I gaze upon this cheerless picture, my fast-falling tears speak to me of the vanity of life, and the frailty of our earthly hopes.

And Millie, my all, was gone. God seemed very cruel to me, then, to take my one little ewe lamb. That October day brought another sad anniversary in my life, to be commemorated with tears.

The undertaker, with his catlike tread, stepping very softly, measuring the little body for the "narrow house." O God! must those little limbs, which I had adorned with beautiful garments, in my motherly pride, become the feast of loathsome, crawling worms? O God, pity me, pity me! Then the coffin, with its silver plate, with "Millie Holmes, aged four years," engraved thereon. The touching prayer of Maurice Loring, as he besought God to comfort me; the melting tenderness of the friends, who grew very dear to me in that hour of trial. And so we laid her away in the beautiful country cemetery, and I went back to my lonely home. O, how I missed her! I felt so aimless, so purposeless!

One morning, about a week after little Millie died, I noticed Nellie's voice sounded husky, and a feverish glow was on her cheek. I cannot give the details, my heart is already so wrung in writing of Millie's death. But two days we watched beside her, and the sad scene of Millie's death was re-enacted, and Nellie, whom we all so loved, was an angel in heaven. That dread disease, diphtheria, had robbed our home of its two child-angels, and Mr. Chapin and I wept together over the two little newly-made graves.

Eddie sorrowed so for his playmates, that his father decided to take him to his grandmother's for a short visit, and I accepted the situation as teacher in the public school, find-

ing I could not live in that lonely home without constant employment.

I was thrown daily into contact with Maurice Loring, and I felt, as I met him day after day, an irresistible fascination in his society. I felt that I was in the presence of genius, though no attempt at display was ever made. When I saw him in the pulpit, my heart warmed with his feeling eloquence. When he knelt with us, night and morning, around the family altar, my soul was uplifted by his fervor, and I felt that I prayed as I never had before.

All this time, very singularly, my husband had never been mentioned; but, from my wearing mourning, I had evidently been mistaken for a widow.

One evening Mr. Loring and I sat by the fire in the little sitting-room. "Mrs. Holmes," said he, "I have often wondered why you should wear that look of habitual suffering, which I have noticed ever since I knew you. Do not imagine I wish to intrude upon a hidden grief," he added, as he saw my startled look of anguish; "yet, if you could have some friend to speak to of your sorrow, it seems to me you could bear it better."

At that moment I had no idea of confiding in him, for the bare mention of my husband would send the blood surging around my heart, and almost suffocate me; but somehow his tenderness and sympathy melted down my icy reserve, and before I knew what I had done, I had told him all my past sufferings—my wrongs and sorrow. I spared not myself. I told him how my heart had gradually turned from Vivian, and how I feared my coldness and lack of tenderness had driven him to ruin.

"Thus you see me, Mr. Loring, a wife, whose husband is a criminal fleeing from justice! O, if I could live over the past, I would strive to live less for self; and although my marriage was an ill-advised one, yet it was marriage, and was entered upon voluntarily; and I am now reaping the reward of unfulfilled duty.

"Perhaps," he replied, "you might have been more patient and long-suffering; yet, where love dwells not in the household, this is very hard. An unhappy marriage is the terrible visitation of Heaven upon those who have voluntarily taken upon themselves vows they knew they were incapable of performing; yet the past cannot be recalled, and you must leave it with the Lord. In the present there is pardon for every penitent, suffering soul, and your work is in the future."

He talked to me long thus, while I sat crushing the evening paper in my hand; and I felt that this confidence in another had lightened my burden. That one evening's conversation had drawn us together more than all our past six months' intercourse had done; and when he had repeated the sweet text, so full of hope, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God—to them who are the called according to his purpose," I felt at that moment that I could cast all my burden of care at the feet of Jesus.

As he sat by the fire, his brown curls shading his noble forehead, and his face glowing with sympathy, I thought, why was not Vivian Holmes like Maurice Loring? Then I should not to-day have been mourning thus over past errors. Shall the night of tempest never be past? Must I never again see the bright sun of peace, after this weary night of tears?

While these thoughts were crowding the hot tears into my eyes, and the feeling of suffocation round my heart, he quietly took the paper from my hand and smoothed it out, saying, "Here is a list of the killed and wounded in the last battle." As he glanced over it, down almost to the bottom of the column, I saw him shudder, and a peculiar look come into his face; and when he pointed to Vivian's name among the rebel wounded and prisoners, a sick, giddy feeling was all I knew. When I first recovered consciousness, I saw Mr. Loring bending over me; his eyes filled with tears, as he said softly to himself, "Poor, stricken child, God help her! By-and-by the sick languor that follows fainting passed away, and all was clear again.

"I must go to him," said I, rising. "Yes, you must go," he replied. And so, an hour after, I was aboard the train, hastening to the hospital in Virginia, where he whose name I bore, whom I had not seen for more than three years, was lying wounded, perhaps dying! Thank God! he did not know how bitterly I had hated him for all the wrong he had done me; and now, at the thought of his suffering and helplessness, my heart strangely warmed toward him.

I arrived at the hospital Wednesday evening, and the matron, a kind, motherly woman, met me at the door. In answer to my inquiries, she said he was very low, and undoubtedly past hope. How my heart reproached me as I saw him, looking so deathly, for my past coldness and neglect. All his bitterness and withering sarcasms were for-

gotten, as he turned upon his pillow, and his face lighted up. He put out his hand,

"Winnie!"—"Vivian!"

That was our greeting; and the matron left us there. I told him of Uncle Harry's death, and our little Millie, and the hot tears that mingled with his were in pity for him, in his contrition and grief. He asked me to pray for him. O, how my heart *was* praying that God would pardon him before he died; and I believe my prayers were answered.

"Forgive me, Vivian," I said, "that I have not been a better wife."

"Do not, dear Winnie," said he, "heap burning coals on my head by asking my forgiveness, when you have all to forgive and I nothing. 'Tis I who have brought all this misery and wretchedness upon us both. I could scarcely have hoped that you would come to me if I had written to you; but your coming in my hour of need proves how good a wife you are, and what you would have been had I performed my duty."

O how I blessed him for those words! How I blessed God that it was my privilege to be near him in the last trying hour.

Just as the day was breaking he died, his hand tightly pressed in mine, and a smile of peace upon his countenance, and I believe in that last hour God pardoned him for the past.

I buried him beside our little Millicent, in the quiet churchyard at B——, and resumed my labors as Eddie Chapin's governess—praying daily for a calm trustfulness in the infinitude of the God who says, "I will never leave thee or forsake thee."

Twice the sad anniversary of my little Millie's death rolled around, and we sat in the same little sitting-room, Maurice and I, waiting for the train that was to bring Mr. Chapin and his new bride home. I remember how every article of furniture was placed, and how I held a little copy of Mrs. Hemans's poems open at the passage in "Arabella Stuart."

"The storm is stilled.

Father in heaven! Thou, only thou, canst sound
The heart's great deep, with floods of anguish filled,
For human line too fearfully profound.
Therefore, forgive, my Father! if thy child,
Rocked on its heaving darkness, hath grown wild,
And sinned in her despair! It well may be,
That thou wouldst lead my spirit back to thee,
By the crushed hope too long in this world poured,
The stricken love which hath perchance adored
A mortal in thy place! Now let me strive
With thy strong arm no more! Forgive! forgive!
Take me to peace."

I stood by the deep bay window, crushing some geranium leaves in my hand, the silent tears coursing down my cheek. Presently, Maurice's arm was about me, and he whispered:

"Winnie, darling, are you lonely?"

His brown curls lay back lovingly from his white forehead, and he stooped and pressed a warm kiss upon my trembling lips. He told me then how void life would be without me, and my soul went out to meet him with the fervor of woman's passionate love; and when I promised to be his wife, and labor with him in the Master's vineyard, I felt that God had been leading me in a mysterious way, but at last I had reached the green pastures and still waters of peace.

I have been nearly a year Maurice Loring's wife, and God has blessed our union, founded on pure love; but I never look back to the stormy years of my first marriage without shudderingly thinking that a marriage without love must surely bring its own punishment.

THERE IS A GOD.

BY A. A. DAYTON.

The soft winds rustle on in silvery strains,
And roses open in the spring's soft rains,
Sweet grasses spring beneath man's plodding feet,
And brightest birds sing anthems pure and sweet;
The sunlit dewdrops sprinkle all the sod,
And sinful, jealous man doubts there's a God.

The soft winds whisper through the emerald trees,
The wavelets ripple on the amber seas,
The thunder rolling loud, with lightning shod,
In mighty voice proclaims "There is a God!"

TAPESTRY.

The manufacture of tapestry was one in which the ancient Persians and Babylonians excelled, and from them it was afterwards acquired by the Greeks and Romans. In the time of the Anglo-Saxons the tapestry work of the English ladies was held in great estimation in foreign countries, and was generally applied to religious purposes. The particular species of woven or embroidered stuffs now known under the name of tapestry was invented at Brussels at the commencement of the fifteenth century, and was introduced into England at the end of the reign of Henry VIII.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

AN ADVENTURE IN TEXAS.

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 BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.  
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WHEN the Texans first raised the standard of revolt against the tyranny of Mexico, then ruled by the will and caprice of Santa Anna, I was lounging around the corners and bar-rooms of New Orleans, ready to take a drink with any one that saw fit to give me an invitation. This had been my only business for the last two months, since my return from my hunting tramp up the Red River. I had been tolerably successful, and I and my two companions, Bill Smith and Sam Perkins, had sold our packs of furs for a couple a hundred apiece. With this we had plunged into all the dissipation that money could help us to, and at the end of the first month we were completely broke and dependent upon our summer friends for any chance we got to wet our throats. This was not very often, for that sort of friends no sooner found that our money was gone, than they did not know us when they met us on the street, the very chaps that a week before had vowed that they would stand by us as long as life and whiskey would last.

This treatment, stranger, used to rile me considerable, and more than one of those chaps did I pick a quarrel with, and as a reward get locked up for a day or two, and then dragged into court, where they would fine me a dollar or two, which my friends always managed to pick up somewhere, and buy me off with it, from the clutches of them sharks who can never let a fellow enjoy himself in a little fight without making a little pile out of the scrape. Once I dared them to a brush with me, and as a reward got fined five dollars, and I should have been locked up for a month, had not one of my old cronies, who had just come in with his pack and had not had time to spend his money, happened into court and paid my fine for me, and then advised me to keep a civil tongue in my head as long as I had no money in my pocket; a piece of advice that I concluded to swallow, at the same time that I did a glass of whiskey at his expense.

This was my condition, growing worse every day until I could hardly find a place to lay my head, and Bill and Sam being in the same

strait, we had about made up our minds to take another tramp up the river, in the hopes of bettering our affairs, when the news came that the Texans had made up their minds to take care of themselves; which the Mexicans could not make up their minds to allow, and as a matter of course, nothing remained but a free fight on a big scale.

Perhaps you can remember, stranger, what a sensation there was all over the Union, when the news of the outbreak between Mexico and Texas reached there. Uncle Sam had had an eye upon Texas for a long time, and now was the time to secure her if ever. The government didn't want to meddle; but there was enough of her sons that did; and more than one young fellow made up his mind to start for the scene of conflict the moment that the first blood should be shed.

People on corners and in the bar-rooms was all "on end," as the saying is, when the news came that a fight was certain to take place, and one young chap began to form a company to go at once to the help of their neighbors. I and Bill and Sam at once put down our names, and as the young chap seemed to have plenty of money, we let him provide us with estables and what whiskey we wanted to drink, and this he done for a week for as many as thirty of us.

Not long after, news came of the first brush that old Sam Houston had with the Mexicans; and if the first news caused a sensation, this made a perfect excitement. Everybody, including the niggers, talked of nothing, thought of nothing, except the fight going on almost at their own door. In them days, stranger, a battle where fifty was killed and wounded was considered a great affair, but now-a-days since we've had our fight in our own family, such a little brush as that is thought nothing of. They must lose at least a thousand on a side for the papers to make a mention of it.

The news hadn't been known in New Orleans twenty-four hours, before our company was filled, and in three days from the time that we had heard that the fight had certainly begun, we was on our way to join Old Sam,

as the boys came to call the old veteran.

It wouldn't interest you a bit, I don't suppose, to have me relate the particulars of our journey, so I'll only say that in good time we arrived safely at the camp of the Texans, and was warmly welcomed by Old Sam and the crowd of boys that he had gathered around him; a greater part of whom were natives of the country, for the fellows from the States had not begun to arrive very thickly, although it was not long before they came pouring in as thick as bees round a hive.

There were some Yankees there, scattered round like plums in a pudding, and like them, they were the life of the camp. Some of them had made their home in the country for some time previous; a good many of them finding the States too hot to hold them, owing to some misdeeds, and those chaps were the life of the camp, and the leading spirits in the enterprise that the Texans had entered upon.

We lay in this spot about three weeks, every day receiving numerous recruits, until at last Old Sam had quite an army gathered around him, and began to think of commencing offensive movements against a large body of Mexicans that were encamped some ten miles away on the plains, and who report said every day were about to attack us; but owing to some reason the attack was not made. One day the scouts would bring in word that their forces was not half our number. The next it would be as large again, and the next three times as large; and these conflicting stories puzzled us all, from Old Sam down to the nigger cooks, who seemed as much interested in the affairs of the day as did their masters.

Several attempts were made to ascertain the exact number of the enemy, but were unsuccessful, all being foiled by their wariness, or the unworthiness of the scouts, to whom was entrusted the duty of penetrating if possible, their camp, and finding out their strength and intentions. One or two had succeeded in entering the boundaries of their camp, but they were not so successful in getting out again, and it was probable that they had at once been murdered by the incensed Mexicans, as soon as their true character was discovered.

One afternoon, about two hours before sunset, our captain came up to where I and a half dozen others were lying on the ground, and by a motion gave me to understand that he wished to speak to me alone. I got up and walked towards my tent, but before I reached it he came up with me.

"Come with me," he said. "General Houston wishes to see you."

"Wishes to see me!" exclaimed I, in wonderment, "what can he want of me? And how did he know that there was such a person in the camp?"

"Never mind now, you'll find out what he wants when you get to his tent. All he knows about you is what I have told him. I fancy that he wants you to go on some sort of an undertaking that requires a good deal of caution and cunning. We shall know in a few minutes what it is."

Revolving in my mind what the general could possibly want, and why the captain had recommended me in preference to others, we went on, and at last stood before the door of the tent, where the guard that was stationed before it, at once allowed us to pass when he saw who my companion was.

The captain lifted his hat as he entered the tent, and I did the same when I caught sight of the general sitting upon a drum-head beside a box that served him for a table, upon which was spread a map of the country, and which upon our entrance he was studying intently. He looked up at our entrance.

"Well, captain, is this the man?" he said, as his eye fell upon me close behind him.

"Yes, general. He is the one I spoke to you about, and I think that you will find him brave and intelligent, and ready to do anything that you may require of him."

"Very good, you may go now."

The captain again lifted his hat, and then turned and passed out, leaving me alone with the general. For fifteen or twenty minutes I remained in the tent, and part of that time the general was talking, and the rest gazing upon the map that I have referred to, lying before him. When I was ready to take my leave, he said:

"If you are successful in this enterprise, you shall be well rewarded. Be cautious, and keep your eyes about you, for you have devils, not men, to deal with."

I went straight to my tent. I found the captain there, and knew that he was waiting for me. I knew by his face the question he would ask.

"You will go?" he said.

"Yes; I am off as soon as I can get ready. I came here for danger and excitement, and I am glad of a chance to shake the rust from me."

"And to earn, perhaps, a captain's commission?"

"Maybe, although I do not expect it."

"You will get it, if you come back successful, and that you will do if you come at all. Which horse will you take?"

"My own, the one I rode here. There are many that are prized higher, but my gray suits me the best."

"Very well; she is good for a short heat?"

"Or a long one either. She suits me."

A half hour later, and I was out on the plain alone. The encampment of the Texans was hidden from view, and when should I see it again? Perhaps never; for before my return I was to go through the camp of the Mexicans, and if my errand was discovered, a short shrift would be all that would be left me.

As I have before stated, it was about ten miles between the encampments of the rival armies, and about half this distance was over a level plain, free from tree or shrub. This ground had been considered as held by the Texans, and during my ride to the edge of the timber that skirted the opposite side, I had seen none except those that wore the colors of the cause I had espoused. I had exchanged greetings with a number of horsemen as they galloped up to me to ascertain my character, whether friend or foe, and all of them had wished me a safe return.

At last I entered the timber that grew along the banks of a small brook that emptied its waters into a deep canon that ran parallel with the course I had come. It was one of those deep water-courses that occur so often in the west, with high banks, often impossible to scale, and by whose side many a traveller has died of thirst, while far below him he could see the bright, sparkling water. The sun was just sinking as I entered the timber and dismounted from my horse. Divesting myself of the garments I usually wore, I undid the bundle that I had brought with me, and soon stood arrayed in the uniform of the Mexican army. My own garments I threw away, and then carefully led my horse through the deep gully to the edge of the plain that stretched away on the opposite side.

At every step I expected to encounter a Mexican, for the timber was always full of them, but I was fortunate enough not to, and I rode out into the plain that was held by the enemy just as the dusk was coming rapidly down, as good looking a Mexican to outward appearance as ever rode thereon.

One, two miles were passed, and I had not seen a human being. Had the enemy deserted

his camping-ground, or did he feel so secure that he thought it needless to keep out his scouts?

Another mile with no sound except the striking of my horse's hoofs upon the hard ground, and the murmuring of the water far down in the bottom of the canon, as it glided over its rocky bed. Suddenly I was startled by a loud shout behind me. I turned, and beheld a Mexican well mounted in hot pursuit. I slackened the speed of my horse, and allowed him to come up.

"Who are you?" he said, in Mexican jargon, which I could talk like a native.

"A scout, like yourself," was my reply. "Have you seen anything of the rebels?"

"Not this side of the chapparal; but they are thick enough beyond. Have you seen any signs of any?"

"Not one. Are you going into camp?"

"Yes; my time is up."

"So is mine. Let us go in together."

We rode slowly along. I told my companion that I had been but a short time with the army, and by dint of adroit questioning I learned all that I was requested to by my general, and much more that I knew he would be pleased to hear. Not having the slightest suspicions, he told me all that he knew, all that I could have learned in their camp, had I staid a week. Their position, their numbers, and the intention of their commander, as far as any of the men knew, and those that acted as scouts would of course know more than ordinary privates.

I had succeeded thus far much better than I had expected. I had learned all I wished, and had not been obliged to venture into the camp. Now was my time to turn back. How was I to rid myself of my companion? If I turned back his suspicions would be aroused. I could have shot him, but I did not want to do that, although he was a Mexican. He had not harmed me, and I cared not to take his life.

Something must be done, and that quickly; for every step was bringing us nearer the camp, that was now close at hand, just behind another belt of timber similar to that through which I had passed, and I could see the camp fires glimmering through the trees. I must act at once, or I should be carried into the hostile camp that I had intended to enter had not the project been rendered useless by what I had already learned.

We were riding side by side. His horse's head was close to that of mine. A thought

flashed through my mind. As quick as the thought I placed a pistol to the ear of his horse and fired; and at the same moment, I wheeled mine quickly round. I glanced round, and saw the horse spring into the air and then fall heavily to the ground, carrying his rider with him. I waited to see no more, but spoke to my horse, and was off like a flash.

The moon was up, and the plain was almost as light as day. I could see and be seen. Suddenly there came a shout behind me. I glanced back, and saw a score of horsemen ride out from the wood. I saw my late comrade standing by his fallen steed, gesticulating towards me. They gave a shout, and came on like a whirlwind.

I knew what my steed could bear, and I did not much fear pursuit. I spoke firmly yet gently to her, and she went as fast as I could have hoped or asked. I felt assured that she would win. My course lay along the canon that I have mentioned, and close beside it, and more than once I thought what a fearful leap it would be across it. It made me shudder then, and it does now, to think of it. We were going along in gallant style. Try as they would, they could not gain upon me. I could afford to laugh at my pursuers, and turning in the saddle, I uttered a derisive cry.

My elation was short-lived; that shout should not have been uttered; for hardly had it died away, when, to my dismay it was answered from before me. A half dozen horse-

men were coming at full gallop that way, and that they were enemies I did not, could not doubt, considering their position.

I brought my steed to a standstill. How different were my thoughts from what they were but a moment before! Was there no escape? Must I meet the fate of those that had attempted my object before and failed?

I glanced towards the canon. A ray of hope flashed through my mind. There was one chance of escape. Could my horse make that fearful leap? The canon was narrower here than it had been in many places. If I failed, it was better to die down in the water than at the hands of the incensed Mexicans. My resolution was taken.

I turned my horse's head towards the canon. My pursuers were almost upon me. I spoke to her, gave her a severe blow at the same time, and she bounded forward; the brink was reached. Not a muscle trembled as she sprang high in the air; and, stranger, you can imagine how I felt, when she struck solid ground on the opposite side. I was saved.

When out of gunshot I looked back and saw that my pursuers were on the bank, and I have no doubt that they attributed my escape to a miracle. It must have looked so to them.

It was a long way before I could cross back over the canon, and daylight had dawned before I reached the camp. I got the commission!

BOY LOVE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

PERCY FANE was just fifteen when he sailed from American shores to join his uncle in Rome. His uncle was an artist, residing permanently in that artists' Elysium; he had visited his native land the year before, and had seen that his nephew Percy was a clever, intellectual lad, with a predilection for his own calling. Thus when, only a few months later, the news of his brother's sudden death reached him in the city of the seven hills, he sent at once for the orphan, determined to educate him as his own son.

There was but one tie which young Percy Fane found it difficult to sever in going abroad. Do not smile, gentle reader, when I say the boy was ardently in love with a neighbor child—Adelaide Whitten—ten years old.

Eager as he was after the sights in the old world, descriptions of which had powerfully excited his youthful fancy, he wept for hours of his last night in America, thinking of the blue eyes and rosy cheeks of his beloved playmate.

Adelaide went down to the wharf with her parents next morning when the steamer was about to leave, and bade her prospective artist farewell. He wiped a tear from her eye, his own vision sadly blurred, and took away with him a kiss from her lips. Her last words to him were:

"Don't forget your promise—now Percy, don't!—will you?"

He assured her, with much dignity and impressiveness, that there was not the least dan-

ger that he would forget. Adalaide's parents were by, and he wished to leave behind him a good impression against the day when he should return to ask them for their daughter's hand. Then he went on board, and from the deck watched the shore as it receded, till not only blue eyes and rosy cheeks were lost to view, but his native hills, with their tree-crowned summits, sank slowly toward the distant horizon.

A prosperous voyage to England, a delightful journey across the continent, all performed under the care of a gentleman returning to Rome, and Percy was received by his uncle, and at once set to study; with suitable intervals of relaxation, however, and every accessory for physical as well as mental improvement.

"How do you like it?" he asked, a little proudly, as his uncle entered the studio a short time after he had entered upon his professional career.

"What is it?" questioned the other in return, a queer smile playing about the lips as his eyes rested on the lump of clay which his protegee had been modelling.

"O, somebody I knew at home," Percy replied, confidently. "I wish you knew her, uncle, so you could tell me if it is like. I told her the first bust I made should be of her; and she said she should remember my promise."

Much as he had thought about her, this was the first time he had spoken of Adalaide, and he could hardly have done so now, but that he was so wonderfully elated over the task which, to his mind, was as good as accomplished.

Disappointment lurks in many a prize. That evening at tea his uncle, the same comical smile playing about his lips, asked Percy how he got on with his bust. The boy artist hemmed two or three times, finally saying he had thought he would lay it by awhile.

"Uncle," he said, presently, "I wish I could learn to paint. There is so much of life in color. It seems to me a lump of colorless clay can never be very like a living person—one with blue eyes and red cheeks, for instance."

That was the last ever heard of the bust of his Adalaide over the sea. He was diligent, and in time successful in his art. Besides copying a great deal, he had modelled several original figures—one of a Caucasian female was purchased by an English gentleman for a handsome sum. But still he was obliged to

confess to himself that a bust of the girl he had left behind, and to whom his memory had fondly clung through all these years, was beyond his genius to execute. He must wait till he should see Adalaide again.

The time was not very distant now. Percy was three-and-twenty. One year more and he would visit his native land, to fulfil the dream of his boyhood in making Adalaide his wife. It was a dream that had lost none of its sweetness; the bright face of Adalaide Whitten was like a very presence to him. He looked forward with joy to the time when her real presence would be his inspiration.

One day the English gentleman who had purchased his Caucasian, entered the studio with a young lady on his arm, whom he introduced as his daughter.

Miss Ellison was very lovely to the eye of an artist, though rather after the American type than the English. She had an oval face, with a purely transparent complexion, very little color except in a pair of lips whose bright cherry hue was only matched by their exquisite chiselling. She had soft hazel eyes and abundant brown hair, a sylph-like figure, and manners gentle, without being formal or cold.

"Can you show Miss Ellison something that will please her?" said her father, addressing Percy Fane. "Some original, if you have it. Your originals are always fine."

"Thank you," returned the artist, blushing. As is usual, he had grown modest with increasing merit.

"I am afraid," he said, "I have nothing worth seeing. If you could give me time, I might, perhaps, model something. Here is a figure just completed; I had not decided whether to exhibit it or not. It is a child, passing through what we call death."

Miss Ellison paused before the figure to which the artist had led the way. She drew a quick, audible breath, and remained with slightly parted lips and her fine eyes riveted on the marble. Percy's heightened color rose even to his temples. He trembled, and was obliged to leave watching that face—the face of a critic by nature. Percy Fane had never known poverty that so often obstructs the path of genius; but if on the sale of this, his latest work, had depended the question of plenty or starvation for himself and those dearer, he could scarcely have awaited the issue more anxiously.

It was a glorious conception of art. The strain of mortal agony, doubly painful when

seen on the face of infant innocence, was just yielding to the calm, heavenly-sweet expression familiar to those who have been much by dying beds, as marking the moment of dissolution, when at last the suffering body is to be left to its welcome repose. From the little heart which seemed scarcely to have ceased its throbbing on the downy pillow where it lay, rose a winged cherub, poising itself for glad flight beyond the prison of clay. The face was the same, only, as it were, washed clean of every sorrow, and full of the radiance of immortal life.

The artist ventured a glance at the beautiful critic. She was bending over the work, and a tear which had trembled on her long lashes, fell upon the brow of the infant. It was the highest encomium that could have been lavished on his genius. Miss Ellison looked up at her father with a smile. He understood her, and instantly inquired the price of the work, adding that it must not leave Rome, however, until it had been duly exhibited. The enthusiastic tone of the remark told how fully he shared his daughter's appreciation.

While the bargain was being negotiated, Miss Ellison went over to a sofa, and the day being warm, rested there, fanning herself, with her hat off and the heavy lace shawl pushed back from her shoulders. She could not have been more unconscious, but during those brief minutes the eyes of the artist were never once withdrawn from her person.

No sooner had his visitors quitted the studio than Percy sprang towards a lump of clay in readiness for modelling, and wrought on it for hours without cessation. When summoned to dinner he declined, and worked steadily on. At last, stepping back to view his work, he came in contact with his uncle, who was looking over his shoulder. He had entered the studio some minutes before and had spoken to the young man, who did not hear him, so earnestly was he engaged. Percy now turned toward him with an expression, first of surprise at his presence, then of interrogation as to the success of his task.

"It is the most perfect thing you have yet done," said the master, enrapturedly, "Has the Englishman been here with his daughter, pray, or have you met Miss Ellison elsewhere?"

Answering briefly, Percy closed his eyes with a satisfied smile, and sank into a chair, exhausted.

When, a day or two after, his patron reappeared in the studio, Percy carelessly drew

aside the curtain behind which the bust had stood concealed, and witnessed the stare of amazement with which he recognized the perfect image of his child. Mr. Ellison shook the artist warmly by the hand, bidding him name his price for the work, and not be too modest, as of course the bust must go with them to England.

In reply, Percy said that as the other had paid munificently for his late purchase, if Miss Ellison would accept of this, it would gratify him exceedingly.

Do not fancy that Percy Fane was in love with pretty Maud Ellison. He was in love with art, and all she was to him was associated with that art.

He met Miss Ellison a few times between this and his sailing for America. How blest the day when after nine years' absence he set his face again toward his native land! How blest the day, and all because of a pair of blue eyes, a pair of rosy cheeks—the essence of his boy-love.

It may appear somewhat strange that between the American artist in Italy and the girl of his heart in America, in all these years no regular correspondence had existed. Percy's letters to Adalalde had been longer and much more frequent than hers to him. In the last letter received from Adalalde, written fully six months previous to his intended voyage, she had said something about letter-writing being such a bore; and Percy confessed to himself that it was indeed a poor substitute for that freer interchange of thought face to face with those we love. He consoled himself that the long period of their separation drew rapidly to a close.

As at the close of the voyage he trod again his native soil, the thought occurred to him how little he actually knew of Miss Whitten at present. Some demon even whispered him that for aught he knew she might be already married; but he rejected the idea with scorn; he would believe her heart had continued true to him as his to her. The child face rose again before him, and his heart danced in ecstasy at the thought that within a couple of hours he should behold it again.

It was evening when the train set him down in his native town and within a distance of a quarter of a mile from Mr. Whitten's residence. He walked immediately thither, and was met at the door by an elderly man, whom he at once recognized as Adalalde's father, and who almost as readily recognized him.

"We didn't know exactly when you would

be here, my dear Percy," said the old man. "In fact, we wa'n't lookin' out for you just yet."

"I know—where is Adalaide?"

"O, she's run into Mr. Roby's just yonder. The housekeeper and her is great friends. The housekeeper is Adalaide's Aunt Susan—perhaps you remember?"

Percy did not answer either yes or no, but when Mr. Whitten said he would go and fetch Adalaide home, her lover from over the sea observed that he would go with him. There may have been some slight embarrassment in the man's manner; however, his young friend was too much occupied with his own blissful emotions to perceive it.

Near the door of the house at which they were to call, a neighbor spoke to Mr. Whitten, detaining him a moment. The night was warm, and doors and windows were wide open. The young man waiting impatiently at the threshold, could not forbear looking through a small square entry into a lighted room, where sat a man of thirty-five or thereabout, in his shirt sleeves, said sleeves bearing evidence of honorable, no doubt, but not very clean occupation on the part of the wearer—coarse beard and ropy hair; and a young woman who might have been about Adalaide's age, with a backgammon board between the two. A great stout masculine woman, with a washbowl in one hand and the other resting on her hip, stood by, watching the game. Two blowy children were playing noisily about the room.

"That's her—that's Adalaide," whispered the father, standing behind Percy, with his face close to his ear.

"Which? where?" said the other, in a bewildered way.

"Her that's playin' backgamme with Mr. Roby. They're dreadful fond of backgamme, both of 'em."

"No!"

The monosyllable escaped Percy's lips in a startled exclamation, which reached the ears of those within the room. The young woman sprang to her feet, upsetting the board and scattering its contents over the floor, exciting an extra clatter with the two blowy children, and seizing a candle, bounced towards the door.

"There, I know who it is—you needn't be so sly. My gracious! Percy Fane! I was thinking of you not three hours ago."

With that the charming Adalaide, the artist's ideal, flung herself upon him in a

mass which the slender youth had to exert himself to the utmost to support. The siege was not a lengthy one, or assuredly his physical inability would have compelled a surrender.

"Come—come in," said she then, in a high-pitched voice, evidently the natural key. "I want to introduce you to these folks."

Percy begged to be excused, muttering something about being dusty with travel.

"O fudge!" returned his Adalaide, "I hope you haint grown stuck up."

She returned to the room, and caught from a table a dark calico cape-bonnet, which she threw upon her head.

"Good-night, Jacob," she said, standing beside the man, who, after one first stare, in which he comprehended the proceedings, had fixed his eyes on the recovered backgammon board, and continued glumly overturning his dice-box and returning the dice to it again. "Good-night, Jacob; I'll finish out that game some other time."

The man neither spoke nor looked up, and she went past him and out at the door. Before they were many paces from the house, however, the stout woman suddenly darkened the doorway, and called Adalaide back into the entry, where she said something to her in a hasty, hissing whisper, to which her niece replied in her sonorous tones:

"Never you meddle with it, anyhow, Aunt Susan. I shall do as I'm a mind to, I guess." And she came dashing forth once more to her waiting artist.

How to describe the sensations of Percy Fane! In truth his senses were much beclouded, and he grappled with the facts only just enough to persistently deny within himself over and over, the suggestion that this was Adalaide. For an hour the young couple sat alone, in chairs which she had drawn snugly side by side. Mr. Whitten had retired directly they came in. It principally fell to Adalaide's share to sustain the conversation, and she proved entirely equal to the task. But such a conversation! At any time Percy Fane would have heard it all the same as the clack of a mill-wheel; but sitting by that ponderous creature like a soldier sheltered behind earthworks, he seemed to hear all about him the roar of cannon and bursting of shells, and he shivered with a savor of genuine fear.

By the time the hour was up, he had heard sketched, if only he had been aware of it, the family history of most of those who had moved

into the village since he went away. He rose, saying he would go to the public house now; he presumed they closed early, as they used in former days; besides which, he was quite travelworn. If he had confessed all, he would have said his spirit was a good deal more fatigued than his body.

"Stop here," interposed Adalaide. "To be sure you will. We expected it of course. We've plenty of beds. Father'll surely think I've give you the mitten."

Had Percy Fane been a fugitive from justice, knowing the police were close upon him, he would still have declined to take refuge for a night beneath the same roof with Adalaide Whitten. All the while in her presence he had felt like one stifling to death; he longed for free air and a chance to reflect in order to decide whether he was in Europe or America, awake, or suffering the horrors of nightmare.

As they stood face to face in that not over affectionate leave-taking, the artist nerved himself to take in for the first time fully the *tout ensemble* of her whom he had chosen from boyhood to be his bride.

Miss Whitten could have lacked little if anything of six feet in height, with abundant proportions. Her shoulders were particularly massive and broad; and a habit of carrying her head forward when she walked, and of slouching in her chair, gave them always the appearance of having been rounded by severe labor, and took away all possibility of any grace of manner which might have made one forget the unattractiveness of her person. Her eyes were as blue as ever, but expressionless as the toe of a stocking wrung out of our grandmother's dye-tub. Her cheeks were a deal redder than he remembered them, and broad and polished as a red morocco chair-cushion.

Well might one pity the stranger who slept with the artist that night in the narrow limits of the country inn. Slept, did I say? Rest in the chamber occupied by him was as scarce as with Sancho Panza while undergoing his celebrated ordeal of being tossed in a blanket. What to do, he was ever asking himself. For the time he felt his life to be an utter and a bitter failure. O, for his vanished dreams!

But what to do? Could he honorably break his engagement long and fully implied, if not actually binding him in so many words? The alternative was to marry Adalaide and take her with him to Italy, introduce her to Maud Ellison even as he had so pleasantly contemplated, and ask them to be friends!

Never—never! The thought gave him an ague. If she had but died in his absence, so that on this his coming he could have wept over her grave and still have cherished his ideal! Yet why should she die? Why, indeed?

Morning came, and Percy was as much at a loss as ever. The landscape he had yearned to see once more, had not one charm for him now. Should he be off by the morning train, leaving a letter for Adalaide, or could he be brave enough to see her again and endeavor to arrive at an understanding, that they might not part so as to entail any unpleasant memories? He gazed out upon the river, in whose waters, a boy, he had so often cast his hook and line, and wondered whether it would be so very unchristian after all, for him to throw himself in and drift over the milldam.

He had just risen from the early breakfast table, all untroubled by burnt biscuits and tough flabby steak, when Mr. Whitten appeared, and with considerable evident embarrassment, requested a private interview. Did Adalaide and her father suspect the truth, then? Most probably, but as matters could scarcely be much worse than they were, he had nothing to fear, and indeed resolved instantly not to conceal his sentiments, but to utter them forthwith in a way not to be misunderstood.

The two—the old man and the young—walked away out the country road together. Having passed the last dwelling within the village environs, the former hemmed several times and began:

"Adalaide wanted me to come and see you. Hem! I hope you won't think hard on us, Mr. Fane. I'm sure she means no wrong, though it does look like she oughter made up her mind afore you come. You see, Jacob Roby there, is a widower with them two children you see last night, and he's set on marryin' my girl. He has knowed pretty near how things stood betwixt you and she, and the minute you come, he was horribly jealous. He waited round till you left the house, and then went in, and I guess him and Adalaide sot up a-talkin' of it over till most mornin'. The upshot of it is, he won't hear a word to givin' of her up, and for her own part she says, if you aint goin' to be too terribly disappointed, now as you've took such pains—"

"My very dear sir," interrupted the listener, seizing his hand and shaking it all the while he was speaking, "I do assure you that in this case Miss Whitten's happiness is my own."

"Well, it isn't every young man as would be so generous," rejoined the father of Adalaide, venturing to smile as one who sees his prospect brighten. "It isn't strange if I want to keep my youngest darter by me."

"No indeed—by no means!"

"Jacob," pursued the old man, growing very friendly and confidential, "is a right industrious honest man as any in town, and he's more than comfortably off in the world. Him and me has often joked about swappin' house-keepers afore long, for I may as well say I'm to take Adalaide's Aunt Susan to fill the place of her mother that died three years ago. I expect, though I didn't altogether see it sooner, that we've all on us set our hearts a good deal on our girl and Jacob marryin'. If you was goin' to live here, Mr. Fane, I really think it might a-been different, for Adalaide respects you very much—very much; but she says, to go off with any man among them Pagans."

"I am not so devoid of feeling, so utterly selfish, as to insist on it," cried Percy, snatching the old man's hand. "Pray be kind enough to convey to Miss Whitten my very best wishes for her happiness, and—and—Jacob Roby's, and the two children—and so forth. Allow me, my dear sir, to offer my congratulations to yourself, that you are about to renew the matrimonial tie with one who is doubtless every way qualified to bring sunshine to your home, and strew with flowers the path of your declining years."

This unbounded generosity almost overcame the recipient. His hand, when Percy resigned it, fell to his side as limp as a wet bulrush, while a tear ran down by easy stages, on either side of a long sharp nose. It was as much as he could do to utter in a cracked voice, having in it all the notes of the scale jumbled together:

"Depend 'pon it, Mr. Percy, we shan't none on us forget you."

The other dragged out his hunter and touched the spring. It wanted ten minutes to the time when the train was due. Its rumble was just then heard, as it came through a tunnel on its headlong course.

"I must hasten back to the station—good-by, my friend."

"Good-by, and Heaven bless ye, sir."

"It has blessed me—it has. I am blest indeed!" And he repeated the words many times, in dashing down the village street to the station, at which he arrived in time to catch the passing train.

Percy Fane returned to Italy alone. Speedily as he came back to his home, the best thoughts of his heart preceded him to that sunny land. If when he should arrive, Maud Ellison were still there, he should be happy—at least he would dare ask her to make him so. Maud after all was his ideal. He felt like one who has fatigued himself with searching in the wrong place for a coveted object, and ascertained at last, the true locality where it may be found.

He returned to Rome, and three months thereafter led Miss Ellison to the altar. Then, as never before, he could say—"Heaven has blessed me."

To-day a beautiful boy prattles in the artist's studio—a boy with hazel eyes, the shape and color of Maud's, but with Percy's soul looking through them, upon the creations of art which surround them. The artist pauses in his work, seating himself beside his sweet *spirituelle* wife, on the very sofa where she sat on that ever-to-be-remembered day of her first visit to the place, and with a peculiar smile on his fine features, remarks that he has received a letter from a very old friend, then reads aloud the following passage:

"I hope you won't think me heartless when I say I am just as happy as I can be. We have been married three years, and my second little girl is four months old. Folks say they both look exactly like me. If ever I have a boy, I shall name him Percy after you. Jacob and father sends their best respects. We should all be glad of a letter from you. I often think of that winter we used to slide down hill on your new sled."

"ADALAIDE."

DISGRACING THE FAMILY.

A female cousin of the late Tyrone Powers was one day reciting some passages from Shakespeare in the presence of the comedian. She did it so well that it attracted his attention. Turning to his uncle, the girl's father, who detested actors and theatres, he said:

"Uncle, let me have Kate, and I'll make a star out of her."

"Begone, sir!" cried the irate old man. "We have one diverting vagabond in the family to disgrace it, and I'll not add to it by permitting a child of mine to become one."

The young lady who was accused of breaking a young man's heart has been bound in the bonds of matrimony to keep the peace.

FIRST AND LAST.

BY KATE PUTNAM.

THE last load of pumpkins had been brought up from the intervals. Weston Sands took them to the barn, where, tipping the cart, he let the great yellow bodies roll over the floor. After storing them in one corner, he tossed two or three over-ripe ones, which had broken in the fall, to the eager cattle in the yard outside; then, after a parting look to make sure that all was right, he fastened the barn doors and went straight to the house, where he threw himself down, his head on his hands, and his hands on the table. A sound as of the "shooing" of hens in the shedway beyond, and directly entered a thin, anxious-looking woman, who started a little at view of the stalwart but dejected figure before her.

"What, Weston, you here?" standing beside him and speaking somewhat anxiously. "What makes you so down-hearted, like? 'Something wrong?'"

"I was thinking, mother," he answered, but did not immediately raise his head. She asked no more, but stood there, silently stroking his hair. After a time he spoke again; quickly, nervously, like one who hastens to be rid of words which he hates to speak.

"I've been talking with Jim Bean about the men that are going from the village, and—can you spare another soldier, mother? There, it's all out, now!" and he looked questioningly in her face, which had whitened visibly through its sallow paleness. There was a pause.

"You're the last of four, Weston, but if you feel you've had a call—" her voice trembled and she stopped. Her son stood up and put his strong arm about her affectionately.

"It's too bad to ask you, I know; but if you could see how my heart's in it, day and night. I can't make it seem anything but mean for me to stay at home and let other men fight for me. I'm not speaking for people generally; some may have good reasons to keep 'em at home; but as for me—" straightening up proudly—"I look able-bodied, don't I, and fit to take my part with the rest? But mother,"—and his voice dropped from its confident tone to a lower key—"I can't go if it's going to make you miserable."

He stopped, for his mother bent forward, her face alive with feeling, and the flush of excitement on her cheek bringing back a trace of her girlish comeliness as she spoke, slowly but deliberately:

"My son, you are the last of my boys—my baby! I'm getting old, now, and I looked to your arm to support me till you closed my eyes. It's a bitter blow to lose you; but as long as you feel like what you say, I would tell you to go if I knew I was sending you to your death!"

Her voice did not tremble now, but there was a noble ring in it as she ceased to speak. Her son grasped her hand, and, as they stood together thus, the strong excitement of the moment brought out an unmistakable likeness between the two faces, one pale, wasted, the other glowing with health and life; while the blaze that leaped from either eye, told of heroic souls to which death was not the worst evil. But they were quiet New England people, naturally averse to any show of strong emotion; so presently Mrs. Sands moved away about her household labors, and Weston busied himself in whittling splinters for tomorrow's kindlings. It was only after she had set the table and put the tea to steep on the stove, that the mother resumed the conversation by asking Weston some question with regard to his father.

"Well," answered he, "I partly talked with father about it last week; I thought from his manner, whenever I hinted that way, that he wouldn't object if you didn't."

"And how about Milly? Have you ever told her?"

At this question the young man's face darkened, and he finished a whole splinter before answering.

"Why no, I haven't—but mother," and his tone was suddenly almost indignant—"surely, if you can let me go, she can!"

The mother shook her head sadly; "Young girls are apt to be unreasonable, Weston, and they aint always willin' to wait for a man. It's like enough you'll have trouble with Milly, though I hope not."

"At any rate, I shall go over there to-night, and tell her all about it," said Weston, reso-

lutely, though his set lips showed that he, too, had his fears as to the result of the visit.

Milly Walker, having washed up the supper dishes, was sitting in the twilight upon the farmhouse steps, when a merry voice said, "catch," and with the word a shower of painted maple leaves, all scarlet and gold, fell about her in bright confusion. With cheeks as red as their deepest dyes, she rose to greet the tall intruder for whose steps she had been listening during the last half hour. Certainly, standing there in the dim light, Weston Sands looked almost a giant. Rather over than under six feet, and correspondingly broad-shouldered, with frank blue eyes and thick brown curls, he looked exactly what he was; an honest, handsome, manly young farmer, who would be sure to do himself credit anywhere. His sweetheart, according to the natural law of opposites, was almost childishly short and slender, little in body and mind some one had maliciously said of her; but this verdict, if, to a certain extent, true, was, after all, hardly fair, for Milly, so far as she knew, tried to walk by the rule of right; was sweet-tempered, affectionate and honest; in fact, scarcely more to blame for being narrow, than is a mouse for lacking the size and strength of an elephant. Be that as it may, Weston Sands, who had twenty times her intellect and force of character, was in complete subjection to the little tyrant. Shallow as she was called, nay, as he knew her to be, for he was not one to lose his reason with his heart, there was that about her which drew him to her side, and kept him there, when girls who were reckoned far superior would have welcomed him gladly. He only knew that she filled some place in his life which they did not even touch. Just now, as she stood with her cheeks aglow under the shadows of her wavy hair, she looked pretty enough to satisfy any one who looked less at realities than appearances in a girl. That was not Weston's way; still he felt her beauty as any other man would have done.

After a moment's silent gaze, he drew her down beside him and spoke long and earnestly. More than once, before he finished, Milly's face wore deeper shadows than those the moonlight cast upon it, and her fingers played nervously with the fiery maple leaves.

But the next day, when Mrs. Sands questioned her son with regard to his conference with Milly, he answered her in so cheery a tone as to dispel all her fears. The truth was, that Milly Walker cared more for Weston

than for any other she had ever seen; her affection was probably as deep a feeling as her nature was capable of. So, though loth to lose him for a time, she considered even that better than the alternative of giving him up forever; and, with many tears and pleadings, reluctantly consented to let him go, after finding that she could not keep him at home. The young man, shocked, at first, by the unconscious selfishness and shallow views which her words betrayed, soon persuaded himself that nothing worse than ignorance and thoughtlessness prompted them, and closed his heart resolutely to any voice which spoke against Milly. Who has not known that struggle, sometimes almost against conviction, when the mind strives to bar its windows against the beams of light which would fain show what manner of guest dwells in its chambers? And, at last, when the ruthless hand of that treacherous occupant has itself struck the blow which floods the desolate walls with cruel light, exhibiting the true proportions of the monster who has lain therein, who has not felt that, through all his self-enforced darkness, he has been dimly sensible of the unclean creature who crouched in the shadows? Not that Weston's instinctive feelings with regard to his sweetheart were by any means of this extreme nature. It was only that he had an uncomfortable idea, very, very deep down in his heart, that Milly's nature was not only shallow, but selfish; that, in her utter unconsciousness of the duty which man owes his country, she proved herself to lack that common gratitude which even a dog shows for the hand that feeds him. But these disagreeable thoughts he covered, skillfully, with so many folds of excuse and affection, as almost to conceal their existence from himself. So they parted; she with tears and complainings, he with a strong, manly heart, which trembled only when it felt the pressure of the picture which stirred with its pulses.

It was in the autumn of 1861 that he enlisted, and the regiment was ordered out in early winter. Milly cried incessantly at first, but time dried her tears; perhaps the sooner that she observed, one day, while standing before her little glass, that her eyes were red and her face wan with the indulgence of her grief. After that, she brightened up wonderfully. Besides, she was too pretty to be long left alone, and, a reasonable period having elapsed since Weston's departure, her old admirers came flocking back, not unwelcomed, perhaps, by the object of their devotion. They knew

well enough that she was under promise of marriage to the absent soldier, but moths, since the beginning of the world, have had an unaccountable impulse to singe their wings. So the flame danced and sparkled, and the moths fluttered right merrily about it, while my little Ruth, Milly's cousin, looked on in indignant silence. Nor always that; her wonder and wrath would sometimes break all bounds, and overflow upon the careless Milly, who, shaking back her curls from her flushing face, would answer pettishly and go away. Nevertheless, it was noticeable that after one of these scenes she accepted somewhat less freely the admiration offered her, and deep Ruth, marking this, conquered her diffidence, in order thus to serve the cause of Weston Sands.

For the latter she had always cherished a secret sort of hero-worship. Even before he had worn Milly's chains, the pale, dark-haired little Ruth had quietly admired and wondered at the tall, strong figure, the frank blue eyes and merry smile of the young man. But this regard grew far deeper when he became a constant visitor in the only home she possessed, the house of her uncle; where the strong arm had served her, and the blue eyes and the merry smile beamed pleasantly upon her. For Weston, naturally kind to all, was also kind to her, at the same time noticing her, individually, about as much as if she were a fly, or mouse, or some such quiet domestic little creature—except once, down on southern camp-fields, the young man remembered how, bidding them all good-by that last night before the volunteers left the village, he had offered his hand to Ruth, and there came back to him the whole expression of her childish face and form as she stood there, her fingers in his. He remembered the dark gray eyes, glittering with proud tears, and the broken voice which strove to speak hopeful, encouraging words to the soldier going forth, perchance to return no more. Involuntarily he sighed, and wished that Milly had something of the noble courage and devotion which had informed her cousin's face at that moment; then angrily repenting of the sigh, assured himself again and again that Milly was perfection, and that he would not for worlds have her other than what she was. And all this time quiet Ruth was fighting his battles at home; endeavoring, with her little might, to keep true to him the heart of his promised wife.

After some months Weston's letters, which

had hitherto been constant, suddenly ceased entirely. With anxious hearts they waited through days of sickening suspense—for news came slowly to that remote New Hampshire town—then came rumors of a battle, then more of that slow agony of delay, and at last a letter in a strange hand, telling them the worst; that worst which they had feared, but could not, would not believe. The letter, though written in kindly terms, told them that one little truth which no kindness could soften. There was no dangerous wound, no desperate chance of recovery to break the announcement which stared out at them, black and unchangeable. Dead! To attempt to describe the anguish of father and mother, bereft of their last treasure, would be worse than useless, presumptuous; yet it was unrepiningly, if sorrowfully, that they gave their all for their country.

Milly, upon hearing the tidings, grew hysterical and fainted. Ruth, who had not shed a tear, though her eyes burned and dilated with a horror she could scarcely comprehend, stayed patiently beside her cousin until the fitful tempests of sobe and moans had abated, and left her in a heavy sleep. Then she stole away quietly to her own little room, and lay down upon her bed, thinking, as she gazed out upon the moonlight meadows that rustled and whitened below, of a face whiter and more ghastly than that wan moon, whose pallid lustre should never beam upon it again. But when her thought reached this point, it revolted from the reality so harshly forced upon it. Bend her mind as she might to the contemplation of what they had told her, it still came back to the starting place; and when, following the sad fancies of the theme, she tried to comprehend the blue eyes closed, and the smile set forever on the cold, fixed lips, still, like a mocking corpse-light, eyes and smile seemed to glitter and glow about her, and from the shadowy corners of the room she seemed to hear his voice, until all the air was filled with his presence.

To her he was the embodiment of life in its deepest glow and strength, and she could not at once associate him with a thought so utterly foreign as that of death. But all this soon changed, and ere long she had learned thoroughly the bitter lesson offered her. Yet none gave her sympathy. Wherefore should they? She was so quiet and reserved that she could bear the heartache with less outcry than many would make over a cut finger. Besides, she had suffered nothing in the loss

of the young soldier; he was no part of *her* life. It was to Milly, his promised bride, never now to be his wife, that pity and tears must be given. Yet Ruth had been immeasurably nearer Weston in all that constitutes true nearness, than Milly, after a hundred years of trial, could hope to be; had loved him more understandingly, and with a better regard, in her childish affection, all unnoticed as she was, than Milly, whom he had treasured in his heart of hearts.

The latter, hysterically sorrowful at first, and truly so, for in her way she had really loved the dead man, gradually grew more composed, and at length came to enjoy the sympathy freely expressed for her, more for the consequence it gave her than for the thoughts of him which it recalled. So the weeks flew by, and the sound of his name at last stirred her scarcely more than did the mention of the baby sister who had long since been laid to sleep under the daisied turf. And still the weeks hastened, until their steady course had brought the splendors of autumn once more, and Milly was a bride. One of her quondam lovers, seeing that her tears were fast drying, had found the courage to woo and win, unhindered by the faith which had been pledged to the dead.

Alone in her little room sat Ruth, after her cousin's wedding, and thought how, six months before, the May meadows had shivered with the ghastly presence of death, which seemed then to fill the whole world. That one awful fact remained unchanged; it was just as true, just as crushing now as then, yet the world went on! Nay, the little world which had revolved around the slain soldier, easily spared him from its centre; even his promised wife, his other self, was another's!

"And yet she said she loved him once!" thought Ruth, and fell to meditating upon this "once" of love, which to some souls means a moment, a month, a year; but to others—eternity! Well, her task was done. She need no more seek to keep Milly's faith true to its allegiance; it had found its own resting-place, and was nothing now to her. Yet, through the wedding month, a pale face grew ever upon her sight; lips long closed asked of life the love which death had snatched away, and she knew that, in Milly's place, she would feel bound by chains no time could break, to a memory and a hereafter. Ruth's heart had never been touched. She had looked up to Weston with a half-childish admiration, and the instinctive sympathy which one fine

soul yields to another; but she had never thought of him otherwise than as her cousin's husband. Now, brooding over these old memories and present events, she wondered if love would ever come to her, and wondering felt, without analyzing her feelings, that if so, it would be for once and for always. Ah! it is not hard to see that, with Ruth, love would be as strong and as noble as the soul that informs her delicate frame.

Still the weeks came and went, "unhasting, unresting." Slowly up the village street came a man, wearing the army blue, though worn and torn. In fact, he was a soldier belonging to Weston Sands's regiment, which had gone away more than a year before. Along the road down which he had so proudly marched, he walked, wearily; but not as he went. One arm was gone, and famine had sharpened every gaunt feature. The season of the year, too, was changed. When he had gone forth, the fields were brown, and the dead leaves crisped beneath his tread. Now, over his head, and far away, outlined against the warm blue sky, rolled, in myriad sparkles of emerald light, a tide of tremulous, shimmering green; while across the orchards soft winds, laden with summer scents, chased each other till they dipped in the river with many a curl and tremble; and in the fields, on either side, he could see the great, merry leas poised on the swaying heads of clover, or hear their hidden hum down in the buttercup. Summer life—June life, in every sight and sound; let us hope, too, in every breath drawn by the poor fellow who looked and listened so eagerly.

At any rate, his hollow eyes brightened, and his worn face smiled beneath these quiet influences; and that was certainly something gained, for we cannot afford to throw away even a moment of happiness. Pursuing his way with feeble care, he stopped suddenly, with a great heart-beat; for there it lay, the home of his childhood; the long, grass-grown yard, and old red house, whose picture had never faded in his mind since the day when, leaving them perhaps forever, he had moved his head out of line to get one last look—just the same as ever. There was the old cherry-tree, already full of little, hard, green bullets; there was the well-sweep, long and awkward as he had seen it so many times in dreams; point by point, it answered exactly to the portrait in his mind.

As he came up the yard, his heavy, halting step scattered a crowd of chickens clucking and picking about the door, and therefore, a

girl who sat on the stone step, unstringing long coils of dried apples, looked up to see what made the sudden noise. The apparition she beheld, caused her to spring to her feet with a smothered cry: two or three steps she took as in flight, then, resolutely checking this impulse, she walked down the path firmly, but with a face as white as the one into which she looked. The man, meantime, was struggling with some half-formed memory which arose as he gazed at her. Her face was both familiar and strange. He looked at the girlish, graceful figure; the soft cheek, with its clear rose-bloom in turn conquering the pallor which had overcome it; the red, dimpled mouth, and was at a loss; then, noting the serious dark brows, the lighted, lifted gray eyes, and the expression latent about the sweet lips, quietly moved a step forward to meet her with the single word:

"Ruth?"

"You have come back. Thank God!"

Her words were few, but such grateful joy trembled through them as no speech could express, and he seemed to feel her whole heart in her hand, as it met his. For a moment neither spoke; then he asked, eagerly:

"Tell me, Ruth, how is mother?"

"She started from him at that. 'I must prepare her for this,' she said, moving up the path before him.

"Prepare her?" he repeated anxiously. "Then she is sick?"

"O no, no; but such a shock would be too much for her. We have thought you dead, Weston."

"I have been almost worse than dead!" he answered, bitterly. "But how are father and Milly?"

She did not hear him. She had gone to find his mother, and tell her the wonderful, joyful tidings. Presently she came back, led him to the room where his mother waited, and, closing the door, stole quietly away.

Who shall describe the happiness of one who clasps to her heart the son "that was dead and is alive again?" Her joy, like her grief, is sacred. But Weston, at length, when he could command his voice, said:

"Where is father?"

At first there was no answer. He looked at her—her lips were trembling: she could only say, "O, my son! my son!" Then he saw her black dress, and knew all, at the moment. He buried his face in his hands.

"Is it true, mother?" was all he could say.

She could speak now. "It's true, Weston.

He falled from the time he heard you was killed, but he didn't die till December. 'Twas a dreary day—a dreary day!" she repeated to herself, and her voice grew unsteady again. "O, my son, he lived to know you was dead, but not that you was alive."

"He knows it now," said Weston, from between his clasped fingers.

"I believe he does," said the widow, looking up reverently. "The good Lord's taken him away, but I believe he's rejoicin' with you an' me over this meetin'."

That afternoon Weston asked Ruth to show him where his father was buried. She took him across the clover field behind the house, to a little lot fenced off from the main portion, and bright with the blooms of the season. Here was the grave; for, in those regions, it was quite customary to bury the dead somewhere upon their own farms. The grave looked even cheerful, covered, as it was, with the velvet turf of June, and surrounded by flowers which had evidently been carefully tended; and Weston insensibly grew more composed as he looked upon it. Turning his head, his eye was caught by a slab heading no mound, but simply placed upright in the ground. Upon examination, he found that it bore his own name, and the names of his brothers who had fallen in battle. This spot, also, bore witness of loving hands. Ruth, seeing him looking at the slab, told him that his mother had had it put up at the same time with her husband's stone. "It seemed to be a sort of comfort to her," she said, "as if she had you all together."

"Did you plant and tend these flowers about father's grave?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, low. His eyes looked the thanks he could not speak. It was enough.

Of course he soon learned the truth about Milly. His mother, finding that, after the very first, he did not again refer to it, at length herself alluded to the subject. Weston did not answer at once, but after a pause said, slowly, as if weighing his words as he uttered them.

"Do you know, mother, I have sometimes thought, and more and more, lately, that it was not true love, but a sort of fascination that drew me to Milly. At least, if it was love, it wasn't really I that loved her, but somebody else. I have been through so much, and thought over so many things since I knew her, that everything looks different to me now, and I seem another person entirely."

The mother looked up from her knitting. "How'd it have been," she said, "if you'd found her constant and waitin' when you come back?"

"O, I suppose I should have persuaded myself that my feelings were all fancy, and Milly was the only thing that could make me happy; or, if I'd found out my mistake, afterwards, I imagine ours wouldn't have been the first unhappy match in the world."

"The Lord be praised that's kept you from it! Married life must always be either a blessin' or a curse. Your father and I never had a hard word;" and her hands trembled too much to use the needles, "but Milly was always flighty—always."

Indeed, a load was lifted from the mother's mind. Weston's choice had surprised more than it had pleased her; for, over and above the natural partiality, which would allow no one to be worthy of her son, there were faults in Milly's character especially hard for the good woman to bear. That weak, self-seeking nature had never been concealed from her love-quickened eyes, but however she might deplore it in secret, she was too wise to fret over what she could not help, or let it stir up bitterness between herself and Weston. But his words were sweet to her ears. It was not hard for her to understand how a young man—especially one of a quick and earnest nature—should be drawn on by a character much lower than his own, into paths whose end he did not see. In youth, the waters of love tremble with any chance breath, and it is easy to fancy that the deepest fountains of the soul have been stirred by some touch which has really only rippled the surface, and passed on.

But time, or suffering alone, can waken one from this delusion. In Weston's case it was the latter. Flery trials, and days and nights of wearing solitude, had sharpened and matured the mind, while they wasted the body; but for this result, at least, the mother could not but be thankful. She did not speak again until the striking clock made her wonder aloud where Ruth could be. That roused Weston from his meditations.

"How does Ruth happen to be here with you, mother?" he asked, and, amid grateful tears and smiles, she told the story; how, when his father was sick, she had come to help take care of him, nursing him as tenderly and faithfully as if he had been her own; and how she had been with her ever since the end, yielding to the stricken woman's entreaties

that she would stay with her as a daughter, while she lived. All this and more did she repeat to her son, there by the dim candle-light, the knitting-work fallen from her clasped hands.

"O Weston," she exclaimed, "you can't guess the comfort that child has been to me! They didn't need her at her Uncle Walker's, but for my part I should have died or gone crazy, to set here alone in a quiet house, lookin' at the empty cheers and thinkin' how their owners was all laid under the sod. But Ruth wouldn't let me think. She always had some way or other to keep me cheerful, for though she's so still-like, she's never out o' sorts. Bless her! for she's been son and daughter both to me."

Weston listened to his mother's words, and, when Ruth came in, looked at her with a kind of reverence. She moved quietly about the room, performing various little household duties, and at the same time explaining what had kept her out. She had gone over to see Milly, and found that her husband, Stephen Bennett, had broken his leg by a fall from the barn loft. Of course they were full of trouble and confusion, and Ruth had stayed to give what help she might.

"I'm sorry for Stephen," concluded Ruth, "he feels so badly about his farm. It was doing so nicely, and this accident will make a great difference with it—I hope the worry won't keep him back in getting well."

"How well our farm is looking, mother," observed Weston after a moment's silence. "John Charles manages it very capably, I think."

"Yes," she answered, absently, evidently thinking of something else, as was shown by her next words. "What a mercy it was that Ruth persuaded me not to let Stephen take our farm on shares. 'Twould have been bad ef he had."

"Did he want to carry it on?" asked Weston.

"Yes. You know his medders lay right alongside of ours, and he thought he could see to *them* 'bout as well as he could to his own. I hated to do it, but I didn't know no other way, and I guess I should have agreed if 't hadn't been for Ruth; but she wouldn't hear of 't nohow, and was so earnest 't I told her at last if she could manage it any other way, she might. So she looked about, and found John, and after we'd tried him a spell we liked him so much we wouldn't a changed him for a king. Well, everything's for the

best, as Ruth's so fond o' saying—Why, where is the child?"

Sure enough, where was she? Half way down the garden, by that time. When she found what was coming, unobserved by Mrs. Sands she had stolen quietly from the room, but not before Weston's eyes had flashed into her own a look which told that he understood and thanked her for the motives which had made her unwilling that *Milly's husband* should occupy the place which he had once held. She thought of it again, as she walked down the twilight path, and there came back to her the old indignation which had filled her heart at the thought of Stephen's usurping all Weston's rights, even here in his own home; and she remembered the resolve which she had then made, that *never*, so long as she could prevent it, should Stephen be master, in ever so little degree, of the farm or homestead. Thinking thus, she stopped before the thorny tangled bushes, to fill her hands with roses, which she carried back to the house, making the homely old room gay with masses of odorous color. Weston thought, as his eyes followed her about her dainty labors, that she was a human rose herself, sweet and bright.

Stephen Bennett had fretted at being obliged to neglect his farm for a few weeks, but before the summer had gone, all earthly care was over for him. A fever, partly induced by his constant worrying, it was thought, had set in, and his life had withered with the first yellowing leaves. There was a good deal of speculation in the little village, as to whether, after a proper period had elapsed, Weston Sands would not again seek Milly, whose first love he was well known to have been. Even Ruth found herself wondering about it now and then, and, in such case, invariably and indignantly banished from her mind a subject with which she had nothing to do; for Ruth had an extreme horror of gossip, even in thought.

Meantime, Weston kept his own counsel, and moved about the house and farm, gathering back from the overflowing summer the health and strength which the slow starvation of southern prisons had wasted. Sometimes, in the summer twilights, he would tell them, at home, of all the miseries he had endured in those past days; of the bitter, scanty food which had barely sufficed to keep life in him; of the long sleepless nights of pain, and of the hours when he had longed for death to put an end to the unvarying round of suffering. Then through the deepening shadows, he

could see Ruth's cheek pale, and her lips stiffen, and her fingers clutch convulsively; but never a tear in her eyes, which, instead of softening, burned through their liquid depths. Noting this peculiarity, he recalled what he had somewhere read—that tears were the light summer showers of shallow natures, while deeper ones might be convulsed by tornadoes which swept over them in frantic violence, without a single rain-drop. Milly would have sickened at sight of a cut finger, and wept abundantly over a doleful tale; but Ruth, body and soul was formed of different fibre. He could not help thinking, as he watched her composed face, never losing, in its womanly sweetness, the power which strengthened it, how she would cling through good report and evil report, to one whom her soul had once pronounced worthy to be loved; how she would follow, through any furnace of shame and pain, to comfort and sustain the faltering steps; for he guessed that with her, love meant for life and death. He was making quite a study of her in those days. You see he did not find her out as early as she did him, for, with the double instinct of child and woman, she had read him at the very first, before he had even taken thought of her existence.

We will make no account of the intervening months, but pass at once to the next June; a year from the time Weston came home. His free, vigorous country life had given him back his former health and strength, and except for the lost arm, he was the Weston of old times. His iron constitution had triumphed, wonderfully, over the prison-taint which would have proved deadly poison to a weaker frame, and his springing step and merry laugh once more made music to his mother's ears. Only, at times, there seemed a shadow over him, and Ruth again wondered if it had any connection with Milly, whom he still met, and who, sooth to say, did not seem to frown upon him. She had been a widow now nearly a twelvemonth, and the speculative gossip about the quondam lovers had never entirely ceased.

Coming home one afternoon, Weston found the house apparently empty, but after a search, discovered Ruth in the dairy-room, skimming milk. She told him that his mother had gone over to see a sick neighbor, intending to spend a portion of the evening with her. So little Ruth took the good woman's place at the table, pouring out Weston's tea, and making herself generally useful. After supper

was over, and the dishes cleared away, she sat down to the hulling of a great pan of strawberries, and presently had her busy fingers stained, rosilily, with the juicy fruit. Weston looked on awhile in silence; then said, abruptly:

"I wish I could help you with that terrible-looking pan, Ruth, but you know I'm not good for much, now-a-days—more for ornament than use."

He spoke laughingly, but there was a sting of bitterness in the tone. Ruth looked up and smiled.

"Well, we all like ornaments, you know. Besides, this is rather small work for you, so I don't think you lose much."

"No, if it were only that. But it's the losing everything else! It's being idle when I want to work, and giving up my chance in the world, that tries me." The bitterness of his voice was unqualified now. "Ruth, if you lost your best hope, what would you do?"

"Thank God for what was left," she answered quietly. He looked at her sorrowfully, and said, more softly:

"I wish I had your resignation, but I haven't. I deserve your rebuke."

"O, I didn't mean it that way!" cried Ruth earnestly, her composure gone. "I never should think of rebuking you, only it seems to me that there never can be a time when a person is so sorely afflicted as not to have something left to be thankful for."

"What have I?"

"You have your mother to whom you are everything. You have health and strength, and this beautiful life that is so full of happiness, and"—here her voice rose proud and full—"you have always the thought of what it was that brought this upon you. Weston, I don't know how sharp such trials are to a man, but I think you have gained more than you have lost."

The young man looked at her excited face and dilating eyes, with a proud thrill. Then he sighed softly.

"Do not think I regret any sacrifice I have made, or could make, for my country; for all I have I would give, and gladly. But—Ruth—you will think it wrong, I know, but I cannot help wishing I had come home dead, sooner than maimed and helpless; for it is hard to live, and give up the dearest hope of life—and I must give it up, must I not, Ruth? Ought I to ask any woman to marry me, crippled as I am? Tell me, Ruth?"

"He is thinking of Milly," thought Ruth.

Her fingers were very busy with the red clusters, and her head was bent over her work, but, after a little, she spoke.

"You would not be the first soldier who has come home, maimed, to marry the girl who loved him."

"I know—" he answered, "the girl who loved him, and of whose love he was sure; but I am not sure, by any means. Besides, I always have a feeling that a woman who marries one of these crippled soldiers, does not quite care for him, as she would if he were the perfect man God made him. Don't you think she would always miss the protecting strength that ought to shield her weakness, and feel as if she had been defrauded of her right?"

"Milly again!" thought Ruth, and this time she raised her head, her eyes flaming.

"Is it strength alone that women care for?" she asked, indignantly. "If it is, there is no security in their love, for the strongest must always win. It is a shame to think that, with them, body must of course conquer soul. For my part, I should think a woman's love would grow deeper with every scar and wound gained in such a cause, for each one is a living witness of his nobleness!"

Weston's face grew bright as the sunset. "You think so really, Ruth?" His voice was low, but something in it drew her eyes to his, and the meaning she read there held her like a spell, while he went on speaking.

"You would not trifle with me, Ruth! Could you love me as I *must* be loved—marry me in spite of all this? Do you love me, Ruth?"

For all his manhood his voice shook—with the strong hope and fear that trembled behind it. She raised her face to his with a great joy breaking over it, and, in that moment, he knew that she was his for life and death, and he felt in his own heart a love which would almost have terrified him by its passionate intensity, but for the perfect peace, which filled his being, in the certainty of her truth.

As they sat there in the twilight lingering and deepening about them, his mother, entering the house, stopped for a moment at the open door. They did not hear her, and although she saw before her, then, the sight she had most wished to see on earth, she would not intrude, but stole softly away, leaving them alone with their happiness.

By revenging yourself on your enemy, you make him your equal; by pardoning him, you show yourself his superior.

MARTIN MOWBRAY.

BY MRS. S. GIBSON FOSTER.

THERE are many villages like Dennis on the coast of New England. Little, quiet, clean places, dwelt in by men who have retired from the pursuits in which they laid the foundations of their competency; ship-masters, who have withdrawn from their rude and wandering lives to the enjoyment of domesticity and the interest of their accumulations; owners or part owners of foreign-plying vessels, that they seldom if ever have seen, or of humbler craft with an assured revenue from coasting or fishing voyages; and merchants, whose first profits were upon petty ship-stores, monkey jackets and sou'waster hats. There they lead their quiet lives, under the roofs of white houses with green blinds; eminently conservative in their tendencies; the "Boston Advertiser" and "Journal of Commerce" their favorite literature; dining late and long; and shrinking from any novelty in habits, theory, enterprise or association.

Thus the men. But the rising generation does not follow tamely in the steps of its fathers, or imitate naturally their characteristics. The heart of youth is alike, perhaps, everywhere, and its thoughts are always "long, long thoughts."

The young men draw the natural ailment of ambition from the strong salt breezes that come striding over the broad sea that stretches out upon three sides of them—breezes that have blown over the mysterious ocean, tales of which they have thrilled at hearing from their infancy; and over strange lands and turbulent cities of which the rumors have moved their young imaginations.

So the boys go away. Sons from the families of little Dennis are in every zone, and sharing every vicissitude of fortune in all lands and on all seas which adventurous men have visited.

But its girls linger, cherishing, some of them, memories of child-lovers who are now bronzed and bearded men; and others of them dreaming dreams familiar to all maiden meditations, and still others, resolutely striving to subdue their tastes and minds to the routine of the household, embellished only by the sewing society, the reading club, and the Sunday school. Good girls, pretty girls, amiable and cultivated girls, girls with "ex-

pectations" are there. Once in a while they are discovered, and won.

I do not think it occurred to me at the time, but I was afterward led to suspect that some such consideration contributed to induce Martin Mowbray, Esq., Attorney at Law, to establish himself in his profession at Dennis.

Naturally enough, gossip was a recognized avocation in Dennis. I suppose there were persons resident there who could not have rested quietly of a night in ignorance of what their neighbors had for dinner, and who would never have made the attempt to do so, if they had seen during the day the sulky of Dr. Sinclair passing on some unknown errand. So when it was known that a young lawyer, a "new" lawyer, had arrived at the little tavern, bringing letters to a few prominent citizens, and preparing to establish himself, a creditable degree of interest was aroused, and the inquiries were frequently made, "Who is he? Where does he come from? What is he like?" And when, a few days after his shining sign-board had been displayed between the windows over the post-office, it was known that he would attend a religious fair at the town-hall on Wednesday evening, curiosity was fluttering in many breasts whose owners would perhaps have been indignant at such an imputation. For, mind you, Dennis was a stationary place, and immigration was an extraordinary occurrence.

The comments made that evening upon Martin's appearance were, of course, various. My own impression of him was, so far as I remember, that of a well-looking, well-dressed, and apparently well-bred young man, with no apparent characteristics distinguishing him from other young men in a similar station. I hope I shall not be misunderstood when I say that I agreed with an opinion I heard expressed more than once or twice by some of the veteran beaux and staid matrons of the company—to wit, that "this Mr. Mowbray was a puppy." Now there are human puppies of various degrees, and the term is often applied more offensively than I intend. A puppy is, after all, a harmless and frolicsome thing. So Martin appeared to be. A little vain and slipshod too, with a manner

exhibiting sufficient self-confidence, and sometimes approaching as near impertinence as was consistent with good manners, which he certainly had. Of all topics he had something to say, and usually said it well—a little pertly, but with a certain ease and elegance of diction that, to many minds, obscures or atones for crudity of thought or error of judgment. On the whole, he was an entertaining companion, and I readily assisted in making him acquainted with the company present.

Tableaux vivans were among the entertainments of the evening. Of course *The Landing of the Pilgrims* had its place among them. Everybody has seen it, and so it is of no consequence that I do not at this moment remember who it was that Madge Allen personated that night, as she stood with an enormous doll in her arms, and her long and massive tresses over her shoulders, among the group who were offering their silent thanks.

I was conscious that Martin Mowbray's gaze was fixed upon some person in the picture. The curtain dropped, and his almost incessant prattle was not resumed. It rose again, *en regle*, upon the same scene, and I could not help turning to my companion. His countenance was not skilled at concealing emotions, and I plainly discerned that it was Madge who had fixed his looks apparently in rapt admiration.

A shower of questions followed the fall of the curtain, Madge being the theme. I answered them discreetly, I hope, and at length had the satisfaction of presenting him to her, when she re-appeared before the scenes, and of seeing them move away together, she, with her shy and somewhat constrained manner, he, with an eager and absorbed earnestness that I knew attracted other attention than mine.

Few persons would have called Madge Allen beautiful. Yet that evening she had certainly presented a striking appearance, as she stood in statuesque attitude, with flushed cheek and brightened eye, and the graces of her fine figure unmarred by the peculiarity of manner which in ordinary intercourse made many pronounce her distant and haughty, and more embarrassed and awkward. The seclusion of her life had, perhaps, imparted this. She had been left an orphan in her infancy, by the death of her mother. Her father was a person of unusual reticence and reserve—well reputed for probity and intelligence, and hitherto for many years the only representative of the legal profession in

Dennis. Her home was a large and rambling wooden house, standing alone upon a little peninsula known as Lighthouse Point, its nearest neighbor being the lighthouse itself. Attractive enough in still, warm summer time, it was bleak, dreary, lonesome in winter and in stormy weather, when the salt spray dashed against the window panes, and wild seafowl, blown inland, shrieked and flapped their heavy wings about it.

Very unlike, very little adapted to one another they seemed, as Martin and Madge moved up and down the hall together; he, lithe, self-poised, facile in speech and manner, she, coy, hesitating, chary of remark and ill at ease. Yet in many minds, I doubt not, the outline of that old and ready prophecy at once arose, and impetuous fancies classed them as lovers. As a general thing, I like to watch two young beings affected with the sweet disease, and the little drama of irrepressible endearment, involuntary betrayal of feeling, assumed proprieties, and complacent confidence that no one suspects what every one sees. But I could not think of these two in this relation, altogether without pain. I hardly defined to myself why this was so, but I suspected, nay, I knew that in Madge there was a depth and fullness of feeling which it was not easy to elicit; a wealth of passionate affection with which she would be loth to endow a common-place man; and if misled into so doing, she would thereafter lead a life of bitterness or emptiness. I believed the grandeur and nobility of a rich nature was but waiting to be evoked by a sympathetic touch. Did this man, this glittering, frivolous *persifleur*, possess the magic wand?

When next I visited Dennis, the preparations for war were agitating the country, and on either side an imaginary line of men was gathering to shed fraternal blood. I know it seemed strange, but I do not know whether it struck me rather as agreeable or otherwise, to find this "loophole of retreat" retaining its old apathy. But so it was. The clamor and turmoil that I had just left were only faintly echoed, with the discord subdued, in little Dennis.

One of the doctor's daughters, Helen Sinclair, a rattling, good-humored miss, was among those who first called upon me.

"Isn't it too bad?" suddenly she burst out, "somebody told me Mr. Mowbray is going to the war, and that Mr. Gray is terribly angry with him."

Two feelings sprang up simultaneously in

my mind. One, that I had done Martin an injustice in my estimate of him—the other, of indignation at this Mr. Gray, whom I knew as a dogmatic, arrogant, purse-proud man, with an only daughter, Harriet, a pretty, graceful doll.

"And what, pray, has Mr Gray to do with it?"

"Is it possible you do not know? I am so glad I can tell you more news, then. Why, Mr. Mowbray is engaged to Hattie—has been ever so long, and everybody except Sue Upham, who fairly threw herself at his head, thought it was so nice a match. He is so smart, you know, and real nice and gentlemanly, and Hattie has plenty of money and will have plenty more. And they were to be married in June, and Hattie had asked me to be one of her bridesmaids. And Mr. Gray liked him so much, and gave him all his business, and was going to have him take his house. And now he is going off into this mean war."

"But, Helen—tell me—I used to fancy he liked Madge Allen."

"So did I, at the very first. But I don't know how it was. Madge is so odd, you know, although she is the best girl in the world. No, that affair never reached the dignity of a flirtation. But then, Hattie was just the girl for him, and she had all her dresses made! How disappointed she will be!"

"Do you think Mr. Gray is really so decidedly opposed to Mr. Mowbray's going?"

"Indeed I do," she replied. "I have been told that he said to him only yesterday in his pompous way—you know how he goes—that he must either 'abandon his absurd inclinations, or relinquish his daughter.' But then Mr. Gray thinks the South is all right and we are all wrong, and all that sort of thing. But I must go. Do come and see me, etc., etc. So she chattered herself away.

I do not know that it was, strictly, any of my business; but I felt under obligations, so soon as I should have opportunity, to make atonement for the injustice with which I had judged him. Occasion soon offered.

It was not altogether my imagination—he surely looked haggard and worn, and the traces of mental struggle were on his brow. I came at once, perhaps abruptly, perhaps with unseemly enthusiasm, to the point. I congratulated him warmly on his decision, as if already made, and assured him of my personal sympathy. I spoke, carefully using but

general terms, of the heroism a similar determination exhibited in the cases of some—of the sacrifices they were called upon to make—not only husbands and fathers, but young men too, leaving affianced brides, flattering prospects of fortune, and assured social position, turning from the threshold of a bright and prosperous life at the dictate of a generous patriotism.

He made the application at once. With a steadier and calmer lustre in his eye than I had ever seen there before, he replied, smiling:

"He is no true lover who loves not honor more than his lady."

Then we parted. I knew that his resolve was taken. And next day the village knew that Hattie Gray's engagement was broken.

Madge Allen's arm was in mine as we stood in the little throng that with cheers and waving handkerchiefs watched Captain Mowbray's company of stalwart fishermen and farmers as they marched out of the town. As they passed us, moving by the flank, Martin recognized us with a slight inclination. I felt Madge lean heavily upon me as if for support, while her arm trembled almost violently upon my own.

Helen Sinclair's letters were, as her father, the doctor, expressed it, sporadic and spasmodical. Sometimes she favored me with one. I had been absent from Dennis rather more than a year, when I received one in the desultory and vivacious style of her conversation, and brimful of all the village gossip.

"Aren't you surprised to hear—thus she wrote—that Hattie Gray has a new lover? I have forgotten his name, but may think of it when I reach the postscript. He is a nephew of Deacon Wilson, and lives in Morgan. He has the reputation of having been very dissipated, and I suppose that ought to make him interesting, but I don't like him one bit. Poor Captain Mowbray! I suppose you heard that he was left dead on the field at Fair Oaks. Everybody is so sad. Madge Allen seems very strange, although she never says anything about him. I sometimes wonder if you and I were not right in our conjecture about them. Do you remember?"

Her garrulous letter grieved me. I reproached myself again and again with the wrong I had once done my young hero; the only recompense for which was now to make room for him in the sacred places of my memory. And poor, dear Madge. Might she not, through all, like Cordelia, have "loved and been silent?" and if so, what was my grief

to hers? I fancied her bereaved yet tearless, forbidden to manifest her sorrow, sitting alone in her lonely home, and sighed heavily as I reflected that I had no right to penetrate her secret even with my tenderest sympathy, and mingle my tears with hers over our slain.

Many months had elapsed, and the fall of friends and kindred upon bloody fields had become familiar intelligence. Yet I was none the less faithful to my first grief. I had paid a brief visit, as was my summer custom, to Dennis, in which I had seen much more of Madge than ever before, drawn towards her as I felt myself by the belief that both our hearts lay under the cold drift of the same affliction. We never spoke of him but once. She could not dissemble the pain the topic occasioned her, and could I have reconciled myself to its indelicacy, I should have learned nothing by questioning her, that I had not already inferred. As our intimacy drew closer, my appreciation of the elements of her rich character augmented, and my conviction that, in an auspicious atmosphere, she would yet mature into that rare product, "a perfect woman, nobly planned." To my great gratification, before my visit ended she had yielded to my importunities and consented to pass a portion of the coming winter at my home.

A strange incident occurred to me on my journey home. From one of those reveries the monotonous motion of the railway cars induces, I was suddenly aroused by the sound of a familiar voice. I did not at once remember where I had been used to hear it; but the impression it made was of something weird and mysterious. It struck me that I *ought not* to have heard it—that in some sort the fitness and propriety of things was thereby shocked. In a moment this feeling was dissipated, and attributing the supposed familiarity of tone to one of those casual similarities in voices which it is only strange are not more frequent, resumed my day-dream.

As I stepped from the platform of the car upon arriving at the station, I was startled at hearing the same voice again, and this time the associations it aroused were more distinct and clear. The speaker was a young man near me, giving directions to a coachman. As I passed him I endeavored by a furtive glance to distinguish his features; but the gloom of the station-house and his attitude with relation to me made it impossible.

I hardly slept that night. The impression strengthened in me that I had neglected a duty in not insisting, at the risk of an indeco-

rum, upon ascertaining who he was whose voice had so moved me. I checked the audacity of a conjecture which seemed almost irreverent, and tried to think of other things. Next morning, however, my strange interest in my fellow-traveller persistently obtruded itself, and when the morning paper came in, almost unconsciously my eyes turned first to the list of arrivals at the public houses. Instantly it flashed upon me, as if no other name had been upon the page, the name—"Martin Mowbray, U. S. Vols." A wild thrill went through my crisped nerves. I seemed to stand by a re-opened grave, and to feel as the sisters of Bethany felt when their brother came forth.

Let there be no misconception of my position as toward this young man. I was sufficiently his senior, not to mention other safeguards, to be secure from any tender interest in him. I had wronged him in holding him slightly in my esteem; I had possibly by words of mine turned the balance that decided him to enter the army; and he was beloved by one whom I held dear.

That day a friend, at my request, called upon him at his hotel—that evening he visited me. He was changed in many points; markedly so in the sobriety and patience of his demeanor. His frame and features bore traces of long illness, and upon his breast was pinned an empty sleeve.

His story was no unusual one. When our forces, in spite of all that fortitude and valor could do, were pressed back by overwhelming numbers on that bloody thirty-first of May, he fell, twice wounded, and was left for dead. When he recovered consciousness he found himself a prisoner in Richmond hospital. Here he lingered for months, slowly convalescing, and had recently been exchanged.

We talked together of Dennis. He heard, with a quiet smile, of Hattie's re-engagement. He depreciated, suggestively, my estimate of the sacrifices he had made in determining upon his duty. He asked of Madge. I answered in common-place phrase, until he spoke of her, while extolling her attractions, as frigid, heartless, unsympathetic. I could restrain myself no longer, but threw myself into her defence with a warmth which he, perhaps, interpreted as a rebuke to him. Yet, as I pursued the dear theme of her praises, I think he was impressed. His eyes fell, and I saw his silent lips frame the words, "It might have been."

It might, it may, it must be. The winter

has come. Madge is with me. She has learned that Martin still lives, but she does not suspect he is on his way hither, or that a meeting is at hand, more full with fate than any other they may ever know.

As thus, with perfect faith, I close my un-concluded story, I seem to catch the fragrance of orange-blossoms, and to hear the melody of marriage bells.

FRANÇOIS'S TROUBLES.

BY A REPORTER.

One day—it was a rainy day and there was a dearth of news in and around Boston—I lingered longer than usual in the Exchange on State street. While debating in my mind which way to turn next to complete my budget of items, a young Frenchman familiarly called François came up to me—by way of parenthesis I will say François was a well known character in certain story-telling circles where I had often seen him. His countenance usually was brim full of humor, but at this time it bore a troublesome aspect.

"Well, François," I said to him.

"Mon friend, I am ver much in ze troubles," he said to me. "I av been ver much in ze troubles for ze past year, but zey come ticker an ze faster. A short time ago I hear noises in ze calm hours of ze night—ver big, grand noises ever night. My days vas haunted vid ze recollection, ze fear of ze torture I vill av to undergo ze coming night. I vas become frantic, I vas afraid I vill do something desperate. You see, monsieur, I vas vonce a marchand—a street marchand—vot you call him—a pedlair—but, ze war raised ze price of ze license, so I can't do more business now; den I tought of ze literature business an got me a little chambre an commence to write ze tragedy for ze play. It would av sent my name down to ze ver last posterity, but ze mysterieux noise zey bozzer me. I av got as far as ze second act—it vas to be a cinq—a five act tragedy. You can judge of ze popularity it would have. Here is a specimen: Hantense comes on ze stage as Count Adolphe is leaving ze chateau. "*Behold ze tyrant!*" she exclaim, and zen falls down dead—an beautiful, magnifique—but I could not go on vid ze tragedy parce que, vot you call it—because of ze noise. I know not vat it vas zat make ze noise, so I geet mon keetle gun—vot you call him, ze pistole, an I vatch for ze zing zat made ze grand noise. I vatch von, deux,

tree night, but he no come near me; den I go ver careful an hunt for him in ze dark, O, so solemn, so grand, so beautiful iz ze dark. At last I found out ze mysterieux sound come from ze apartment next to me; zen ze vatchman comes along an I tell him all my troubles, an he listen an listen an den he say, "my venerable hero, dat is notting, only ze man iz snoring." I grasp his hand an say, 'monsieur vatchman, you don't say zat ze man make ze grand noise to get ze air to breathe?' 'Yes,' he say, an den I go to my room an pray ze good Lord to deliver me from such great affliction. I had not dormis, slept more zan trois hours dat night, anozet trouble commence an zen I tought I vas already frantic, crazy, vot you call him, ze lunatic. An enemy made a descent upon me an woke me instantly without his becoming aware of ze fact. It vas an animal of some kind, and I stole my hand down under ze bed-clothes an as ze correspondents of ze war say, I got in ze rear of ze enemy's position; coming in at ze double quick I raise my hand an bring it down ver suddain, ven lo, by some mysterieux—process ze animal became so small zat it vas vid difficulty I caught him between my finger an zumb, but I acted like a skilful general as you will say, by ze holding of him in de same position as when I captured him, while I looked for ze ways an means to secure him until ze return of day. I av no prison in my leetle room, but at ze last, I tought of my peppair box—I use peppair for medicinal purposes I jumps up an pours de peppair between ze leaves of my tragedy an put ze animal in ze box, covaired it up an stop ze holes of ze covair wid wax den makes fast a string to ze handle and lower ze box, animal an all down in ze vater in ze vater-pail, like ze money in ze Bank of England. I tought I vas de happy man den, an lay me down and sleep en repos. I voke as de fader of day came peeping through

my windows—ze sun I means, an make my toilet ver quick an zen set to vork to examine ze box an ze prisoner of war—I took it out of ze vater laid it on ze table took up a fork as a defensive weapon, lay my leetle gun, ze pistole, down near me, an den open de box—ven O ciel, sall I nevalr forgeet it, out marched ze animal, a ver strange animal, he smell so queer, I did not know vot ze animal vas den. I send for de surgeon, de astrologer, de naturalist, and de hierophant, and dey come an say it vas de bed-bug—de ante-diluvian bed-bug. ‘Vat sall I do vid him?’ I ask—‘sall I put him in ze cage, an send him to Monsieur Barnum?’ ‘Yes!’ dey all say; an den I send him ver carful by express to ze Monsieur Barnum. I vas vonce more de happy man, but, Helas dat ver next night more animals come of ze same kind. Vat sall I do? Sall I offair myself to ze democrat party for ze president? or, vat sall I do? I am frantic!”

I consoled François, told him to seek other apartments and finish his tragedy, and left him looking over the *To Let* column of a *Daily Journal*.

THE CHINESE.

It is not an uncommon subject for a picture in China to exhibit a languishing, small-footed young lady sitting in a grove, with a pipe in her hand, a female slave at her side pouring out the tea into an ornamented cup upon a lacquered table, looking fascinatingly upon a handsome youth to whom she has “never told her love,” for the simple reason that she has never had the opportunity of telling it. The young man is standing on a bridge built upon a neighboring hill near a temple—a temple decorated with scarlet roof and golden horns, half shaded with flowery forest trees, with a fountain of water flowing by—and the said young man is looking, not on the temple, not on the wood, not on the water, no, not even on the fair and languishing young lady with the golden-lily feet, but his gaze is devoutly fixed upon the kite that is borne by the wind, that is dancing towards the clouds, and making sweet music as it ascends. Will not the echoes bring the sighs of the pretty maiden to the ears of the ko-ngai, the beloved one, so absorbed in the contemplation of that distracting seduction? Alas! no; he hears no sound but the whistle of the instrument which is running up the string of the kite, and whose triumphant progress to its goal is celebrated by the harmonies which are gradually lost in

the distance. Another picture is now before us, in which a whole group of boys are gathered together to see the wonders worked by their elders in the kite-flying art. There are kites with their adorned tails, and tails, by the way—men’s tails—are objects of such reverence in China, that a man would much prefer the penalty of losing his ears, or his nose, or both, to that of losing his *plen-tze* (cue), which loss, indeed, is the most opprobrious infliction upon a felon. Other kites look like nosegays of many colored flowers suspended on high; and if smiles of wondering approval can be fancied as expressed on any Chinese visage, those smiles are there.

But let us stop for a moment to say that the history of men’s tails in China is instructive and entertaining. They were forced upon the Chinese by the conquering Manchoes more than two hundred years ago, and, from being the mark and evidence of subjugation, have become the most cherished of personal possessions. The care and culture of the cue is the daily concern and the constant amusement of the whole nation. The man is the object of envy whose tail touches the ground, and it is intertwined with gay ribbons, while the black tressed hair is as glossy as the back of a raven. A laborer guards his tail with as much pride as a lord, and when engaged in any occupation which may tend to its disarrangement, he twists it round his head. But no servant dares to present himself before his master unless his tail hangs down perpendicularly outside his long robes. A handsome gentleman’s cue is as much an object of attraction to a Chinese lady, as is the smallness of the crushed foot of a lady to a Chinese lover. One of the sports of the Chinese is to tie their companions together by the tails, the untying being sometimes difficult enough for the exercise of the science of a Davenport. But the tail is a grand instrument in the hands of the police, and often leads to the capture and safe keeping of a misdoer.

We possess a splendid tail upon which hangs a tale worth telling. There was a burglar of Hong-Kong, greatly distinguished in his profession, the planner of most of the housebreakings that took place in the colony. He was discovered, sent to prison, and, as some security for the future, and a fit punishment for the past, he was deprived of his cue. He had so much influence, and so much money, that he was (probably with the cognizance of his bribed keepers) carried away in a sedan-chair by his confederates while passing with the

chain-gang through a street in Hong-Kong. Burglaries on a large scale soon disturbed the public peace, and the convict was again captured and sentenced to imprisonment; but he escaped a second time with the man to whom he was chained, having no doubt arranged the matter with those who had him in custody. Burglaries were again rife, and we well knew by whom they were planned, and by whose agents they were executed. But he was so well served, and so well concealed, that for some time all researches were vain, and the felonious operations were carried on uninterruptedly.

One day a little boy, who had been imprisoned for some small offence, sent a message to the governor, saying that, if pardoned, he, being acquainted with the haunts of the felon, would put the police on his track, and enable them to capture him. He led them to a large house, where a gentleman was sitting, handsomely clad, and with a beautiful unexceptionable tail. "That is the man," said the boy. "Impossible," was the reply; "the rogue's tail is in the jail!" Reassured, the policemen sprang upon the hero, seized his cue, upon which the thief jumped out of the window, leaving a false cue in its captor's hand. No dignity was ever adorned with a less objectionable pientze. These false tails are often suspended for sale in barbers' shops, not always for the use of the thieving fraternity, for as old age and exposure diminish the thickness of the chevelure, the Chinese hair-dresser is sometimes called on to perform restorative functions somewhat resembling those of the former wig-maker in England. The cutting off of hair in China is equivalent to an abandonment of the world. In our Catholic nunneries it is the final act, performed by others, and deemed the most interesting evidence of the devotion of the young novice to the conventual life. In China it is a self-infliction; it is not unusual for a bride who has been disappointed in the character, or has suspected the fidelity of a bridegroom, to cut off her hair, and send it as a token that she contemplates suicide, which, indeed, is in China a very common refuge for misery. The plebeian mode of destruction is ordinarily opium, the patrician the eating of gold-leaf—a very uneasy and lingering mode of dying. It is, however, considered very improper to interrupt family enjoyments or amusements by an act of self-destruction, and we remember one of our servants reporting an event in his family—his wife had hanged herself, and,

what was exceedingly improper, she had done it on a day on which he was particularly busy.

Suicides in China are often characteristically singular. They are not unfrequently committed for the purpose of revenge, and a life is willingly sacrificed in order to bring punishment on those who may be compromised or injured by the death of the self-destroyer. There are many cases in which, by the laws of China, persons are made responsible for the acts of others, and subjected to death punishments, for deeds with which they have had nothing to do. We know of a case in which a very beautiful girl who had been purchased for a large sum of money by a rich merchant, determined to avenge a supposed slight by immolating herself, with the double purpose of inflicting on him the pecuniary loss of her purchased value, and denouncing him to the authorities as responsible for her death. She dressed herself in her gayest garments, took opium, and summoned her friends and relations to witness her decease. It is not unusual for Chinamen who come from the interior, having failed to realize their expectations of success in commercial or literary speculations, afraid of encountering the reproaches of their friends and relations should they return home, to hang or drown themselves amidst the persons or in the places which have been associated with their disappointments. It is rare that any house in which such an event occurs escapes the visitation of the law officials, who, as well as their superordinates, seldom lose the opportunity of "squeezing" the inhabitants, the popular term for exacting the payment of "hush-money."

THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

A Highlander, born a gentleman, enlisted, and accepted a sergeant's appointment, being reduced by misfortune to this resource for maintaining a wife and family. When quartered in Dublin, the viceroy of Ireland, Lord Townsend, ordered the sergeants attending on him to have their dinner at the castle, and all, except this poor gentleman, availed themselves of this indulgence. His lordship's well-known affability often led him to talk to the soldiery, and he one day asked this sergeant why he preferred fasting to a comfortable meal. "Because, please your excellency, I am a poor proud Highland gentleman; and though for the sake of a wife and six children I serve as a sergeant, I strictly avoid all unsuitable company." He soon had an ensigncy, and died a field officer. Google

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

During the month all eyes, North and South, have been turned towards Sherman. His march thus far has been a wonderful one, productive of the greatest results; humiliating to the rebels, encouraging to the loyal men of the country, and ruinous to the gold speculators. Roads covered with water and deep with black mud were passed over by the general; rivers were crossed where bridges were unknown. Nothing deterred our men from the time they left Savannah, until they halted at Fayetteville, North Carolina, and shook hands with Perry's and Schofield's forces, where they rested a while and then marched on to Goldsboro'; and the latest advices left Sherman there, the South quaking when he halted, and trembling when he moved.—President Lincoln was inaugurated on the fourth of March, and commenced his new term of office, a four years' stretch, which no Northern man has ever had the pleasure of enjoying, much as they wanted to, and anxiously as they sought the gift at the hands of the leaders of the dear people. Mr. Lincoln's message was short, and not so satisfactory as some people could wish; but they must recollect that a president does not let himself out in an inaugural address, and perhaps there are reasons at the present time why the chief magistrate should be silent on certain points, although Mr. Lincoln tells the people that they know as much about the war as he does. Mr. Johnson, the vice president, when sworn in, made a few remarks that caused a little excitement, the thing being so unusual; but then it was explained that the vice president was a little excited over serenades, and the congratulations of West Tennesseans, who thronged his hotel the night before. Just as President Lincoln was about to take the oath of office, the rain ceased, the clouds broke away, and the sun made its appearance. Let us hope that the omen is good, and that the clouds of war will soon disappear, and give place to the olive-branch of peace.

—The vice president has received some hard rebukes for his conduct on inauguration day, and papers which once commended him now turn and ask him to apologize or resign. Mr. Johnson insulted the nation when he appeared in the senate and took the oath of office, laboring under the effect of whiskey; but there is an opportunity for him to recover some of his lost ground by abstaining from liquor in future, and devoting his great talents to the interest of the country. It is now stated that Mr. Johnson has taken the pledge for four years. Better take it for life.—Georgetown, S. C., captured by Admiral Dupont, is rich with rice, and abounds with negroes, there being more blacks than white men. A fine chance for a recruiting office, in that same Georgetown.—It is stated that there are some 10,000 bales of cotton in Charleston, secreted in houses and buried in cellars. If it's there, the Yankees will find it.—The report on the Petersburg mine shows that there was some awful bungling, from General Meade and Burnside downward. The exposure will not bring the dead soldiers to life, nor give the wounded new limbs or new health. More is the pity. Some of the general officers, instead of being with their commands, were in bomb-proofs.—The rebel deserters now come in with their guns and equipments. They arrive at the rate of one hundred and one hundred and fifty per day, and at this rate, some of the papers fear new plans and new tricks. Let them come—we can take care of them. They are sick of the rebel army, and want rest and peace, so they desert.—By the capture of Charleston, we secured 470 guns, and 1000 tons of shot and shell.—Cardinal Wiseman, stationed in England, and the cause of much excitement, at one time, in Great Britain, is dead. He was a good and pious man.—Some reports from the South state that Beauregard is insane. He has been killed so many times that we can bear the news of his new infirmity with great composure and resignation.

tion.—Hugh McCulloch has been appointed secretary of the Treasury, in place of Senator Fessenden. Mr. McCulloch has the advantage of knowing something about his duties, which is generally a disqualification for the cabinet. If the new secretary can gradually reduce the price of gold, stop inflating the currency, he will prove his fitness for the place.—A bill has passed Congress, forming a Freedmen's Fund Company, to look after the blacks.—Senator Wilson managed to squeeze through Congress a bill that places volunteers on the same footing with regulars in respect to clothing, and soldiers are to have one pound of tobacco per month, at cost price.—A war has been commenced on those who sell rum in the capital, and thus tempt senators and representatives from their duty. Better clear out the men who drink it, and make exhibitions of themselves.—Three-cent shin-plasters are to be suppressed, and three-cent nickel pieces are to be issued. Cents are quite abundant at the present time. They are leaving garrets and cellars and old stockings.—Congress defeated the bill for the reduction of duties on paper. So we shall have to wait for another year, and in that time we hope home-made paper will be reasonable.—The president has pardoned most of the Baltimore merchants who were convicted of illegal trading with their Southern friends.—General Wilson, by great exertion, has produced the passage of a bill through Congress emancipating the wives and children of colored soldiers. Some 80,000 human beings were thus made free.—We have to chronicle the fall of Fort Anderson and Wilmington, two important events, one depending upon the other. Prisoners and cannon were taken at both places. Some Union sentiment was discovered in the city, and report says 15,000 bales of cotton. Perhaps the sentiment was got up for the purpose of fathering the cotton: Who knows? Men are rather selfish in these times, and when they get hold of a good thing, want to keep it.—The Trade Sales in this city realized over \$4,000,000, and was a great success.—Crinoline is to be discarded by the French court, but our girls will cling to it,—or rather we hope that it will cling to them.—The Philadelphia papers can get up sensational reports when they please, that are splendid specimens of lying. The latest was the rumor that Lee had attacked Grant and whipped him. Gold speculators started the rumor, but no impression was made on the market.

—Ten regiments of negroes have been recruited from the contrabands who entered our lines with Sherman's army at Savannah.—Roger A. Pryor, a bitter rebel, and one who helped along rebellion, has been released from prison and exchanged. He was returned, it is said, because he favored Union prisoners when confined at Richmond. The official papers are rather bitter on the subject, and speak the president their minds quite plainly. It is very evident that no one is to be hanged for treason.—No less than 1000 rebel deserters have entered Grant's lines since last week. It is one way that the rebels have of taking Washington. They seem glad of the chance of getting possession of the city with so few hard blows. Officers and men now desert in company.—Some insane person proposes that the national debt shall be paid off by gifts and subscription, each man paying what he is able. The thing might be done, but it is almost an impossibility to get people to put their hands in their pockets for such a purpose.—By the capture of Wilmington some Union prisoners were released. They were in a terrible state, and had been three days without eating. A number were idiotic through suffering.—The Emperor of France has stated that there is no truth in the report that he intends to hold Sonora. It is pledged to France for the payment of debt, and will be given up when the account is squared. As the debt will never be liquidated, it stands to reason that France will continue to claim Sonora, and hold on to it until compelled to leave.—We have the gratifying information that some \$15,000,000 worth of blockade running property is safe at Nassau, one of the most piratical holes that the world ever knew; even exceeding Panama in its palmy days. We are glad to learn that Liverpool enterprise is like to suffer, and hope that the wretches who own the ships and cargoes will be ruined.—Regiment after regiment of colored men are recruited for the Union at Charleston. By the way, was it accident or design, in marching a colored regiment through the streets of the city after it surrendered? It must have been gall to the South Carolinians. But then they deserve gall and wormwood, too.—Parson Brownlow has been elected governor of Tennessee. He still publishes his paper, so we shall hear from him occasionally.—The Supreme Court has decided that Admiral Porter and his gallant tars cannot share the cotton which they captured while up the Red River.—It is again re-

peated that Fort Fisher had but 350 men at the time it was first attacked.—The State Bank of Virginia recently became alarmed for its gold. The papers begged of Lee to seize it and divide it among his soldiers, but the bank officers knew a trick worth several of that; so they paid it out to the stockholders.—Senator Hunter of Virginia voted to arm the slaves, but said that he did so against his better judgment, and after the negroes were armed there was nothing left to fight for.—The president has offered an amnesty to deserters, and as this is the last call they had better attend to it at once, or consider themselves outlawed.—Railroad accidents are too common, and at the rate soldiers are crushed and maimed, it shows a terrible disregard of life. We hope that it will not be necessary to shoot some of the presidents and directors of the roads so as to illustrate the temper of the community for such gross carelessness.—John P. Hale has been appointed minister to Spain.—Jeff Davis, when his Congress thought of adjourning to get out of the way of danger and the abuse of the rebel press, sent to that body a most remarkable document, one that does not reflect much credit on Jeff's shrewdness. He tells his law-makers that they have made many mistakes, that he warned them they were doing wrong, but that they neglected his advice; and now the result is, Richmond is in real danger, supplies are exhausted, and there is no money to purchase more, unless Congress will authorize him to seize all the gold in the Confederacy, and appropriate it as he deems best; advice that will not be followed, for the coin of the Southern States is buried in such out of the way places that all Lee's army could not bring it to light. Just as the Confederacy wants coin, the more will the rich rebels keep it from their ruler's grasp. Success might have brought it to light. Failure never will. Jeff will have to try another tack, and lay his head well to the wind, as Captain Cuttle would say, were the captain one of his friends. The rebel Senate could not stand Jeff's abuse, so they published a reply, and a bitter one it was, laying the blame on the shoulders of Davis, and telling him that he has had his own way in all things.—Boston is infested with a gang of pick-pockets, and the rascals make war on women's purses in a reckless manner. A woman who has been robbed, is a sight for a painter. Bedlam contains no fury like a woman who has had her pocket picked of greenbacks, money which

she intended to invest in a new dress.—The naval academy will not be removed this year to Annapolis, much to the delight of the Newport people, who clung to the little midshipmen as tenaciously as Old Sol Gay clung to the wooden middy, that stood in front of his door, and took observations of the passers-by.—A new loan of \$600,000,000 is to be placed in the market, and will be disposed of at a rapid rate, for a large portion of our stock goes to Europe, where it finds a ready market. The result is, we have ceased to export gold, and the precious metal will slowly return to this country. For the first time for many months, a small sum was brought from England and landed here. It caused a sensation.—The next income tax will require those with incomes of \$5000 to plant down five per cent. of it, and those who receive more than \$5000 to hand over to the country ten per cent. Already several of our friends declare that they have made but precious little money during the past year, yet their style of living hardly warrants the assertion.—St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in Boston with more eclat than ever before witnessed. Some 1300 of the Fenian Brotherhood turned out, and smart, military looking men they appeared, just such as Bellona would delight to see on the field of battle, for, although she and her husband are not particular what kind of food war feeds on, yet they rather like a brave man, and the Irish have given proof of their bravery on many a hard-fought battle-field, since the attempt was made to destroy the Union.—The cotton captured at Savannah is not to be sent to England, for fear of attachments, etc. It will be sold at auction in this country.—Mr. John Bigelow, formerly consul at Paris, has been appointed minister to France. As he speaks French and understands the French people, it is remarkable that he should receive such an appointment. In fact, it is a wonder.—The president has issued an edict banishing blockade runners of foreign birth, and commanding the arrest of those who call themselves Americans.—The Massachusetts Legislature has reported a bill for the annexation of Roxbury to Boston, disqualifying men who sell liquor from sitting on juries, and performed some other acts which will be repealed the next session, even if the governor does not veto them.—Gold has fallen at a rapid rate during the month, and was quoted at \$1.50, bringing down cotton, sugar, pork, butter and some houses that had speculated largely in everything that would sell.

The Florist.

Beds for Flowers.

Divisions of a flower-garden which are formed in different figures; and which are generally covered with a mass of flowers of one kind, or at least of one color, though sometimes they contain single plants, or small tufts of plants and flowers, at regular distances, with naked spaces showing the soil between. The plants most suitable for completely covering the beds are trailers and creepers; and those for standing singly at regular distances, are erect plants, which have their flowers in terminal spikes, corymbs, or umbels, or compact-growing plants, which make neat little bushes entirely covered with flowers; the stems often require to be pegged down with hooked sticks so as to cover every part of the bed equally; and in wet seasons, when the plants are apt to run too much to leaves, the lower extremities of the shoots ought to be slightly bruised, so as to check their growth by lessening the rapidity of the return of the sap. Some effect may be produced by cutting through some of the principal, six or eight inches under ground. In situations where the bottom is naturally moist, the whole flower-garden ought to be effectually drained, and those beds which are intended to be wholly covered with trailing plants, ought to have a comparatively thin stratum of soil. On the other hand, borders intended for tall, vigorous plants, ought to have a deep substantial soil.

Andromeda.

Low, deciduous and evergreen heathlike shrubs, chiefly natives of North America, and some of which are very ornamental. All the species are generally grown in heath-mould or peat, but they will also thrive in very fine sandy loam. In whatever soil they may be grown, the roots should never be suffered to become quite dry; as, like those of all the hair-rooted plants, when once withered, they cannot be restored; and the plant has seldom vigor enough to send out a sufficient quantity of new ones. All the kinds are propagated by layers.

Fuchsia.

The fuchsias, being all natives of South America, have till lately been generally treated as greenhouse plants, but the greater number are now considered to be among the more ornamental of our hardy exotics. They grow freely in the open air, and enliven our flower-gardens during the whole of the summer with their beautiful crimson flowers; and though they die down to the ground in winter, they spring up from the root the following May, and during summer flower profusely. They grow freely in a mixture of vegetable earth, or peat, sandy loam, and a little well-rotted dung, which must be kept moist, but by no means sodden. All the species strike freely from cuttings of the young wood, without bottom heat or bell-glass; but they will do better with these assistants; and if planted round the edges of pots, in a rather more sandy soil than the mother-plants have been grown in, and plunged into a slight hotbed, and

shaded, they will be fit to pot off, in about a month or six weeks. Seeds vegetate freely, if sown as soon as they are ripened, in a rather sandy soil, on a little heat; and unlike most other perennial plants, they will, if grown strongly, flower the first year. All the fuchsias hybridize freely with each other, and vary very much from the seed, which most of the kinds ripen every year. The fruit is a dark purple berry, which when ripe is eatable.

Deutisia.

Slender-branched, graceful shrubs, with compound panicles of beautiful white flowers. They will thrive in any light soil in the open ground; but as they require a slight protection during winter, they are generally grown in pots, and kept in the greenhouse. *D. scabra*, the most common species, takes its specific name from the roughness of its leaves.

Dodecatheon.

The American cowslip. A very pretty plant, to which Linnaeus gave a very strange name—Dodecatheon signifying the twelve Roman divinities. The plant is a native of Virginia, and it is generally considered quite hardy, but it is very difficult to keep. It should be grown in the open ground, in a sandy loam, in rather a shady situation, and kept moist. One reason of its being lost is, that if the roots are once suffered to become too dry, they wither; and when moisture is given, they rot instead of reviving. And another reason is, that as the stem and leaves die away in winter, the root is often dug up and thrown away as dead, by jobbing gardeners, who are unacquainted with the plants of the garden they are working in. To prevent this, a mark of some kind should always be fixed in the ground in small gardens; or when a new gardener is employed, its situation should be pointed out to him. There are several garden varieties.

Dirca.

Leatherwood. This is the smallest of trees, as, though some of the kinds of willow are of still lower growth, they are too herbaceous in the texture of their stems to be legitimately entitled to the rank of trees. The Dirca, on the contrary, is as completely a tree as an oak, though it seldom grows above three feet high. It is a native of America, and requires a marshy soil, or to be grown in peat kept constantly moist.

Fothergilla.

American dwarf shrubs, with large handsome leaves, and white fragrant flowers. The plants should be grown in a moist peaty soil, and are injured by very severe frosts. The flowers appear before the leaves.

Inga.

Beautiful plants, nearly allied to the genus Mimosa, with silky, tassel-like flowers. All the species are stove-shrubs, and should be grown in a mixture of loam and peat.

The Housewife.

Yeast.

Three quarts of water; allow it to come to a boiling point; take two handfuls of hops tied in a bag; boil it half an hour; take out the hops, stir in two quarts of grated raw potatoes; a teacup two-thirds full of molasses; a teaspoonful of salt; let it boil ten minutes longer. When about blood warm, add a small bowlful of yeast; stir it well; after it rises, stir it thoroughly once more. Bottle it the next day; lay the corks over the tops of the bottles; cork it tight the day after, and keep it in a cool place. When a bottle is empty, wash and scald it thoroughly; it is well to rinse it with saleratus water to prevent any acidity.

Potato Yeast is made thus:—Boil a couple of potatoes; mash them very fine, removing all the lumps; add a couple of tablespoonsful of wheat flour, and a quart of hot hop tea; when lukewarm, stir in half a teacup of yeast; when light, put in a couple of teaspoonfuls of salt; put it in your yeast-jar, and cover it up tight.

Milk Yeast is made by mixing half the quantity of milk you need for your biscuit with a teaspoonful of salt and a little flour, and setting it in a warm place. When light, mix it with the rest of the milk, and use it directly for the biscuit. It takes a pint of this yeast for five or six loaves of bread. It is nice for biscuit, but is not generally liked for bread. Some persons prefer to save a small quantity of dough from each baking, by drying it or otherwise, for the next baking.

Yeast Cakes.

Make a thick batter of a pint of good yeast, a teaspoonful of salt, and rye or wheat flour. When risen, stir in Indian meal till of the right consistency to roll out. When risen again, roll them out very thin, cut them into cakes with a tumbler, and dry them in the shade, in clear, windy weather. Care must be taken to keep them from the sun, or they will ferment. When perfectly dry, tie them up in a bag, and keep them in a cool, dry place. To raise four or five loaves of bread, take one of these cakes and put to it a little lukewarm milk or water. When dissolved, stir in a couple of tablespoonsful of flour; set it near the fire. When light, use it for your dough. Yeast cakes will keep good five or six months. They are very convenient to use in summer, as common yeast is so apt to ferment.

Cheap Lemon Flavor.

When lemons are plenty procure a quantity, cut them into thin slices, and lay them on plates to dry in the oven; when dry, put them into a tight bag, or close vessel, in the store-room, where they are both handy and agreeable for almost anything.

To mend Crockery Ware.

Wash the vessel gently and thoroughly with soap and water; rinse with soft water, and let it dry without wiping. The pieces should then be fitted together

as soon as possible, and kept in their places by winding firmly over the bowl or dish a strong thread, or a piece of twine; put the broken article into a boiler, an inch or two larger each way, and fill them both with sweet, cold skimmed milk; set the boiler over the fire, and boil for ten or fifteen minutes; take it off, and let it stand till quite cold, when the string, or twine, may be cut, and the article washed in warm water.

Washing Woolen, and bleaching Linen.

The following mixture for these purposes has recently been patented in Belgium:—A solution of sixty per cent. caustic soda is mixed with a solution of thirty per cent. carbonate of potash, and fifteen per cent. glycerine. The wool, woolen cloth, or linen, is washed in this. The alkali which it contains removes the sweat and fat from the wool, and the resin from the linen; while the glycerine protects them from being injured by the caustic properties which produce these effects.

Immersing the Feet in hot Water.

Remember never to have the foot-bath so hot as to occasion a disagreeable sensation; this would drive the blood to the head, instead of drawing it from it. If possible, when bathing the feet, have a warm bath for the hands also; the object being to bring the heat to the extremities.

Removing Paint or Putty from Wood.

If soft soap is made into a paste with a solution of caustic potash or soda, and the mixture is laid on with an old brush or a rag, the paint or putty will become in a few hours so soft that it may be removed with ease.

For Whooping Cough.

It is said, if you mix castor oil and molasses, in equal proportions, and give a teaspoonful whenever the cough is troublesome, there will be almost immediate relief, and will facilitate an entire cure. It is also serviceable in violent attacks of the croup. In the whooping cough, the bowels should be kept open by frequent doses of castor oil, if found necessary.

To remove Marks from a Table.

If a whitish mark is left on a table, by carelessly setting on a pitcher of boiling water, or a hot dish, pour some lamp oil on the spot, and rub it hard with a soft cloth. Then pour on a little spirits of wine or cologne water, and rub it dry with another cloth. The white mark will thus disappear, and the table look as well as ever.

To make the Teeth white.

A mixture of honey with the purest charcoal will prove an admirable cleanser.

Curious Matters.

Trees that grow Shirts.

"We saw on the slope of Cerro Duida," said M. Humboldt, "shirt trees fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. The bark affords them a sort of garment which resembles a sack of a very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the hands, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts of Marina in the rainy season. They have the form of the ponchos and monos of cotton which are so common in New Grenada, at Quito, and in Peru. As in this climate the riches and the beneficence of nature are regarded as the primary causes of the indolence of the inhabitants, the missionaries do not fail to say, in showing the shirts of Marina, in the forests of Orinoko, garments are found ready made upon the trees."

Shakspeare's Autograph.

The Bodleian Library at Oxford, England, has just got another treasure, in the shape of a new autograph of Shakspeare. It is written in faded ink on the title-page of a small octavo Aldine edition of "Ovid's Metamorphoses" (1502). The signature is abridged into "Wm. Shr.;" the London Athenæum adds that "it is at once evident that, unless it is a forgery, the hand which wrote it was that which signed the will of Shakspeare;" and the signature is corroborated by that of the owner in 1682, who has written within the cover, "This little book of Ovid was given to me by W. Hall, who said it was once Wm. Shakspeare's."

Curious Affair.—The Man of Destiny.

Figures cannot lie. The votes of the French people elected Louis Napoleon Emperor; but all are not aware that the figures representing the vote form the French word *empereur*. Trace on a thin sheet of paper the figures 7119796, the affirmative vote—and on the same line divided by a perpendicular mark a little longer than the figure six—the negative vote 1119. Look on the reverse side of the paper toward the light, and you have the magical result.

A long Captivity.

The Abelle of Fontainebleau gives the following account of the return of a French officer after thirty-three years' of captivity. This officer, Captain Bruzel, of the 20th Regiment of the Line, was taken prisoner in 1833 by the Arabs in Algeria, and nothing further having been heard of him, he was supposed to be dead. It appears that he was at one moment very near being beheaded, but was ultimately taken 300 leagues into the interior, where he was for a long time employed as a herdsman, and never found any means of communicating with his family or country. But during the late Arab insurrection, when all men capable of bearing arms had left the tribe, he mounted a camel, and effected his escape. After riding many days, he reached the west coast of Africa, and

there embarked on a Maltese vessel, which landed him at Carthage, Spain. Thence Captain Bruzel proceeded to France, joined his regiment in garrison at Dijon, where he received the necessary documents to enable him to proceed to Paris and regularize his position.

Three Names in a Day.

A painful yet somewhat romantic incident lately marred the happiness of a wedded couple. Mr. Croft, the only son of Sir Archer Denman Croft, lately was married at Weyhill, Hants, to the eldest daughter of Mr. Marsh, the Liberal M. P. for Salisbury. The very same evening Sir Archer died, very suddenly, from an affection of the heart, at his house in London. Thus, the bride on her wedding-day underwent three changes of designation. In the morning she was Miss Marsh, in the afternoon Mrs. Croft, and at night Lady Croft. The deceased baronet's mother was the sister of the late Lord Denman. Sir Archer was one of the Masters of the Court of Queen's Bench. The present baronet, who so inopportunistically inherited the title on his wedding-day, is in his twenty-sixth year. The increase of heart disease more and more forces itself upon public attention.

A dumb Community.

In the village of Antignano, Arenella, and Due Porte, which stands on the same hill, in the Province of Naples, says the *Nasoline*, of Florence, reside about thirty men and women, who, from a singular religious fanaticism have made a vow never to speak. For some years they have maintained silence. A tradesman (a grocer) is mentioned, who carries on his business without uttering a word. Should a customer enter his shop to purchase anything, he weighs and sells. If the buyer has an observation to make, he listens, and does as he is requested. Besides, his wife speaks for him, and most ungrudgingly.

A desperate Prisoner.

An extraordinary escape from prison has just been made at Toulon, by a seaman in the French navy named Cornieto. He made a hole through a wall more than four feet thick, broke open two doors, plundered the clothes store of the establishment, and then scaling a wall twenty feet high, got clear away.

A Discovery.

A party of English engineers, who are now making a survey of Jerusalem, have discovered an arch of the Temple causeway mentioned by Josephus. This arch is said to be about fifty feet in span; to correspond, in style of masonry, to the Haram wall in its best parts, and to be in a very good state of preservation.

Big Gun.

A fourth enormous cannon of iron was lately cast at Petrosavodsk, in Russia, on the American system—that is to say, by cooling the inside with water.

Facts and Fancies.

A STRONG SIGN.

Everybody about Parker's remembers poor Tom Joelyn, as clever a fellow as ever lived; but like a great many other clever fellows, he was too much addicted to the "O be joyful!" In fact, he had done so much at the business, a red nose, somewhat swollen, was the consequence. At length, all at once, Tom seemed to see the error of his ways, and attempted, as his friends hoped, a *bona fide* reformation.

While he was still firm, and his resolution as yet had remained unbroken, he happened one day to return to Parker's, and an old acquaintance insisted on his taking a smile with him.

"No, I thank you," Tom replied, with that suavity of manner which was so natural to him. "I do not drink any more, I have reformed."

"Not drink!" ejaculated his friend, at the same time gazing at the rubicund nose with astonishment.

"No," replied Tom, "I have quit it entirely."

"Then why don't you take in your sign?" his acquaintance asked, pointing at the same time to Tom's red nose.

This was too much. Tom immediately smiled with his friend, and continued to smile ever afterward, feeling, no doubt, than when a man has a sign hung out, it is sheer nonsense to attempt to gainsay it.

A TEMPERANCE SUBJECT.

An old gentleman died at the age of 105. It was thought advisable to attribute his long life to temperance principles, so a committee called on his grandson for particulars.

"Of course he was temperate," suggested the committee.

"Well, sir, when he first rose in the morning, he took about half a glass of pure Jamaica rum; my grandfather was a person of extremely regular habits; this was his uniform custom," replied the grandson.

"This, I suppose," said the inquirer, "was to give a sort of fillip to his system, after the lethargy of lengthened repose, made requisite, as an exceptional case, by his very advanced period of life. Please tell us what his practice was during the rest of the day."

"My grandfather, gentlemen, was a person of very regular habits, and took nothing else of this sort, until 11 o'clock, and then only a glass of Jamaica rum."

"Indeed; did he drink anything with his meals?"

"Not exactly with his meals; about half an hour before dinner he drank a mixture to which he was partial, consisting of about half and half of cider and rum. But after drinking that it was his custom to go out for a short walk and return to dinner. When dinner was about half through, he would then drink say a glass of rum or whiskey, as the case may be, and another when dinner was over. Dinner was always punctually on the table at one o'clock; he took no more until four o'clock, and after that a small quantity in his tea. His practice was not to drink anything else until near bed-time, which was always nine o'clock, when he had another glass or two of

whiskey or rum; unless, indeed, some neighbor or friend came in to join him. He was very hospitable, always, and as I have remarked, extremely regular in his habits."

The committee looked at one another, and hesitated about pursuing the inquiry any further. It occurred to them, however, that it would be well to save themselves, if possible, in regard to the use of tobacco. "Did Dr. — ever smoke?" asked the chairman.

"That," said the host, "was one of his most regular habits. He was not often without a pipe in his mouth, when not engaged professionally. He did not smoke in bed."

"Surely, then, he used tobacco in no other way?" suggested the interrogator.

"My grandfather, every Saturday afternoon, gentlemen, purchased a certain quantity of pigtail tobacco, say from twenty-one to twenty-three inches in length; this he cut up into seven different portions, one of which per day, and no more, he used for chewing in the course of the seven days of the week. My grandfather's habits, as I have observed—"

"O, confound your grandfather and his habits," broke in the questioner, out of all patience. "I beg your pardon, sir, but it is not necessary for us to pursue this subject any further." And so they left.

AN ASTONISHED CHAPLAIN.

There is a joke—though positively a wicked one—on a certain chaplain, which ought not to be lost to the world. It is the chaplain's business to look after the regimental mail. This chaplain had been annoyed exceedingly by the great number of warriors who were constantly running to him and inquiring about the arrival and departure of mails. To save time and patience, he posted a notice outside his tent which read: "The chaplain does not know when the mail will go," and imagined his troubles at an end. He was absent from the camp that day, and on returning and glancing at his notice, was horrified to see there upon his own door, read by multitudes during the day, in a hand exactly counterfeiting his, following the words "the chaplain does not know when the mail will go," this addition, by some wretch: "Neither does he care a d—n." It was a case of depravity that he was unprepared for.

A RESPONSIBLE NEGRO.

Three or four weeks ago an amusing incident took place in one of the most splendid of the New York hotels, which is too good not to be related. A southern gentleman was a boarder in the house, and preferring not to eat at the *table d'hôte*, had his meals served in his own parlor, with all the elegance for which the establishment is noted. Being somewhat annoyed with the airs of the servant who waited on him—a negro of very sooty complexion—he desired him, one day at dinner, to retire. The negro bowed, and took his stand directly behind the gentleman's chair. Supposing him gone, it was with some impatience that a few minutes after the gentleman saw him step forward to remove the soup.

"Fellow," said he, "leave the room, I wish to be alone."

"Excuse me, sir," said Cuffee, drawing himself up stiffly, "*but I am responsible for the silver.*"

It is said that the negro was not *footed* out of the room. The distinguished Southerner was not equal to that.

NEW YEARS' CALLS.

"Did you make calls on New Years?"

"No," said my friend Tom. "I used to, but I'm cured."

"How so?" said I, anxious to learn his experience.

"Why, you see," said Tom, feelingly, "as I was making calls, some years back, I fell in love with a beautiful girl—that she was. Well, sir, I courted her like a trump, and I thought I had her sure, when she eloped with a tailor—yes, sir, that lovely creature did."

"She showed bad taste," said I, compassionately.

"More than that," remarked Tom, nervously.

"Downright inhumanity is the word. I could stand being jilted for a down-town broker, a captain with whiskers, or anything showy, that I could—but to be cut out, like a suit of clothes, by the ninth part of a man—a trifle over the decimal fraction of humanity—that was brutality. But I swore vengeance—that I did."

"Vengeance?" I nervously inquired.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, with earnestness, "and I took it. I patronized the robber of my happiness, and ordered a full suit of clothes, regardless of expense. The tailor laid himself out on the job. I tell you, they were stunning, you may believe it."

"But your vengeance?" said I, prompting him.

"I struck that tailor in his most vital point—that I did—I never paid that bill—no, sir, I didn't. But those infernal clothes were the cause of all my future misfortunes, that they were."

"How so?" said I, with a smile of compassion.

"Wearing them, I captivated my present wife. She told me so, and I haven't had a happy day since. But I am bound to be square with that wretched tailor, in the long run. I've left him a legacy, on condition that he marries my widow."

A COOL CUSTOMER.

The following, too good to be lost, occurred some years ago in Germantown, in a hotel not many miles from the railroad.

"Will you give me a glass of ale, if you please?" asked a rather seedyish-looking person, with an old but well-brushed coat, and a most too shiny hat.

It was produced by the bar-tender, creaming over the edge of the tumbler.

"Thank ye," said the recipient, as he placed it to his lips. Having finished it at a swallow, he smacked his lips, and said:

"This is very fine ale—very. Whose is it?"

"It is Dawson's ale."

"Ah! Dawson's, eh? Well, give us another glass of it."

It was done; and holding it up to the light, and looking through it, the connoisseur said:

"Pon my word, it is superb ale—*superb*—clear as Madeira. I must have some more of that. Give me a mug of it."

The mug was furnished; but before putting it to his lips the imbibler said:

"Whose ale did you say this was?"

"Dawson's," repeated the bar-tender.

The mug was exhausted, and also the vocabulary of praise; and it only remained for the appreciative gentleman to say, as he wiped his mouth and went toward the door:

"Dawson's ale, is it? I know Dawson very well—I shall see him soon, and will settle with him for the glasses and a mug of his incomparable brew! Good-mawning!"

THE CRITICS AND THE DOG.

An amusing story is told of a young Parisian artist, who lately painted a portrait of a duchess, with which her friends were not satisfied, declaring that it was totally unlike. The painter, however, was convinced that he had succeeded admirably, and proposed that the question of resemblance or no resemblance should be left to a little dog belonging to the duchess, which was agreed to. Accordingly the picture was sent to the hotel of the lady the next day, and a large party assembled to witness the test. The dog was called in, and no sooner did he see the portrait than he sprang upon it, licked it all over, and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The triumph of the painter was complete, and all present insisted that the picture had been retouched during the night, which was actually so, the artist having rubbed it over with a thin coating of lard! The dog's nose was sharper than the critics' eyes.

"I SEED HIM."

Near Newport is situated the island of Conanicut, the inhabitants of which are in the habit of taking their produce to the market of the former place, taking back, in return, such commodities as their necessities demand. Some years since, there lived an honest family on this island, who had a son, whose long shaggy, uncombed hair, gave him an uncommonly boorish appearance, even in that then primitive place. The father was in the habit of visiting Newport, according to the custom of his neighbors. On one occasion, he took home with him, packed at the top of the chest in which he transported his goods, a small mirror—the first ever possessed by the family. The chest was brought home, and placed in the centre of the room, as usual, for the purpose of being discharged of its contents, when this uncouth son ran as usual, and raised the lid, to see what father had brought from town. On this occasion, he gave but one brief look, dropped the lid, and with terror depicted in every feature, cried out: "O, mother! mother! father has brought home a cub! he has brought home a cub! I seed him—a young bear!"

CONGRESSIONAL EXPERIENCE.

An old gentleman, an ex-Congressman, related his experience, a day or two since, in our hearing, as follows: He was addressing a small audience, including three members of the House, at a dinner-table.

"There was a time," said he, "when the people had some respect for a member of Congress. I remember when the citizens of a small town would turn out to meet him at a railroad station, and tender him the warmest hospitality; but two years ago I was

traveling in the West, and whenever it became known that I was a Congressman, the hotel-keepers made me pay in advance, while, when they thought I was a gentleman, they'd trust me for a whole month. I found that the general opinion was that Congress was getting demoralised, and I made up my mind that I wouldn't run again to save my district from the devil."

A BLUNT FARMER.

We were much amused at a fashionable restaurant, a short time since, by the entrance of an honest old farmer, who came, as he said, "to get his dinner."

Seating himself at a small circular table, he took off his hat, placed it on the floor by his side, and with an ancient cotton handkerchief commenced wiping the large drops of perspiration from his honest face.

Stepping up to the countryman, a white-aproned waiter inquired, in a cast iron voice:

"What'll y' order, sir?"

"What'd you say?" replied the farmer, looking at his interrogator with no small degree of interest.

"I inquired what you'd have," exclaimed the waiter, looking as if the farmer's penetrating glance had slightly started the starch.

"What I'd have?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I came in to get my dinner."

"Very well, sir; what dish do you prefer?"

"Well, I d'know; what have you got?"

"Roast beef, corned beef, beefsteak, beef *alamode* with nudles, pressed corned beef cold, veal roast, chickens roast, boiled or fricaseed, grenadins of veal *a la jardiniere*, croquettes of fish *a l'allemande*—"

"Hold on! hold on!" cried the farmer. "I don't know anything about them things. Why, you've got a voice like a stove-pipe with a dozen nails in it. Give me some mutton chop, and don't speak to me again till I settle my bill, or I shan't know whether I'm in an eating-house or a Latin observatory!"

A DISGUSTED CHAPLAIN.

One of the wounded rebel soldiers thought he was about to die; and feeling that he had many sins to answer for, he requested that a minister should be sent to him. The Rev. Mr. H., a rebel parson, was called in. Sitting down beside the wounded man, and assuming all the sacerdotal airs, he gravely said: "My friend, in what state was your mind when you first felt that you would like to be baptized?" Feebly and dolorously the feeble man replied: "Ar-kan-saw." The divine was instantly disgusted, and rising from the sick bed in great indignation, said: "Shucks! that fellow don't know enough to go to heaven!" and left the room.

A DETERMINED FATHER.

Close to the lands of the Pennsylvania Central Oil Company, there lives an old chap who is worth a mint. Ignorant, of course, dumb luck has made him rich. His household pets consist of a terrier dog and an idiot daughter, both of which engage his attention. The former provided for, he determined to "accomplish" his daughter. He bought a piano and a harp, and a guitar, and a car load of music books and so forth, winding up his business by engaging a first-class, intellectual and musical tutor. The documents were of course soon arranged for business. The tutor

set to work and toiled like a Trojan, but with no success. Despairing of ultimate triumph, the tutor went to the oil king and made a clean breast of it.

"Why, what the world's the matter?" asked the father.

"Well," answered the tutor, "Kitty has got a piano and guitar and harp, and music and books, and all that, but she wants capacity—that's all."

"Well, by the Lord Harry," cried the oil king, "if that's all, just buy it. I've got the stuff, and if money will get it, she shall have capacity or anything else."

The music teacher resigned. There is a chance for some one.

ONE SOLID REASON FOR MARRYING.

"You ought to marry."

"Never."

"I know a good girl for you."

"Let me alone!"

"But, perhaps you don't know her. She is young."

"Then she is sly."

"Beautiful."

"The more dangerous."

"Of good family."

"Then she is proud."

"She is tender-hearted."

"Then she is jealous."

"She has talents."

"To kill me."

"And one hundred thousand dollars."

"I'll take her."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A Western paper relates the following anecdote, and states that the scene occurred at a hotel. The landlord said to a boarder:

"See here, Mr. —, the chambermaid found a hair-pin in your bed this morning, and it will not answer."

"Well," replied the boarder, "I found a hair in the butter this morning, but it did not prove you had a woman in it."

The two men looked at each other for about ten seconds, when each smiled and went his way, no doubt pondering on the peculiarities of circumstantial evidence.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why has a clock always a bashful appearance?

Ans.—Because it keeps its hands before its face.

Why is a man with his eyes shut like an illiterate schoolmaster?

Ans.—Because he keeps his pupils in the dark.

Why is "Yes" the most ignorant word in the language?

Ans.—Because it does not "no" (know) anything.

Can you spell blind pig in two letters?

Ans.—P. G., that is piggy without an I (eye).

When is a man thinner than a lath?

Ans.—When he's a shaving.

When is a man over head and ears in debt?

Ans.—When he has a hat on which is not paid for.

Why is a confectioner like a druggist?

Ans.—Because he sells pies and things (pison things).

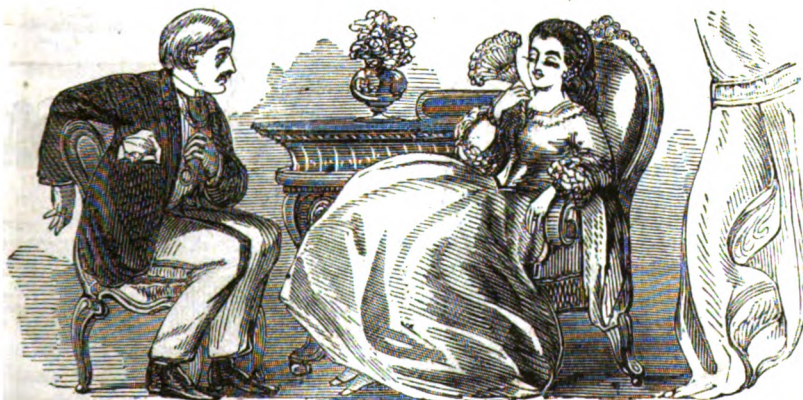
ILLUSTRATIONS OF CITY LIFE.



TAKING THE STARCH OUT OF HIM.—I say, Tom, just see me take the starch out of that swell!



POOR WOMAN TO RICH CONTRACTOR.—Alas, sir, this is hard, to make shirts for six cents!
RICH CONTRACTOR.—Bah! don't tell me. This is an iron age—yes, ma'am, an age of steel.



FRANK YOUNG LADY.—Yes, Charles, I've thought of the subject, and conclude that I cannot accept of your proposals. Five thousand a year, at the present price of gold, would hardly afford me such luxuries as I am accustomed to at home.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



ARISTOCRACY OF THE PRESENT DAY.—Jim, does you smoke Yankee cigar-stumps when you finds 'em?
No, Tom, it's poor economy to waste yer time in trying to make 'em go. Better stick to fust love, and then you knows what you smokes.



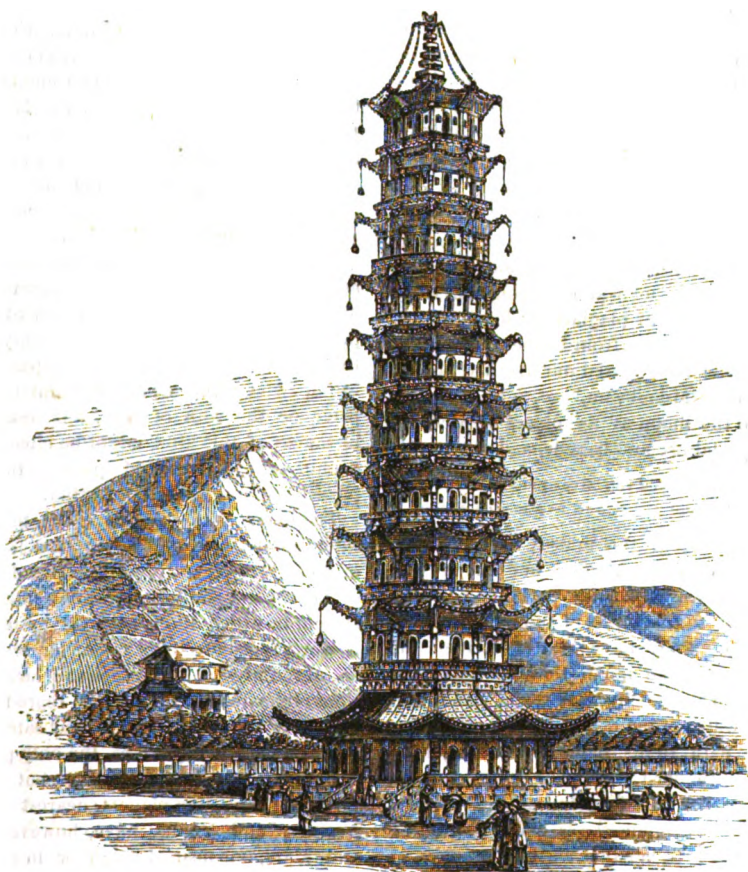
INDIGNANT CUSTOMER.—What a horrid price!
INDIGNANT DEALER.—Good heavens! do you 'spose I can pay government tax, build that size shoe out of doors, and then sell it for half price?



THE EFFECT OF THE WHISKEY TAX—Ah, Biddy, the Congress spalpeens is taxin' whiskey, but they can't prevent me comin' and seein' yer, and drinkin' jist sich drinks as yer master takes—and faith, it's no tax I'll pay for the same!

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXI.—No. 6.....JUNE, 1865.....WHOLE No. 126.  
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THE PORCELAIN TOWER OF NANKIN.

It is always a pleasure to the publishers of the DOLLAR MONTHLY to present to their many thousand readers, in each number of the Magazine, some striking illustrations, representing distinguished characters, wonderful scenes, rare historical views, works of

art, geological formations, rare specimens of ornithology, and remarkable curiosities from all parts of the known world. Even the heavenly bodies have been called upon to add their share towards interesting our readers, but those our friends will discover on another page.

The first illustration in this number is one of the wonders of China, in fact the wonder of the world. It is called the Porcelain Tower of Nankin. It is lined with china tiles, all painted by the best artists of the Celestial Empire. The tower is of an octagonal form, nine stories, or two hundred feet high, and forty feet in diameter, so that every side is fifteen feet in length. Every story has eight large windows, one at every front. They all lessen as they mount one over the other, so as to form in the whole a kind of cone or sugar-loaf; and between each of them is a pent-house or shed, which projects some yards from the wall all around, and lessens in the same proportion the higher they rise. Each room is adorned with paintings and other ornaments, after the Chinese style, both on the sides and on the ceiling, while the outside is embellished with a variety of work in basso-relievo, niches, and imagery. The structure is looked upon as the finest in all the East.

THE MOON.

We cannot preface our subject with an encomium or panegyric upon the moon's splendor and beauty, for fear of laying ourselves open to a charge of plagiarism; for poets and poetasters in all ages, from Homer down to the last scribbler who poured out his little soul in "Lines on a Moonbeam," seem to have laid claim to the moon as an object created for their especial use and benefit, and they have

Bayed and bruited the silver moon,
Till they made her as dull as a leaden spoon.

But while singing the praises of her beauty they have entirely ignored her utility, and overlooked the important part she plays in ministering to the wants of the inhabitants of this earth. They have loudly glorified the little "Star in the north that can guide the wanderer where'er he may roam," and that "In the waste of the desert or tide still points out the path to his home;" but they have omitted to render Cynthia her due measure of praise for her aid in piloting the mariner across the ocean, for she is his true guiding star, and it is to her that we owe the present advanced state of the art of navigation. The long mysterious problem, the determination of the longitude at sea, the key to a successful means of traversing the ocean, was only fully solved when the result of astronomical observation and analysis led to the perfection of that transcendent achievement of human genius the *Lunar Theory*, or the applications

of mechanical laws and mathematical reasoning to an attainment of a knowledge of the intricate motions of our satellite, and the subsequent formation of tables by which the exact position of the moon in the heavens could be predicted, as is now done, for any moment of time for many years in advance. More than this, the moon, through the agency of the tides of which she is the immediate cause, assists in the transport of the world's merchandise from shore to shore and from sea to cities far inland, bearing away with the ebbing waters of our tidal rivers the cities' pestilential refuse, and dissipating it in the harmless sea. The moon also assists the historian or chronologer by affording him at times the means of defining a distant date, or establishing the disputed locality or period of a historical event. For instance, Herodotus relates that during a battle between the Medes and Lydians a total eclipse of the sun occurred that struck the rival armies with terror, and brought about a pacific arrangement between the two nations. Various chronologers, unable to agree upon the date of this event, have assigned various times for it between B.C. 630 and B.C. 585; but the astronomer, armed with his "Lunar Tables," enters the field of dispute, and boldly declares that the only eclipse that could have been seen in that part of Asia Minor where the armies encountered, took place on the 28th of May, B.C. 584. Other instances of this kind might be cited, but we cannot afford our limited space for the multiplication of examples any further.

The moon is the earth's only satellite. A satellite in astronomical parlance is a small or secondary planet revolving round a larger or its primary, and forming thus a subordinate system in which the great solar system is, as it were, reproduced on a smaller scale; just as we see in organic life types of larger creations repeated in miniature reproductions. We apply the term only to our satellite because the earth is perhaps the only planet in the system that is graced with but a single satellite. The two planets nearest the sun, Mercury and Venus, have, however, none; and Mars, our nearest neighbor in the opposite direction, has none; but Jupiter has four and Saturn eight. Of the remote members of our system, Uranus is supposed to have six, and Neptune probably two or more, though only one is established; but it seems highly probable, considering the increase of satellites corresponding with increased distance of the primary from the sun that we ob-

serve in the nearer planets, that Uranus and Neptune have many more; but the most powerful telescopes in existence are required to see those we have referred to, and if any smaller exist we can scarcely hope to detect them, for the planets themselves are smaller and fainter when viewed with the telescope than some of the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn. But what the earth lacks in number as regards satellitic accompaniment is made up by the magnitude of the one it does possess, for the moon is the largest satellite, compared to its primary, in the system, its diameter being one fourth that of the earth, while Jupiter's moons range from a thirtieth to a fortieth of his diameter, and Saturn's are comparatively much less than these. The abso-

yourself at some distance from a lamp or the window of a room lighted by one window only. Hold the ball at arm's length between your eye and the light, and then your face, the ball, and the light will respectively represent the earth, moon and sun. Now turn gently upon your heel, keeping your eye on the ball; when you have moved a few degrees round you will see a narrow line of light appear on the side of the ball nearest the lamp or window; this represents the crescent moon. Go on turning till you get just a quarter round, and the ball will appear as the moon at "first quarter;" still turn on, and it will present a "gibbous" appearance, which will enlarge to "full moon" just when your back is turned to the light. By continuing your



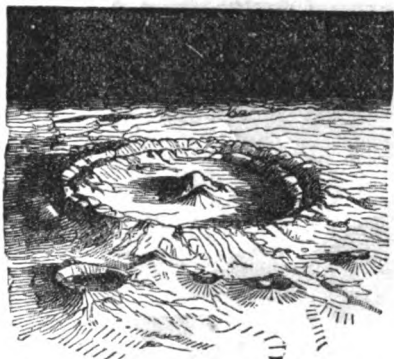
THE MOON.

lute diameter of the moon is about 2150 miles; its weight is sixty-nine trillions of tons, and its average distance from the earth 237,000 miles, so that a sixty-mile-an-hour train would run to the moon in about six months, and round it in a little over four days and a half. It revolves round the earth in 27 days, 7 hours, and 43 minutes, and in the course of this revolution presents us with the familiar aspects known as the phases. The cause of these phases is remarkably simple, yet the common explanations given of them are so complicated that we venture to devote a few lines to the description of a simple experiment that will make the matter more understandable than pages of written explanation could do. Take in your hand a white or lightly-colored ball, say a lightly-painted croquet ball, and place

revolution the ball will re-pass through the gibbous phase to the last quarter, and so on till it comes just between you and the light, when, as it no longer will present any illuminated edge, it will represent "new moon." If you perform the experiment at night, with a lamp, and the ball, when between your eye and the lamp, hides the latter, you will have the best possible example of an eclipse of the sun, and if, when at "full moon," the shadow of your head falls upon the ball, you will reproduce an eclipse of the moon.

Every one is familiar with the singular phenomenon known as the "new moon carrying the old moon in her arms," when, in addition to the slender crescent, the whole disc is more or less distinctly visible, a few days after new moon; the same appearance, or "the old

moon nursing the new," presents itself in like manner in the waning moon, when she rises a few hours before the sun, but we fear there are few who shake off dull sleep in time to see it. This is what is called the *lumiere cendree*, or ash-light of the moon. Its appearance used to be taken as an indication that the moon was phosphorescent, or possessed some light of her own independent of that she receives from the sun. Now, however, it is satisfactorily proved to arise from the sunlight reflected from the earth upon the dark moon, for it must be remembered that the earth is to the moon what the moon is to the earth, a reflector of the sun's light, and that when it is *new moon* to the earth it is *full earth* to the moon, and *vice versa*, and thus the opaque moon becomes illuminated by earthlight—to use a term analogous to moonlight—but on account of the great size of the earth com-



A NORMAL LUNAR CRATER.

pared to the moon, this light is fourteen times as bright as our moonlight, and thus the occasional brilliancy of this "reflection of a reflection" is accounted for.

The moon, as we have said, revolves round the earth in about twenty-seven days. The direction of this motion is contrary to that of the earth upon its axis, or the apparent motion of the sun, and hence the moon appears to be always lagging behind the sun, rising, as it does, about fifty minutes later every day. In just the same time that the moon occupies in revolving round the earth, she also rotates upon her own axis, and this is why we always behold the same face turned towards us. This seems like a paradox, but it is a demonstrable fact.

Some six or eight years ago, considerable discussion took place upon this subject in the columns of our public journals, and a number

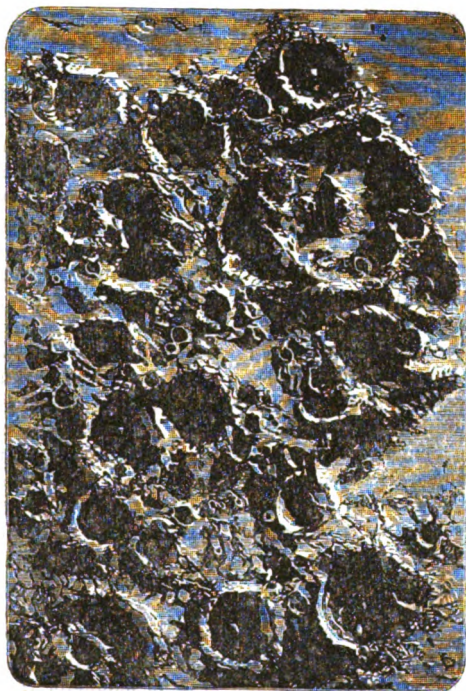
of "half-fledged savans," better able to comprehend theories of their own creation than those established by fact and demonstrated by experiment, endeavored, in various ways, to prove that the moon does not rotate upon her axis, and even at the present time the argument is fiercely raging among a certain grade of philosophers. If any one has a lingering notion in favor of this non-rotatory theory, we would suggest the performance of one of a vast number of simple experiments that completely disprove it, and at the same time explain the apparent paradox. Let the reader place himself before a round table with a ball or basin or any other object in its centre; let him suppose this central object represents the earth and himself the moon; let him tie one end of a long string to his button-hole and fasten the other end to a chair, or any other object in the room, leaving plenty of space; then let him glide round the table, keeping his face towards the central object (as the moon keeps her face towards the earth), and by the time he has completed one revolution round the table he will find the string twisted round his body; here is proof positive that he rotated on his axis, or how else came the string around him? As a converse to this experiment let him repeat it, but this time keeping his face towards an opposite wall, or appearing to rotate to the object on the table: the string in this case will not be wound round him, because he has not rotated on his axis.

But while the moon's motion on her axis is uniform, her motion round the earth is not so; and this gives rise to an apparent wobbling motion which enables us to see sometimes a little more of one side of her face and sometimes a little more of the other; in this way, instead of half, four-sevenths of the moon's surface is rendered visible to us. Of the remaining three-sevenths we inhabitants of this earth must remain ignorant to all eternity.

The proximity of our satellite, and the plenitude of objects it presents for observation, conspire to render it one of the most favorite and most striking telescopic objects in the whole universe, and even before the invention of the telescope intelligent views and suppositions were formed respecting the inequalities visible to the naked eye upon its surface. Plutarch, in a treatise "On the Face of the Moon," expresses an opinion that from the spots seen upon it might be surmised the existence of deep clefts, and valleys, and mountain summits "which cast long shadows like

Mount Athos, whose shadow reaches to Lemnos." A more fanciful theorist of ancient times conceived the moon to be a mirror reflecting back an image of the forms and outlines of the continents and seas of the earth, and even in these days some such opinion seems to hold ground among some nations, for Humboldt tells us that, while showing the moon through a telescope to an accomplished Persian, he was astonished to hear him propound the same hypothesis as one generally accepted in his country. "It is ourselves that we see in the moon," said the Persian,

traordinary element of the lunar scenery. Reviewing these in the order in which we have mentioned them, we have first to notice the extensive dusky spots. These, in consequence of their smooth appearance, were for a long time supposed to consist of water, and the ancient selenographers (this is the analogous term to geographer) gave them the appellation of seas and lakes, and distinguished them by designations derived from influences supposed to be exercised by the moon over meteorological and other natural phenomena: for instance, there is the *Oceanus Procellarum*,



PORTION OF THE MOON'S SURFACE.

"that is the map of the earth." Telescopic scrutiny reveals to our observation surface peculiarities wonderfully diversified in their configuration, for, besides the level plains that form the dusky spots visible without a telescope, we perceive extensive mountain ranges with their attendant valleys, huge isolated hills and masses of rock flanked by projecting crags and strewed round their bases with detached and unconnected fragments apparently broken from the parent mass, rents and ravines and yawning chasms, and, above all, the striking circular craters and volcanic formations that form the chief and most ex-

traordinary element of the lunar scenery. Reviewing these in the order in which we have mentioned them, we have first to notice the extensive dusky spots. These, in consequence of their smooth appearance, were for a long time supposed to consist of water, and the ancient selenographers (this is the analogous term to geographer) gave them the appellation of seas and lakes, and distinguished them by designations derived from influences supposed to be exercised by the moon over meteorological and other natural phenomena: for instance, there is the *Oceanus Procellarum*, or ocean of storms, the largest of the so-called seas, covering a surface of 90,000 square miles; the *Mare Tranquillitatis*, or sea of tranquillity; the *Sinus Iridum*, or bay of rainbows, and many others, covering, in the aggregate, about two thirds of the visible hemisphere of the moon. The appellations of seas, etc., are still retained for convenience' sake in referring to these portions of the moon's disc; but the telescope has long ago determined that they cannot be bodies of water, for their surfaces are diversified with permanent undulations and irregularities, and are more or less covered with volcanic and other selenological

peculiarities. They are mostly skirted by lofty chains of mountains, and some of them are variously tinted with color; some with a greenish tinge, others red, and others slightly blue. These different tints are exceedingly enigmatical, and have been supposed to indicate the existence of something like vegetation covering these vast areas; but this idea is negatived when we bear in mind the fact, to which we shall have further occasion to allude, that the moon is destitute of such an atmosphere as would be required to sustain vegetable life. Since then we cannot suppose them to be seas or districts of fertility, we are driven to the conclusion that they are vast flats or tracts of level land, and, regarding the moon as having once been the scene of tremendous eruptive disturbances, we must assume these to represent the comparatively undisturbed regions of her surface.

Passing from the plains to the mountainous regions, we remark that the lunar mountain chains present a strong family likeness to those of the earth, and doubtless owe their origin to the workings of the same cause acting upon similar materials, but under different conditions. A striking feature in all the mountainous formations of the moon is their enormous height relatively to the moon's diameter, for in this respect they greatly exceed in magnitude the mountains of the earth. We may here mention incidentally, that if a globe two feet in diameter were taken to represent the earth, the highest earthly mountain would be justly represented by a grain of sand laid upon that globe's surface. The highest of the earth's mountains attains an altitude of about 28,000 feet, and the highest of those on the moon about 25,000: but considering the diameter of the moon is only a fourth of that of the earth, it follows that the lunar mountains are thus comparatively four times higher than ours. Near the moon's south pole some of these lofty mountain summits glitter in perpetual sunlight, "eternal sunshine" literally "settles on their heads;" but in striking contrast to these there are in their neighborhood immense cavities into which the sun's rays never penetrate, and which are thus shrouded in perpetual darkness. The most remarkable of the lunar mountain chains are named after those of the earth, as the Alps, Apennines, Caucasus, and Carpathians. The first of these is the most extensive, and may be detected with the naked eye when the moon is about half full; it is suspected that the ancients from this fact derived their

notion that the moon was covered with mountains and valleys. In addition to these chains and ridges there exists on the moon every phase of mountain character that we find on the earth down to isolated peaks (with which, however, we have but few in common on the earth) that shoot from the plains like gigantic sugar-loaves several thousand feet in height, and seem to have been protruded through the surface by some sudden internal force just as a needle would be driven through a sheet of paper.

But we pass thus cursorily over these less peculiar features that we may dwell the longer and devote the more space to the consideration of the most interesting and important characteristics of the lunar surface, the striking circular formations known as the Ring Mountains. We are anxious to devote a little extra attention to this branch of our subject, because the explanations and illustrations we shall have occasion to offer are not to be found in even the more elaborate treatises purporting to give information upon this branch of celestial physics, and because the scrutiny of these annular mountains affords us a most interesting insight into the moon's physical history; and, inasmuch as the history of a satellite is doubtless typical of that of its primary, we may perhaps safely tread the field of conjecture, and from the moon's history infer the probable cosmical origin of our own globe.

The Ring Mountains are of so strikingly similar character that the accompanying sketch may be taken as representing a fair type of the whole family of them. They almost always consist of a circular rampart or mountainous amphitheatre more or less perfect in its structure, and with an isolated peak or mountain in the centre. But while their form can be so generally described, their individual appearances present many modifications; sometimes the central peak is wanting, sometimes the circular wall is in great part broken away and imperfect; sometimes the enclosed area takes the form of a level plain or plateau, at others it is hollowed out into a hemispherical cavity or vast cup, of which the rampart forms the brim. In size they vary from thirty or forty miles in diameter down to a magnitude so small as to require the highest telescopic power to discern them. In numbers they are countless, the small ones being sometimes so thickly grouped together as to present an appearance like solidified froth. The altitude of the circular rampart

and central peak varies like other lunar mountains from twenty thousand to a few feet in height.

The space included in the illustration given on page 429, is only a portion of the moon's surface, and represents an area of about 30,000 square miles; compared to the whole surface of the moon, this would be proportional to a square inch on a globe about a foot in diameter. These mountains are distinguished by the names of celebrities of all ages in science and literature: our drawing includes those named after Maurolycus, Cuvier, Clairaut, and Stoeffler; but the reader doubtless will not care to be informed which is which. This nomenclature is open to considerable objections, for lately some hitherto unnamed mountains have been christened with names that will certainly be forgotten some twenty years hence, and so when in future times some really great names require a niche in this lunar temple, there will be no room for them. "The neutral ground of mythology and classic

that light pervades places where no sun shines; but nothing of this kind is seen on the moon; those parts of her surface that catch the direct rays of the sun shine with a dazzling brilliancy like frosted silver; but where no direct sunshine falls there is no light, but a region of pitchy darkness. But our limits will not permit a further review of this subject.

STATUARY ROOM

OF THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

The remarkably fine engraving on page 432 is a view of the Statuary Room of the Boston Athenæum, on Beacon street. The apartment contains, and has contained, the works of the best artists in the country, in addition to many *chef-d'œuvres* from Rome and other parts of Europe. The Athenæum is a favorite place of resort for the learned citizens of the Commonwealth. In addition to the statues, the Athenæum contains paintings and rare books, both ancient and modern.



DO AS YOU ARE BID.

antiquity," says Herschel, "would have been the safest foundation for a system of nomenclature, and we may hope that at some future survey of the moon some such will be adopted." A striking feature in our illustration will doubtless have arrested the reader's attention; we allude to the intensely black shadows that shroud a portion of the details of the picture. This is a consequence of the absence of the lunar atmosphere.

Daylight, or diffused light distinguished from the glaring sunshine on the earth, is produced by the reflection of the sun's rays from the earth's atmosphere, and thus it is

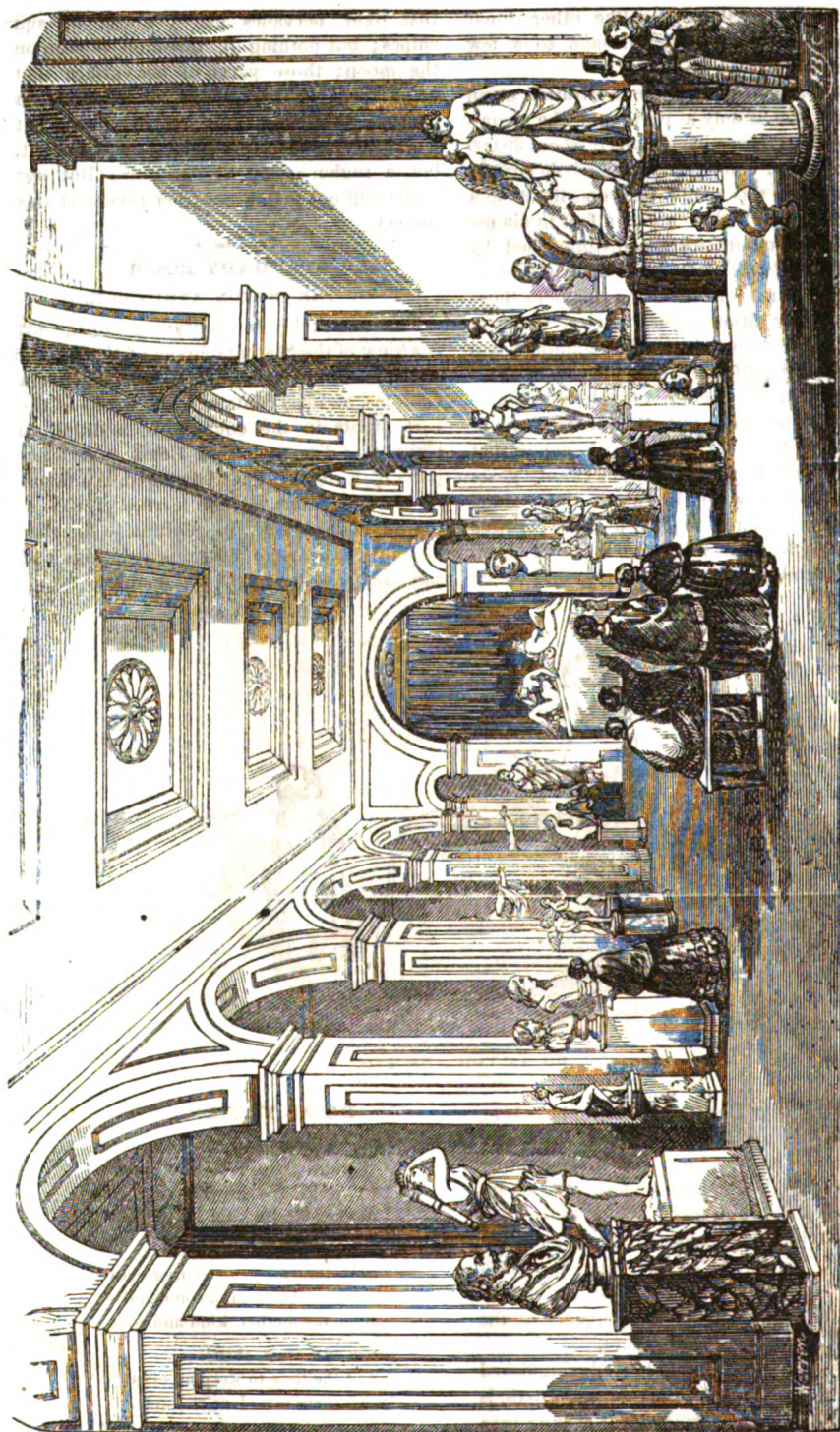
DO AS YOU ARE BID.

Little child, do as you're bid;
Naughty, blue, rebellious eyes,
Roxy, pouting, dainty mouth,
Mother is both kind and wise.

Little Nell, do as you're bid;
Sometime for your waiting eyes
There may be no mild command—
Gone the mother, kind and wise.

Little one, obey, obey!
Sad the time to weeping eyes
When there is no love to guide,
No heart near that's strong and wise.

ESTHER SKILL KENNETH.



STATUARY ROOM OF THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

Governor Fenton, of New York, is a very fair specimen of the average American; with a good education, great industry, fine business talents, and solid, common sense ideas. The story of his rise and progress, although it presents no remarkably salient points, is yet interesting and useful, as an example to the young men of the present day, of one whose influence is beneficially felt in social, commercial and political circles.

ernor a student at the College Hill Academy, and at the Fredonia Academy, in the interior of the State. In 1838, he studied law at Wauertown, but subsequently gave up the idea of a professional career, and entered into mercantile business. His father had desired him to be a lawyer, but Reuben had no taste for quirks and quibbles, and soon discovered that he had as little aptitude for selling merchandize. In 1840, then, he undertook the lumber trade, commencing with a very moderate sal-



REUBEN E. FENTON, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

He was born in the year 1819, and on the best day of the year—the fourth of July. He is now forty-six years of age, and in the prime and vigor of his powers. He is a native of the town of Carroll, Chautauque county, New York. His father was one of the pioneers of that region, and was a farmer there at the time of Reuben's birth. Reuben passed his boyhood at work on the farm, studying at intervals in the district school. In many respects he is emphatically a self-made man.

From 1834 to 1848, we find the future gov-

ernor at the headwaters of the Alleghany. From this trade he made his fortune. His success was the result, not of mere good luck, but of the hardest kind of work, both with head and hands.

In 1852, Mr. Fenton ran for Congress against G. A. S. Crocker, and was elected, after a very close and exciting canvass. As a Democrat, he was expected to support Pierce's administration, but he joined the freesoil movement, and soon found himself in the ranks of the opposition. Acting with Seward, Banks and

Foots, he assisted in building up the Republican party of 1856, and that party has not shown itself ungrateful. Mr. Fenton was a member of the committee on commerce, and almost immediately became known as one of the working men. There are so many drones in the congressional hive that a real worker is easily distinguished. Fenton helped to report the Reciprocity Treaty; advocated lands and pensions for old soldiers and their widows; opposed the Nebraska Bill, and the increase of postage, and left Congress with a good record.

In 1854, Mr. Fenton accepted a "people's" nomination for re-election to Congress, but was defeated by F. S. Edwards, the candidate of the American party, which then ruled throughout the country. The majority against him was about fourteen hundred votes. Nevertheless, he took an active part in the presidential election of 1856, and so secured the Republican nomination for Congress in September of that year. This time the tide had turned. Fenton was opposed by his old rival, Edwards, and by the Honorable C. J. Allen, Democrat, but was elected by eight thousand five hundred majority over Edwards, and five thousand plurality over both. This showed a most tremendous revolution in politics and public opinion, and foreboded the Republican success in the presidential campaign of 1860. In 1858, he was again re-elected, and served upon the very important committee of ways and means. He has served ten years in Congress altogether, and his majorities increased at every election.

Mr. Fenton was elected governor last year by several thousand majority over Governor Seymour. For awhile his election was doubtful, but the majority was decided enough when all the votes came in. His course since the outbreak of the rebellion prepared the way for this result.

Governor Fenton is a gentleman of very fine personal appearance, has an honest, amiable face, and courteous, prepossessing manners. As a speaker he is graceful, effective, and often eloquent. His addresses before various agricultural societies, and his orations in Congress, show scholarship and ability. During all the fierce political contests in which he has borne a part, Mr. Fenton has never forfeited his position in private life; for he was always courteous in society to those who politically assailed him. He has always worn his triumphs with a generosity which disarms hostility.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

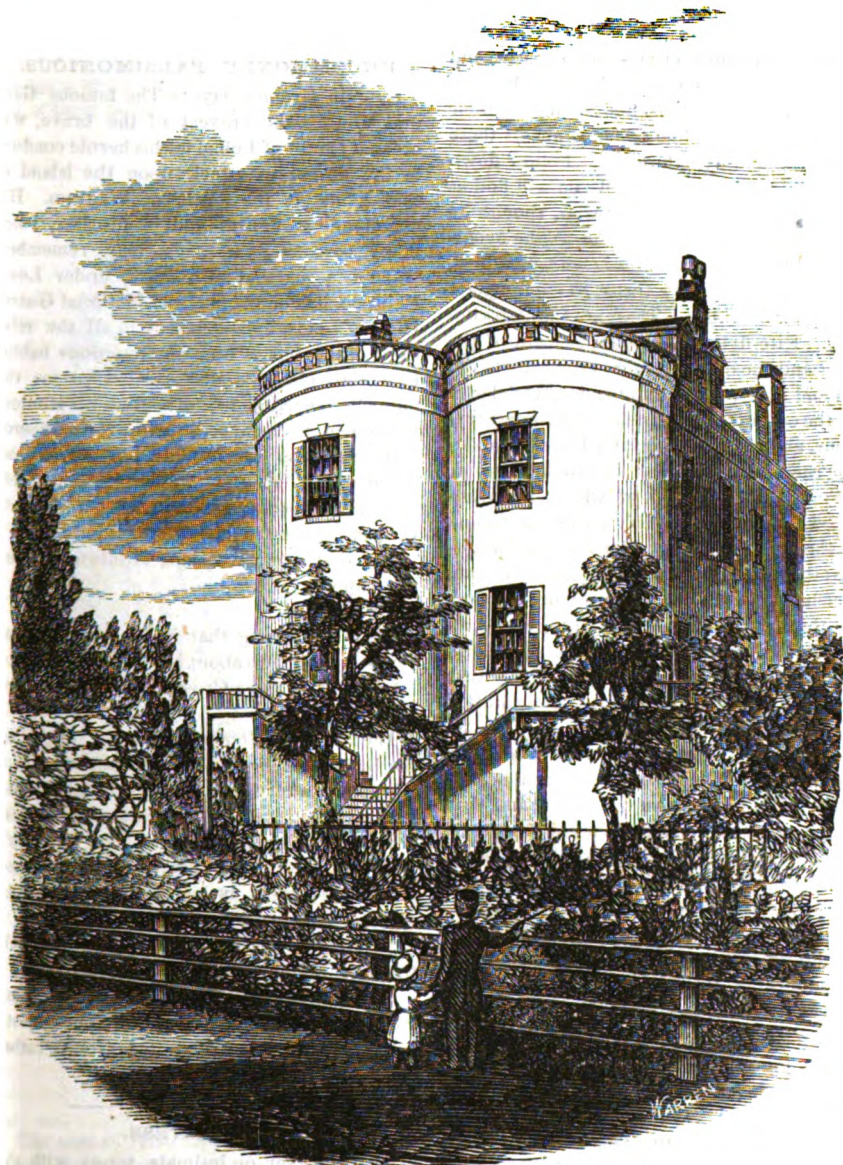
Here is a Persian fable, which may convey a lesson rich in instruction to those who, by the Spirit of God, are taught to discover apples of gold even when presented in pictures of heathen contrivances:

"A dying man," thus the Persian tale goes, "said to his son, 'My son, take this bag of stones. It is the only inheritance I can leave you. It was given to me by my father, who said there was a great blessing connected with it. What that blessing is I never could discover, though the bag has been lying for years under my bed. But, perhaps, you will be more successful than I in finding out the secret. Only do not throw away the bag, but keep it faithfully as your father's last gift.' The old father died, and the young man, lifting the bag on his shoulder, took his staff and wandered away to try his fortune. He walked for weeks and months through various countries, in the heat of the burning sun, and the rather heavy bag became a real burden to him. As in his opinion, it contained only common stones, he often felt tempted to throw it away. But impelled by filial piety, and still expecting to discover the secret some day or other, he resisted the temptation and continued to carry his burden in the sweat of his brow. One evening, after sunset, he seated himself on the grass by the road to rest from his fatiguing walk. He threw down his bag in a rather fretful mood of mind. Owing to the fall, the cord with which the mouth of the bag was fastened broke, and several stones rolled out. The young pilgrim was not a little surprised to notice that many of them threw out a bright luster. He picked them up, and found that, owing to the tossing and rubbing to which they had been subject while being carried on his back, the rough outer crust had come off at various spots, so as to disclose the inner brilliancy. A joyful thought flashed through his mind. 'I have found out the secret!' he exclaimed, jumping up in ecstasy. These stones are diamonds—diamonds of great value, perhaps! I know now what I am going to do. I will learn to grind diamonds, and then I shall set to work, to make them as brilliant as I can.' So he did; and laboring at his stones with the greatest zeal and care day and night, he succeeded in producing a set of diamonds so splendid, that the king of the land desired them for his crown, and paid him such a high price for them, that he returned a rich man to his own country."

**RESIDENCE
OF THE COMMANDER OF THE NAVY YARD.**

The position of commander of the Charlestown Navy Yard is one of great responsibility

yard, yet close enough to overlook all that is going on near him. Two years is the length of time generally allowed a commodore at a navy yard. At the end of two years the offi-



RESIDENCE OF THE COMMANDER OF THE NAVY YARD, CHARLESTOWN.

and trust. That the commander may be near the government property, so as to give it his constant attention, the United States furnishes him with an elegant house, rent free, where he can rest in peace, far from the noise of the

cer is sent to sea, or shipped to some other yard, or else placed on half pay; an honorable method of rewarding some gallant captain, who has smelt powder and done good service for his country.

CHINESE AMUSEMENTS.

There is a whiz, a buzz, a whirling music in the air, all sorts of grotesque objects are floating about, rising and falling and dancing to and fro; there are broad-winged birds, and many-colored dragons, lizards, bees, and butterflies, and painted circles and squares, and radiated suns and moons and stars. Most of them have pendent tails, and strings in their centres, the linking line which connects these aerial monsters with the earth. Follow down the thread to the ground, and you will find at its end a grave-looking man, who, though he devotes his principal attention to the evolutions and the harmonies of his own belongings, now and then silently turns to contemplate those of his neighbor. These are Chinese kite-flyers. Kite-flying is the amusement of the young and the old—but more especially of the old—and these kites exhibit in a wonderful way the odd inventive fancies, the strange traditions, and the immemorial habits of this singular race. The English kite took its name, no doubt, from the bird, of which the primitive aspirant was probably a rude imitation, but the Chinese designations are multitudinous: the *fung-fsang*, the wind guitar; *chi-yan*, paper-hawk; *kwin-chi*, neither more nor less than the English kite, bird and toy; and all sorts of fanciful and poetical titles. The form of the ancient French kite was probably that of a beast, and not of a bird, as they call it a *cerf-volant*, a flying stag.

In China people say, and there is some truth in it, that the swaddled babe appears almost as solemn and as staid as a mandarin, and that there, more than anywhere, the child is the father of the man. The mandarin looks like a giant child, the child a dwarf mandarin. Especially among the opulent the child is smothered with costly garments. If a girl, the aristocratic torturing of the feet begins, and in the morning the cries of the poor victims undergoing the cruciate process may often be heard in the streets,—but both sexes are subjected to the painting art. Pearl powder upon the forehead, vermilion upon the lips, jet upon the eyebrows, rouge upon the cheeks, fantastic, costly, and elaborated caps upon the head, cumbrous garments upon the body, so that the lad, almost before he is able to walk, is encumbered with more clothes that he can carry, ornaments more than enough to interfere with his locomotive powers, and he seems already a little old man. Stiff as a bonze, and ready, as it were, to be stuck into a niche of a Buddhist temple—he is as if petrified into an image

of everlasting contemplation. The sobriety of age is incarnated with the plastic nature of youth, and the sports and amusements of the *slau-hal-tze*, the little son child, are shared by the *yu-tsin* and the *tsu-yu*.

UNCOMMONLY PARSIMONIOUS.

Captain Gronow says:—The famous General Monton, the bravest of the brave, was created Count of Lobau for his heroic conduct in the desperate attack upon the island of that name at the battle of Wagram. His commanding figure and stentorian voice many persons now living may remember, when as a marshal of France, under Louis Philippe, he commanded the National Guard. He was a most excellent man in all the relations of life, but of very parsimonious habits. One of his old comrades related to me the following anecdote of him:—General Monton, who was a great favorite with the Emperor Napoleon, was visiting his illustrious chief one morning at the Tuilleries, when his majesty, happening to look out of his courtyard saw a very shabby-looking vehicle.

"Is that your carriage, Monton?" asked the emperor.

"Yes, sire."

"It is not fitting that one of my bravest generals should go about in a hackney-coach."

"Sire, I am not a Croesus, and can't afford a better."

The next day Monton received a check on the Bank of France for 300,000 francs. About a fortnight afterwards, General Monton again paid a visit to the Tuilleries in the same hackney-coach. On looking out, the emperor's countenance clouded over, and he looked greatly displeased, as he recognized the obnoxious vehicle.

"Did you not receive an order for 300,000 francs?" he inquired of the general.

"Yes, sire," replied Monton, "and I am truly grateful for the gift; but if your majesty insists upon my spending it, I would rather return the money."

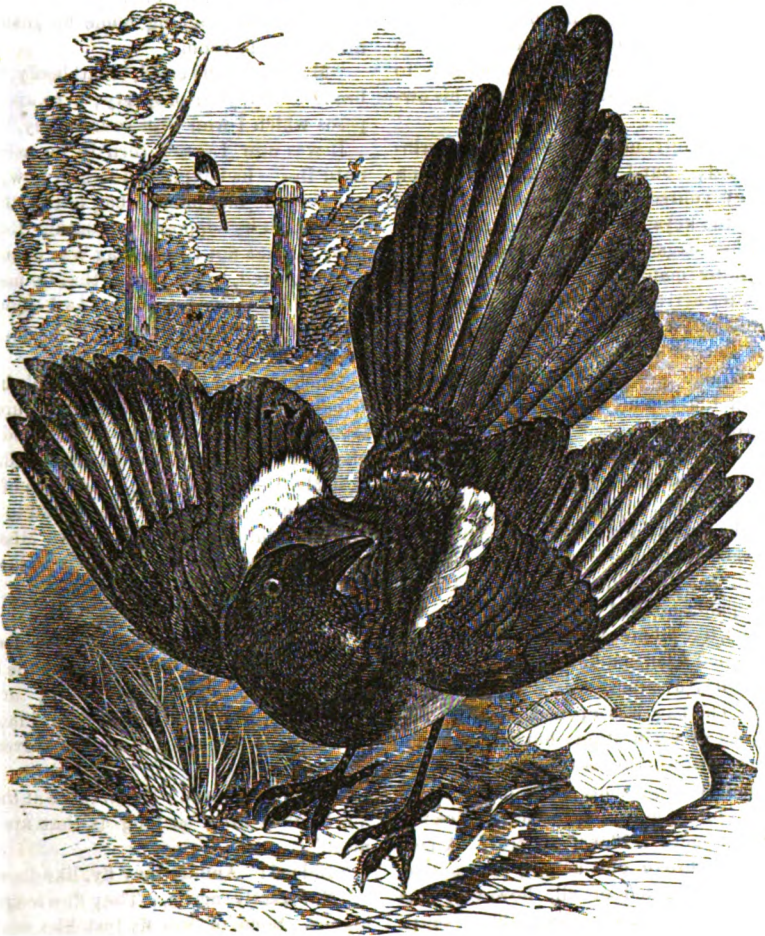
POLITENESS.

"I was never on intimate terms with the prisoner," said a burglar who was used as queen's evidence against a comrade. "He was no gentleman. I've known him when he was robbing a house, to drink a gentleman's champagne and go off with his silver without leaving a card of thanks on the dining-room table. He brought discredit on the profession."

THE MAGPIE.

The excellent engraving on this page is a true representation of a magpie, called one of the most mischievous birds in England. Its plumage is beautiful, and its eyes are bright and intelligent. It mostly eats animal food, and is a terrible robber of nests, carrying off the eggs, and even dragging the young birds out of their home.

branch. Many amusing anecdotes are related respecting the mischievous traits of the bird. It is a great thief, and will sit for hours watching for a chance to steal. It frequently carries to its nest articles that are of no use to the bird, but the delight which it experiences while engaged in dishonest transactions, appears to be ample compensation for the trouble of flying away with nails, carpenters'



THE MAGPIE.

The nest of the magpie is a rather complicated edifice, domed, with an entrance at the side, and mostly formed on the exterior of thorns, so as to afford an effectual protection against any foe who endeavors to force admittance into the fortress. Generally the nest is placed at the very summit of some lofty tree, the bird usually preferring those trees which run for many feet without a

tools, etc. No food seems to come amiss to this bird. It shares with the ravens in their carrion, with rooks in their grain, and with the cuckoos in their eggs; but it seems possessed of a providence seldom usual with gluttons, for when it is satisfied for the present, it lays up the remainder for another occasion. The picture is an excellent addition to our gallery of noted birds.

A HIGH STAKE.

The Mexicans celebrate Whitsuntide by three days of festival, where all sorts of games of chance take place—monte, roulette, cards, dice, etc. A recent traveller in Mexico tells the following amusing anecdote of a scene at a roulette table:

On a Whitsunday, the first clerk of a considerable German house, L—, whose name I do not state, as I am afraid the present respected head of the firm might not be pleased at it, went in to his principal, who was engaged in dressing, and asked for a fanega—that is to say, a sum of one thousand pesos from his owing salary.

"Most willingly, my dear B——!" the principal replied; "but I must ask you to fetch the money yourself, as the cashier is away. Here are the keys of the cash-box, in which you will find bags of counted piastres."

The young man did as he was told, and shortly after arrived with his bag of money at San Augustin, where he selected the most elegant of the gambling-houses. He went up to a roulette-table and asked the banker, while looking at him intently, and placing the bag on the green cloth:

"Will you accept my stake on No. 33?"

"Con muchessimo gusto, caballero," the banker answered, without knowing exactly what the bag contained; but a Mexican would feel ashamed to decline a wager.

The ball was set rolling, and No. 33 won. A slight pallor crossed the banker's face, for he believed, like all present, that young B——'s bag contained a fanega, and as the stake must be paid thirty-five-fold, this made no slight amount. The bag was opened, however, for the purpose of verification; but who can describe the consternation of the banker and the amazement of all present, when it was found that it was full of gold, 1000 ounces instead of \$1000, or altogether 16,000 piastres! A perfect tempest broke out among the public. The most astounded of all, however, was young B—— himself, who was unable to speak through fright. The banker declared his inability to pay so fabulous a sum; but, as is always the case on such occasions, the public took part against him. It was found out that he was not the proprietor of the bank, but that a rich Mexican house supplied the fund, and was consequently responsible for the losses of its agent. After lengthened tumultuary scenes, which collected the whole town, the banker was sentenced by popular justice to pay Mr. B—— the fairly-gained sum of

560,000 pesos. All the ready money in the house was handed over, and bills given for the residue. Richly loaded, and accompanied by a large body of friends, who acted as his escort, young B—— returned to Mexico. From the moment of winning, B—— became a riddle to all his acquaintance. Instead of participating in the merriment of his friends, he remained silent and thoughtful; at times he even appeared affected by a species of melancholy. On reaching home he rushed into his principal's room.

"Mr. L——," he cried, breathlessly, "I have brought you your property; here are 560,000 pesos which I won with your money."

It was now L——'s turn to be astounded, until B—— had explained to him how, on this morning, he had taken a bag out of the cash-box, which he supposed to contain 1000 piastres. It was not till the bag was opened that he discovered, to his terror, that he had taken 1000 gold ounces instead. "As I should not have been able to repay if I had lost, I have no right to keep my winnings!"

Much affected by the young man's honesty, L—— clasped him to his breast. Three days later, two circulars were distributed in the city. The first informed the mercantile world that Mr. B—— had joined the firm of L—— as partner. The second announced to friends and acquaintances the betrothal of Miss L—— with Mr. B——, and invited them to breakfast.

A STRETCHY YARN.

We were running down for Barbadoes, and the lady passengers were admiring the beautiful flying fish, when Miss Vining turned to Jack Lacy, who had the wheel, and inquired:

"Jack, do these beautiful fishes ever grow any larger?"

"Why, yes, marm. Down there at the Cape Verdes, they grow as long as that are mainmast."

"Indeed! And do they fly, like these?"

"Not 'zactly, marm. They flies longer, and higher. Some of 'em fly just like eagles all day, and more'n two miles high. One day, Bill Fawcett was sleepin' up in the fore top, with his dinner port wide open, and one of them Cape Verders flew right slap down his throat."

"Why, Jack, I declare, that was singular. A fish as long as that mainmast, flying down a man's throat?"

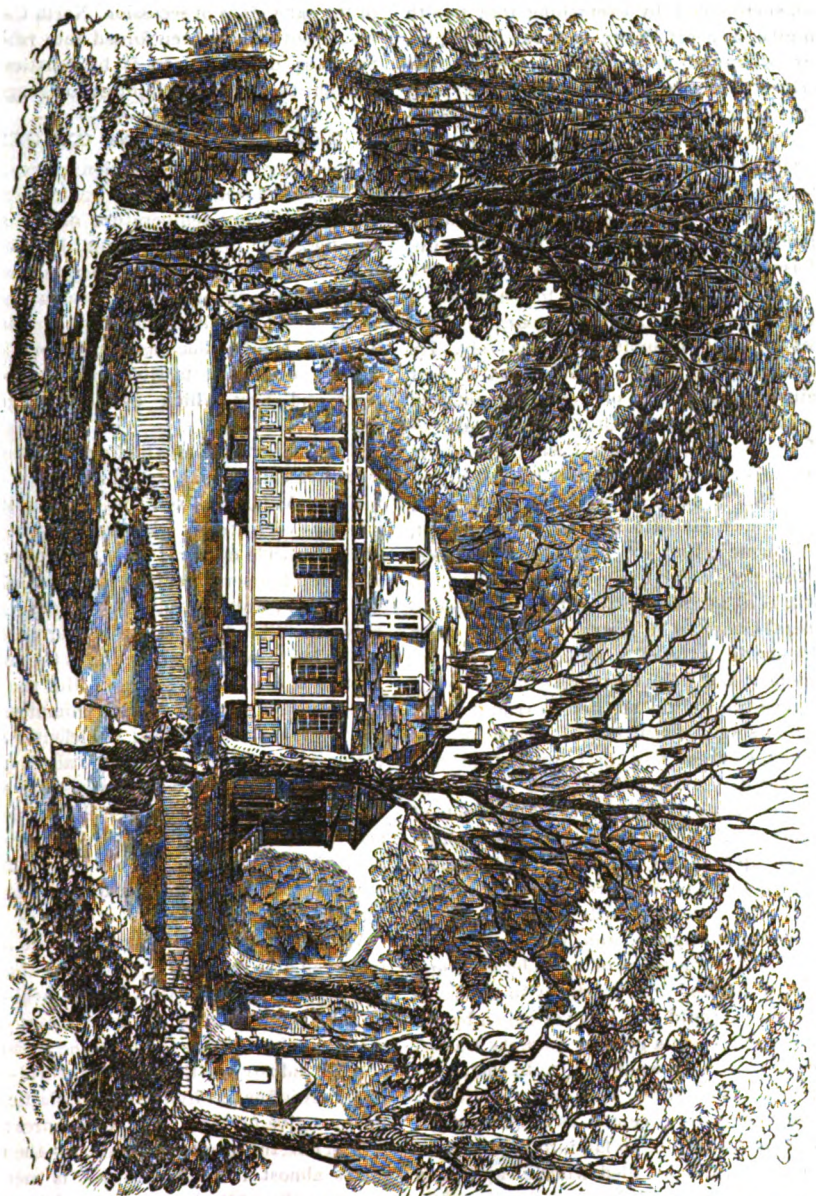
"Beg pardon, marm, can't talk much at the wheel. I 'spect Bill must ha' stretched like blazes, or else my yarn has."

A VIEW NEAR WILMINGTON.

A friend of the DOLLAR MONTHLY, stationed in Wilmington, North Carolina, furnishes us with the engraving on this page, and also the facts and comments connected

of North Carolina. If such is the case, now is the time to show it. All Union demonstrations will be welcomed by true lovers of the OLD FLAG OF OUR UNION. Our friend writes as follows:

A NOTED HOUSE NEAR WILMINGTON N. C.



with the picture. Both are interesting at this time, since the city of Wilmington is occupied by Union troops, and much Union sentiment is promised us by those who pretend to know the feelings of the people of certain portions

of North Carolina. If such is the case, now is the time to show it. All Union demonstrations will be welcomed by true lovers of the OLD FLAG OF OUR UNION. Our friend writes as follows:

in their endeavors to break the Union to pieces. The house is situated on the banks of the east branch of the Cape Fear River, about a mile from the centre of the city. Here lived Harnett, one of those sterling patriots who, surrounded by everything that wealth can give, or heart desire to make life happy, were willing to forego every comfort, and sacrifice their ease, their blood, and their lives on the altar of their country's weal. Cornelius Harnett was born in England, on the 20th of April, 1728. It is not known when he came to America, but when the oppressive acts of the king and parliament aroused the colonies to resistance, he was a man of wealth, of leisure, and of elevated station. He was a member of assembly previous to the breaking out of the revolution, and was chairman of the most important committees of that body. He was among the first to take an active part against the imposition of the stamp act, and was the leading spirit at the South, particularly in the region of Cape Fear. And when, in 1775, the governor resigned his office, and the provincial council was called upon to fill the vacancy, Harnett was elected president, and became actual governor of the province. In the provincial Congress at Halifax, in April, 1776, he moved that the delegates to General Congress be instructed to use their influence in favor of a declaration of independence; and when that immortal document was received, he was the first to read it to his neighbors and constituents. When he had finished, so great was their joy and enthusiasm that they mounted him upon their shoulders and paraded him through the streets of Halifax in triumph. He was on a committee to draw up a State Constitution, and was one of the council of the first governor of the State. He was afterwards a member of the continental Congress, and was one of the signers of the 'articles of confederation and perpetual union.' Such activity in the cause of rebellion could not be overlooked by the British, and when a general amnesty was offered to those who would return to their allegiance to the crown, Harnett and Robert Howe were alone excepted as arch traitors. It was his misfortune to fall into the hands of his enemies, and he died while a captive, at the age of fifty-eight. His remains lie in the St. James's churchyard, in Wilmington. Hilton, his residence, although almost within the precincts of the city, is one of the most romantically beautiful plantations in the whole range of the south. One could hardly con-

ceive of a more delightful abode than is here found on the banks of the Cape Fear, surrounded, as it is, with the luxuriant foliage of a southern climate."

Had a few such disinterested patriots lived in the early days of secession, North Carolina would never have been forced into rebellion. She was dragged into it by fanatics, who thought that they had injuries to avenge.

TEMPERATURE AND OXYGEN.

The difference in the action of oxygen in its two conditions depends on temperature. At the ordinary temperature of the air its chemical affinities are dormant; but raise the temperature to a sufficient degree, and in a moment all is changed. Its dormant energies are aroused, and it rushes into combination with all combustible matter, surrounded by those glorious yet terrible manifestations of light and heat which every conflagration presents.

The temperature at which oxygen assumes its active condition, is called the *point of ignition*. Although fixed for each substance, it differs very greatly with the different kinds of combustible matter. Thus, phosphorus ignites at a temperature less than that of boiling water; sulphur, at 500 degrees; wood, only at a full red heat; anthracite coal, at a white heat; while iron requires the highest heat of a blacksmith's forge. But the point of ignition of wood, coal, and common combustibles, has been placed sufficiently above the ordinary temperature of the air to ensure the general safety of our combustible dwellings; and when we consider how liable they are, even now, to accidents from fire, we shall appreciate the care which has been taken by our heavenly Father to guard us against this terrible danger.

When we remember that fire is one of the most valuable servants of mankind—that it is the source of all artificial light and heat—that in the steam-engine it is the apparent origin of that power which animates the commerce and the industry of the civilized world—that under its influence iron becomes plastic, and the ores give up their metallic treasures; that it is, in fine, the agent of all the arts—the truth seems almost incredible, that it is merely a manifestation of the latent power of this bland and diffusive atmosphere. We may ponder over the phenomena presented by oxygen, with increasing admiration at the skill of the Infinite Designer, who thus unites perfect mildness and immeasurable power.

HAM CASS AND HIS VOW.

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 BY SIDNEY HERBERT.  
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JOHN CASS was a Virginian by birth, who settled somewhere about the year 1790, on the banks of the Ohio, near Duck Creek, a few miles from Fort Harmer, and obtained his living by hunting and trapping. He brought with him a wife, two sons, and a niece, named Betsy Cass. The fever carried off his wife and oldest boy within a year, leaving him with only Hamilton, a boy of sixteen, and Betsy, who was four years younger. Ham was left by the fever in a very weak and feeble condition, and was for several months unable to leave the cabin. To help pass away the time, the doctor lent him books, and taught him to read, which in the end proved more injurious than beneficial to the young man; as, after his health was restored, he could not, or would not leave his books, except for a short time to help Betsy about the cabin, or do a few "chores" in the garden; and the old man, who began to grow infirm, was obliged to hunt alone.

One morning, as he was preparing to start for Fletcher's Island, where he had some traps, the old man seemed very low-spirited, and

broke out, "If it had pleased God to spare James, I should not need to go alone to risk my old scalp among the redskins."

At these words Ham jumped up and said, "Let me go with you, father."

"You, boy?" said the old man, in surprise; "No, no! that will never do; you don't take kindly to the woods, and it's no use forcing nature. No, no; stay at home, boy, and help Betsy."

For the first time in his life, Ham seemed to feel ashamed of himself, and begged so earnestly to be allowed to go, that his father consented, still hoping he might become interested in the sport. They entered the canoe and descended the creek into the river, and in the first trap, which was on the mainland, they found a large otter, and two coons, and commenced taking the skins. Ham was unused to the work, and before he had half finished his coon, had cut the felt in so many places it was hardly worth finishing, and finally ended by cutting his hand severely. This, of course, put an end to his work for that day, and when he had washed and bound up the wound, he

sat down on the bank, and pulling a book from his pocket, was soon lost in its contents. The old man, having finished his work, called three times before he could arouse him. He saw he did not like to be disturbed, and, wishing to please him, proposed he should stay where he was while he went over to the island. Ham caught at the words, and before the old man had fairly shoved off, was again buried in his book. How long he remained thus he could not tell; but was roused by the sharp crack of a rifle, a loud whoop, and a scream of mingled pain and fear. He looked up; the island, which at the nearest end was only about an hundred yards from where he sat, was covered with tall, rank grass, very few trees, and no brushwood, so that he could see quite across it. Through the grass he saw his father running for life, pursued by a tall Indian. The old man gained the shore opposite where his son stood, the Indian close behind him. "Fire! fire, boy!" shouted the old man. Ham seized his father's rifle, which the old man had left behind, and fired; the ball skipped along the water twenty yards from the mark. The Indian raised a shout of triumph; the old man a shriek of despair; still he had one chance for his life; he might reach the canoe, and push off before the savage could overtake him; he gained it, but the Indian was close at hand; one push, the light bark floats upon the stream; he springs in grasps his paddle, but before it touches the water the tomahawk came whizzing through the air, and buries itself in the old man's skull. With an exulting shout the savage sprang upon his fallen enemy, and plunged his knife into his heart, and while Ham was trying in vain to fire the rifle, which he had hastily loaded, he saw the scalp torn from his father's head by the Indian, who again raised his loud war-whoop. Then, as if in mockery of the attempts of Ham, he tossed the scalp into the air, catching it as it fell, repeating the feat again and again, shouting and whooping all the while, in the full enjoyment of gratified revenge.

Ham stood gazing on the murderer of his father, as if the frightful spectacle had turned him into stone; and it was not until he heard the ramrod of the Indian ring in the barrel of his rifle, that he recollected his own scalp could only be saved by putting the high bank between the Indian and himself. He ran, scarce knowing whither; chance directed him towards Harmer, four miles below; but before he had accomplished half the distance he met a scouting party, consisting of Balt. Williams

and two others. Ham related his story, though in a very incoherent manner; but, by questioning him, they finally got at the whole story, and entering a canoe which lay concealed in the creek, they returned with him.

On their way one of the party, thinking it strange "old Swift Sure" should miss fire, drew the charge, and, turning to his comrades, said, "Look! the old man's life has been fooled away by a poor sip of a boy, who don't know enough to load a rifle. He has put in the ball and wadding first, and the powder on top." Ham started, and looked eagerly at the charge, but said not a word, though his face assumed a calm, determined look, and he sat in the stern of the canoe immovable as a rock. It took but a short time to reach the fatal spot. The Indian had gone off with the canoe, but they found the body of the old man on the bank, quite cold and dead. The ball had entered his side, making a bad flesh wound, from which he would have recovered, but the tomahawk had made sure work.

They thought the sight of the body would make Ham crazy, but he seemed not to mind it, remaining cold and indifferent, and only spoke once, when they proposed taking the body to the cabin; "No, no! to the settlement," said Ham. After holding a short consultation it was arranged that two of them should take the body in the canoe to the settlement, and send a team for Betsy, while Balt. Williams and Ham should go to the cabin, and break the news to her.

When they arrived at the cabin Williams told the story to Betsy. She seemed frantic with grief, and bitterly reproached Ham for his cowardice. He heard her through without saying a word, and then turned and left the cabin, and he did not again make his appearance until just as the body of his father was being lowered into the grave, although search had been made for him. He stood beside the grave until the service was ended, and then beckoning to Balt. Williams to follow him, he walked away towards the woods, without having uttered a word or shed a tear. When he reached his father's cabin he motioned to Balt. to sit down, and, taking a seat beside him, "Balt. Williams," said he, "you are the only one who has not cursed me for my folly and wickedness in the murder of my father. I will prove to you that, bad as I have been, I am not so bad as she called me. I am no coward. But first show me how to load this rifle." Williams took it and did as he was desired; Ham watched him closely, when he had done,

asked him to fire at a mark. Williams showed him the sights along the barrel, and explained the uses of them, and how to hold the rifle; and then, pointing to a blaze on a tree which stood some distance in front of the cabin, told him he would hit that. He fired, and struck the mark in the centre. "Now," said Ham, "let me try;" and taking the rifle, he loaded it as well and carefully as the oldest hunter in the settlement could have done, and, raising it to his shoulder, took deliberate aim, holding the gun as motionless as if it had rested on a rock, and fired. The ball hit the centre of the mark. "That will do," said he; "and now, Williams, good-by." Balt. asked him where he was going, telling him he ought to go to the settlement and see his cousin before going away. "See her!" he exclaimed. "See her! Never! She called me a coward, and said I had no feeling."

He turned into the hut. "See here, Williams," said he, "I have provided for a hunt;" and showed him a powder horn and bullet pouch, well filled, a small bag of parched corn, and a venison ham. "But where are you going, and what are you going to hunt?" asked Williams. He looked around, with a savage expression, and answered:

"Balt. Williams, I am going to the woods to hunt revenge. You thought me a boy—an unfeeling idiot—who could stand by and see his father murdered without striking one blow in his defence. Now hear me"—and with his left hand resting on the muzzle of his rifle, and his right lifted towards heaven, he continued: "May the curse due this murder rest on my soul forever,—may disease and premature decay waste my body, and remorse and everlasting despair prey on my spirits,—my name be abhorred while I live, and my memory accursed when I die,—if I have not my revenge. No human threshold will I cross, with no living being will I hold intercourse, or companionship, till my knife drinks his blood. I know him well; I saw his face and figure when he did the murder, and this morning I marked his tracks upon the sand. I will hunt him to his death. He took my father's scalp—let him look to his own!" And he ground his teeth with rage. "

Williams tried to persuade him to remain at home; urging the folly of one so unused to the ways of the Indians, and to tracking the forest, undertaking to follow an old warrior, especially at that time, when the woods were filled with hostile Indians. But it was of no avail. He caught up his bags, and,

shouldering his rifle, started for the woods. Balt. returned to the settlement, and related the story. All agreed that he must be insane, and that, unless he was brought back, he must inevitably perish by the hands of the Indians. In the morning Balt., with several others, started in pursuit of him, and striking his trail, followed it several days, but finally lost it where it came to a river.

They at first thought he was pursued by the terrible big Broadfoot, who, they found by the tracks in the sand where the old man was killed, was the murderer; but on coming to where they both crossed the brook, they found it was the reverse, and that Ham had found the trail of the Indian and followed it with the certainty of an old hunter, and was rapidly gaining on his enemy, when they lost his trail. Some of the party thought he must have either been killed by the Indians, and his body thrown into the river, or else drowned himself in despair. Balt. Williams did not agree with either, but thought they must have both taken the river. He felt sure the Indian had, as they discovered the marks where a canoe had rubbed against a rock in the river. The party returned to the settlement, considering it useless to pursue them further. Another party, of whom Williams was one, started a few days after, but were equally unsuccessful, and returned, though they regained the trail and followed it some distance beyond where the first party lost it.

Nearly a month after the burial of the old man, Balt. Williams was passing by his grave, when he discovered what he at first supposed was an Indian, stretched upon the grave. He brought his rifle to his shoulder, when the figure turned so as to show his face, and he at once recognized the features of Ham Cass. He could hardly believe his own eyes; but it must be; the face was Ham's though wasted almost to a skeleton.

"Good heavens, Ham! are you here?" exclaimed Williams.

"Yes," he replied, rising, "I am here; here at my father's grave, I have come to weep. Yes; now I can weep, and no one will call me boy, or woman, or coward. Now I can mourn my father, for his death is avenged. See!" he exclaimed, spurning something with his foot; "see, Balt. Williams, your lesson in rifle-shooting has not been lost on me; I have hit my mark;" and with his foot he rolled over the head of an Indian, turning the face upward. "What have you there?" exclaimed Williams, in astonishment. "It is impossible! and yet

by heavens it is—the head of Broadfoot!" "Tis no other," replied Ham. "I have hunted him day and night for a month; he took me to the water, I followed him; he plunged into the woods; still I was on his track; he was surrounded by crowds of friends; I knew his track among a thousand; at last he parted from all his friends, and walked the woods alone. Then I met him, and there is his head," and he gave it a contemptuous kick. "They call me coward—did he find me one? They said I dared not face my father's enemy—would he say so? They thought I had no feeling, no pity, no sense, no affection—ha! I have revenge, and that is better than all. There lies the head of the best warrior among the Miama tribes. He slew my father—my father's rifle bored his skull, my father's knife split his heart, and my father's son stood over him, and heard—sweet music! the rattle in his throat, and saw—O blessed sight! his eye swim in agony, his frame convulsed, and then his limbs stiffen, as the life-blood welled and bubbled from his

heart; and I—I did this! have I not had my revenge?" and, throwing the head on the grave, "lie there," said he; "lie there, and rot in the summer's sun, and bleach in the winter's rain, and tell to passers-by that—the hunter has kept his vow!"

He stood gazing at the grave a few minutes in silence, and then turning to Williams with a softened expression, said, "Come let us go; I can meet Betsy now without fear of being called a coward, for my father has been revenged, and by my hands." He was joyfully received by Betsy, who had long mourned him as dead, bitterly reproaching herself for her harshness. Ham lived many years, and Broadfoot was not the only Indian who felt his revenge.

Whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground, where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

BACHELORS' WOES.

BY MARY HENLEY.

We laugh at his odd ways,

We rail at his odd life,

And ask, with curious gaze,

"Why don't he get a wife?"

Funny and free a bachelor seems,

Yet lonely often, he sighs and dreams

O'er a time well guarded from our eye,

Where past joys and youth-hopes buried lie.

One, so merry and free,

Laughs and jests at the fair;

Suppressing thus a sigh

O'er a picture, painted clear,

Of a girl who left him in her pride:

Took a false oath—is a rich man's bride.

The voice of his heart ever suppressed,

He revenges himself with sneer and jest.

In his conceit, says one,

"I'll choose where'er I please;

I cannot fail to win,

Or please, where'er I choose."

Amazed, he finds the girls cannot see

The *Acorn* that such a choice would be.

So ungrateful were they, he can't forget

Woman-kind are to him "but a fickle set."

One spends long years in toil,

Patient, untiring strife;

He thinks his love (kind soul!)

Shall share no poor man's life:

But finds that as riches to him flow,

So fast do his youth's affections go;

And dares not, poor fellow, to risk his fate,

Doomed against his wish by his fears to wait.

One, lonely by his hearth,

Thinks how, in youth's hard strife,

Ambition lured him forth

From a dear promised bride,

To return again with yearning love,

To seek her home, and to find—a grave;

Where he laid his hopes, with his laurels down,

Ah, sad was his waking from Love's young dream!

Half crazed with thought and cares,

One now bewails his fate,

Muttering, with rising ire,

At some lounging's senseless prate;

While buttonless shirt and unpaid bill

Loom before—no wonder his temper's ill.

Ugh!—the stupid fellow, to crown his woes,

In passing, has stepped on his bachelor toes.

Bares, bills, buttons, and "My poor corned toes!"

Are the worst, after all, of bachelors' woes.

THE LOST HEIR.

A STORY OF OLD BOSTON.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

THE story was told me by my grandmother, and handed down to her from her great grandmother; so it is substantially true.

Some years before the Revolution, when, it was thought right and proper to pray for the king, when, in fact, any breach of the observance of that custom would have been looked upon with suspicion and a bold rebuke, pretty Alice Walker lived in Boston town. Alice was born in Boston. The hour of her birth saw her motherless, and her father, a poet of no mean reputation, never recovered from the shock of his loss. In less than two years he lay beside her, and the little orphan was left to the guardianship of two old people, relatives of her mother, who brought her up in the fear of God, and not of the king.

Nettle and Norse Cameron were in mind and intelligence far beyond the average of the society in which they moved. They had never had children, which was a great grief to them, and Alice came in for a large share of love and attention. Norse was an amateur farmer. He had a life annuity which was sufficient for all the wants and many of the luxuries of life, besides owning the comfortable house in which they lived, with its twenty acres, and as many head of fine cattle. He was a handsome old man, over sixty years of age, with ruddy cheeks, and hair white and glistening like silver, as it fell on his square-cut collar. Nettle, his wife, was turned fifty, and had been a great beauty, after the old Norman type—complexion like cream and rose leaves, hair like amber, and eyes serene and blue as heaven. She was still considered very handsome, and on Sundays, with her stiff brocade, from which twenty years of good service had not stolen the lustre, as she sat in the ancient pew, with Alice on one side, and Norse—whose given name was Norman—on the other, one seldom saw a more beautiful or benignant group. Alice grew up in this home-nest—made merry music in its square, old-fashioned rooms, tended her marigolds, hollyhocks and morning-glories in the garden, and was at all times a picture and a grace.

Alice was sixteen when a great change threatened her. A letter came from London,

informing her that her father's brother had received an official appointment as colonial secretary, and would be in Boston with his family as soon as circumstances permitted.

"Your father was my only brother," the letter went on, "and I have often been on the point of sending for you, and educating you with our Maud, who is one year older than yourself, but the assurance of our good Cousin Cameron that you should be as well cared for as if you were his child, set my heart at rest. But of course on my settlement in the colony I shall expect you to make my house your home, particularly as your Cousin Maud is very desirous to have a companion. As your uncle, I feel that I have the best claim to you, and as you are nearly of an age to come out in society, your advantages would be doubled as my ward and relative."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Nettle Cameron, her handsome old lip curling.

"There's something in what he says, wife," mused the farmer. "We can't give our pet the advantages that he could. He is wealthy and well connected—"

"And I'd like to know if we are not his relatives, as well as others?" quoth Nettle, her knitting-needles flying.

"True, wife—his fortieth cousin, or somewhere thereabout, and the poorest of them all."

"Then I think the family must represent a deal of money," said the old lady, with some satisfaction in her voice; "for there's no danger of our coming to poverty, or leaving Alice unprovided for."

Alice had flown out a moment before, her cheeks red as roses—now she re-appeared, and following her came as handsome a fellow as ever delighted the artistic eye or pencil of a Rubens. No description could do justice to the rich tints or varying expression of his face, the dignity of his deportment, the manly beauty of his figure.

"Well, have you read my letter, aunty? Sit down, Paul, and hear what a fortunate girl I am destined to be. The flower is to bloom no longer in the wilderness, but be transplanted to the gay parterre—and who knows but one of these days I may be a great heiress?

If so, depend upon my patronage, Mr. Paul Latour." And she concluded with an arch smile and a sweeping curtsy.

"Then you have decided to leave us?" said Norse, as he drew her up to his side, and gazed down upon her with a fond smile.

"Leave you? no indeed; but then I shall of course visit my gay cousin, and my gay cousin will visit me. Then there will be parties and merry doings, all of which I shall see—part of which I shall be; and perhaps—who knows—they'll make a belle of me outright. I hope my fair cousin is not too handsome." And she laughed merrily.

Paul looked at her as only a man who adores a woman can look. Since he had been ten years old and she two, he had loved her. To him, she was the most beautiful creature in existence, and indeed her beauty was apparent enough to everybody. Old Latour, his father, was a repairer of musical instruments, and had a queer little shop, whose two small windows were filled with old books and newspapers and faded music, a few battered guitars, rusty flutes, and a dusty harpsichord. A dingy, melancholy little hole it was—and as for the old man sitting in his corner, half hidden by an antiquated balze screen, a greater contrast between him and the tall, handsome Paul Latour could not well be imagined. Paul the elder looked seventy, if a day—was almost deformed, stooped when he walked, leered when he spoke, had a face that resembled dried parchment—and was disliked by nearly everybody. As to his business, it had long been rumored that it could not possibly support even his small family, which consisted of his housekeeper, grim and ancient, Paul and himself. The old man was always busy, tinkering away behind his screen, but precious little did his toil bring him. Yet he had given the boy as liberal an education as the colonies afforded, and always kept him handsomely clothed. Paul's career had been decided upon before he was twenty, and he was now a promising lawyer, though as yet with his fortune to make. He still lived with the old man, who apparently worshiped him, though there was a strange reticence in his manner. Old Paul loved to talk of the boy to his few cronies, and indulge in prophecies of future greatness, which Paul's smartness justified. He was of French extraction, but his son had not a particle of the Paul in his nature, to all outward appearances. Old Paul shrugged his shoulders at the prediction of his friends that Paul would marry Farmer Cameron's ward.

"He is old enough to do as pleases him," was the reply; but he did not disguise that he would rather his promising son had secured a fortune, as he might easily have done, with his extraordinary beauty and fine accomplishments.

Meantime, little Alice was envied, loved and admired—envied for her conquest, loved by a score or less of gallant youths, admired by everybody.

The coming of the new colonial secretary was talked about all over town. The present incumbent was old and gouty, and had asked for his dismissal—or in other words begged to resign. He had always lived in an old-fashioned, gouty sort of way, gave few entertainments, and his family was far from popular, on account of their high and mighty ways, they never condescending so much as to look upon the common people; and the foolish aristocratic manner of those high in position was beginning to be distasteful to the independent yeomen of Boston. The seed of the forthcoming Revolution had been already planted. Now the old house was going to be torn down—the high, dingy wall, that, protected at the top by spikes and remnants of glass bottles, and at which small boys threw stones spitefully, was destined to destruction, and much fun the juniors promised themselves, searching in the grounds for sassafras root and the slippery bark of the elm. Then they could rove at pleasure through the smooth walks, whose glimpse now and then tantalized and disquieted them. There was an actual jubilee when the old gentleman drove off in state, which he and his daughter affected to treat as homage, but which a few years later would have been the threatening of a revolution.

The new secretary was to occupy a modern and very grand mansion—the Orlop house, and the handsomest in the town. It had been built by an Italian, and was in consequence somewhat too fantastic for the severe style of the prevailing architecture. The town's people called it "Orlop's Folly," for the man ruined himself in building it. It had lain empty for six months or more, but agents were now busily at work on repairs, and upholsterers, painters and decorators were busy within and without. At length all was in readiness—the secretary arrived and was welcomed in an appropriate manner, and Orlop House was thrown open to receive the fashionable world.

Among the notabilities who came over in

the Kingfisher, was a certain Lord Henry, Earl of Leicester, about whom Maud took an early opportunity to tell her cousin. Twenty years before, he had lost his only child, a boy, and under circumstances which led him to believe the child was stolen, though some of his clothes were found near a river—a deep, swift, dangerous stream. Since then he had never given up the search, but had spent money and time from year to year, quite sure that in some fortunate moment he should again clasp his boy to his heart.

"And how long has he been a widower?" asked Alice, with an arch smile.

"O, a few years—four, I believe," returned the stately Maud, her cheek flushing a little.

"And my cousin, if I am not much mistaken, will be an earl's wife, before long."

"Nonsense; perhaps he will fall in love with you," Maud returned. "He admires blondes."

"I wouldn't give my Paul for the king himself," replied blunt little Alice, who never thought of disguising her sentiments, particularly as for more than a year she had been engaged.

"Why, pray who is your Paul?" queried Maud, opening her black eyes wider.

"O, a young lawyer of whom I think considerable, and who thinks considerable of me," Alice replied, blushing more at the searching gaze of her cousin, than her own simple avowal. "But you will see him next week at your party, and you can judge for yourself if he is not very handsome, and as good as he is handsome."

"And what do you think of your cousin?" Maud's father asked, as they sat down to dinner the day on which Alice had paid her visit.

"Extremely rural," replied the London young lady. "Pretty, innocent, and *gaucherie* in the extreme. She never would shine in our circle, papa."

"Not under your patronage, eh, Maud? Well, you must try and make a lady of her. Did you mention what I said?"

"Yes, and you should have seen her when I did! Bless me, she turned as red as scarlet, said her old cousin, aunt, or whatever she is, had been getting up a party dress for her, and would be very much shocked at the idea of her wearing borrowed feathers. So you may be prepared to see our elegant cousin attired in some linsey woolsey affair, as old as the hills, and uncouth as an Indian's blanket. But then she will only be in character," added Maud, saucily.

Meantime, Alice was nearly wild with delight, expectation, surprise, when, after a long half hour spent up stairs at an old blue chest, Mrs. Nettle Cameron came down with a precious parcel in her arms, which she opened reverently.

"When I was married, dear," she said, "my two uncles sent me each a wedding dress—one, a pale lilac, the other, a blue *moiré*. I chose the lilac, and put the other away, thinking, in my foolish old heart, that if ever God blessed me with a daughter, this costly silk would keep till she was old enough to wear it."

Alice suppressed a cry of delight, as the luminous folds dropped, one after the other, on the old-fashioned lounge. She had never seen anything so rich and lustrous.

"I have always kept it carefully sealed, my dear, in a dark place, and it is as fresh in color as it was when I first folded it. I want my Alice to look as well as the best at the grand ball, and this will suit her fair face and fresh color, I am sure."

"O, dear Aunt, it is much too rich, too beautiful for me!" cried Alice.

"Nothing is too rich or too beautiful for my darling—so think father and I. And see—here is some lace that will match it—lace that cost many pounds a yard. Now we must have a dressmaker here, and I think we shall not be ashamed of little Alice, the night of her first appearance."

So a dressmaker was procured, the beautiful dress was made, and Alice looked like a little princess, in her splendor—quite dazzling the old eyes of the good farmer and his wife. As for Paul, he could hardly believe his own vision, when she came into the great drawing-room divested of her wraps; for she had purposely kept the new dress a secret. No less was Maud astonished; and her father, hastening towards his niece, took both her hands in his, and expressed his admiration. Maud bit her lips with vexation. She was a jealous, worldly girl, and could not but feel that Alice was by far her superior in beauty, and her uneasiness was by no means diminished as she noted that the earl paid her pretty cousin marked attention.

Paul was her antidote, however. By degrees it dawned upon her that he was the handsomest man in the room—the most distinguished, the most elegant, even by the side of the courtly earl.

"I find myself quite interested in that young man," said the latter, in a low voice,

half sighing as he spoke. "He certainly has an air of the *beau monde*, and, for a crude American town, is a fine specimen of the gentleman. Ah! what would I give to have a son like that!"

"And what do you think of my cousin?" asked Maud.

"Beautiful! exceedingly—*spirituelle*, angelic!" exclaimed the earl, as he turned his gaze to where Alice stood. "Your cousin seems to be well known," he added, as he saw her surrounded by many of the elite of the town.

"Yes; I believe Uncle Henry was a great favorite in Boston society, and his daughter receives some of the eclat of his fame. He was a poet."

"Ah! indeed!" said the earl, and presently sauntered to the little circle of which Alice was the star.

The next day, Paul Latour hurried towards his office, pale and abstracted. His father had been busy among old papers the day before, and Paul had found one adhering to his foot, which had put him in a strange commotion. It was yellow with age, reaped and torn, and the writing was pale; but the contents, all that he could make out, ran as follows:

"DEAR LATOUR:—For the love of heaven, don't delay our plan much longer. I repeat again—money is no object; and—" (here, for several lines the writing was illegible), "the boy will be brought down to the river to-morrow, for a special purpose. Be off as soon as possible, afterwards. The earl may suspect, if we wait longer, as I have but little confidence in L. or T. Bring up the boy as your own son, and you shall never want for money. *Erase the mark, by all means.*

"Yours hastily, N. T. N."

This was strange. The young man sat and pondered over it.

"What can be its import?" he muttered. "There is some crime revealed here—'Erase the mark, by all means.' Can it be that red, deep scar on my breast? 'The boy will be brought down to the river to-morrow, for a special purpose—the earl may suspect—' Great heaven! what mystery does this cover? May it not be that, as I have long thought, I am not the child of this old man? The suspicion has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength—but whose child, then, am I? 'The earl may suspect.' And this is dated—'London, 17—.' I'll think of this. If the old man has done me wrong—

if there has been foul treachery in the matter—I'll have justice, as true as my name is not Paul Latour." And with the conviction and the letter, the young man waited the coming of events.

Maud came once or twice to see her cousin, accompanied by the earl. After that, the earl came alone. The old couple looked on with fluttering hearts. They had been blind indeed, not to have seen that Alice was the lode-star that drew him there. As for Maud, she was angry with the earl, and in love with Paul Latour. Paul sometimes called upon her. In her artful way, she contrived to insinuate a suspicion of her cousin's fidelity to him. It only expedited matters. He went from her presence one night, straight to Alice, and found the earl there. Well, after all, he confessed to himself, he was a grand looking man—handsome, yet, in spite of the silver well mixed in with his raven locks. Was it possible that Alice, his innocent Alice, could be influenced by rank and the prospect of wealth? would she dare to be unfaithful?

Alice held up a warning finger as he entered, then placed it on her lip. Her eyes were sparkling—not with triumph, but tears. The two old people listened gravely, and with quiet interest.

"I had sent the boy with a servant for his usual walk," said the earl—his glance fastened on the floor, his long, slender fingers locked loosely together—"and when I came home was somewhat surprised that he did not spring out to meet me, as he invariably did. My astonishment increased, when my wife told me that Antoine had come back without the boy, and had given, as a reason, that I had sent for him, as I wished to drive him into town. We were then at my country seat, a few miles from London. I felt at once that there was treachery in the matter—sent for the servant—he had decamped—had come back for some valuables, most likely—and I have never seen him since. It is useless to tell you how long and how vainly we searched for the child, or how, as the years sped on, hope and ambition forsook me. For the last time, I have commenced the search again. Something tells me that here, on the shores of this new world, I may somewhere find my child. There was one peculiar mark by which I should know him—the mark of our family—a small, blood-red cross on the left breast, that has always descended from father to son.

Paul sat in the shadow—breathless—pressing his hand against the scar, that seemed

now to burn and throb. He felt, he knew that his destiny had come; no longer did he regard the benign face before him with jealous fury, but with suppressed love and reverence. The silence remained unbroken for some time.

At last, Paul asked, in a voice husky with strong emotion:

"How old was the boy, when stolen?"

"Four years old," was the reply.

"And I am twenty-four," said Paul, hoarsely. The earl started.

"The age my son would be," he said. "Ah! if I might but press him to my heart, before I die."

"Can I have a private interview with you?" asked Paul. His lips were white, his eyes unnatural in their glare, his voice shook.

"At any time you wish."

"Why not now? Could we—"

"Nettle," said old Mr. Cameron, rising, "we will go into the next room."

Alice went with them, an undefined fear at her heart, and Paul and the earl were left alone.

The former had risen, and now stood grasping the back of a chair with one hand, while in the other he held the torn and yellow note towards the earl, who took it in a mechanical way, his eyes fixed upon the countenance before him. When he had read it, his whole face changed.

"Where, in heaven's name, did you get this?" he cried, excitedly.

Paul explained.

"And this man is your father?"

"No—I am confident—no!" cried the young man, with vehemence.

"And you think—"

I know not what to think. I only know that some foul deed of treachery has been done, and that I bear a scar on my left breast—that money has been sent from England to my—Mr. Latour, regularly, every three or six months—"

"Enough! we will sift this matter, thoroughly," said the earl. "We must go to this old man to-night, and have the truth out of him. Already you seem to me like a son; pray God my hopes be not again frustrated."

That night old Latour was called down just as he was retiring. He trembled and turned pale at the sight of the earl; his hand shook so that in placing it down, the metallic candlestick clattered against the table.

"Now, sir, confess!" cried the earl, enraged, holding the paper before his eyes.

The old man stared, his teeth chattered—it

was evident that he was in a paroxysm of terror.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he whispered, under his breath, "I thought it would come at last."

"You stole a child!" cried the earl, hoarse with passion. "Confess—tell the whole, from beginning to end—it's the only thing that will save you."

The hideous old man, half paralyzed with fear, went down on his knees, and Paul's hopes were confirmed. He told the whole story, implicating the nephew of the earl, who, wishing to succeed to the title, was the prime mover in the affair.

"But when I heard your name," cried the old man, "I did say that now God did send vengeance for my long sin. But I have been kind to him—he will of himself tell you that. I have endeavored to atone in all but one thing: I ask forgiveness—I plead for mercy!"

His prayer availed; for the earl, standing there with his arm about his son, felt the rushing tide of joy, and found no place for anger. So the old man was left untroubled, and the young man went forth, the acknowledged son and heir of a nobleman.

When the fact became publicly known, Maud redoubled her efforts to secure him; but his heart was true to his little Northern flower. After a visit to his father's estates, during which the old earl was gathered to his fathers, he returned to America, married Alice, and chose to throw in his fortunes with the few independent spirits who fought for the freedom of the colonies, and the rights of man. My grandmother says she saw him often in her childhood, and remembers him as a tall, handsome old man, with white hair hanging in silver curls to his very shoulders. He died immensely rich, and left a great deal of money to the public institutions of Boston, to the college in Cambridge, and sufficient for his heirs beside.

COATING METALS.

The metal to be coated is dipped in a saline solution of the metal with which it is to be coated, previously rendered alkaline by the addition of caustic potash or soda, and mixed with tartaric acid, glycerine, or some other such matter. The effect is rendered more certain by placing a piece of zinc in contact with the metal to be coated. Copper may be coated with zinc by merely placing the two metals in contact, in water in which caustic potash or soda has been dissolved; the process is more rapid by a temperature of 212 Fah.

PARTING.—A FRAGMENT.

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 BY COUSIN CLAUDE.  
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Not a word was breathed, as we lonely stood,
 And seemed to gaze on the dark deep wood;
 Not an eye was raised—not a tear-drop shone,
 Though we felt that the light of our life was gone.

In that moment were severed the ties of years,
 And the feelings were all too deep for tears;
 And the nerveless hand, and the pulseless heart,
 Told the hour had come when we twain must part.

* * * * *
 And years went by, and we met not again;
 We felt that to meet had been all in vain:
 And the soul's crushed hopes were shrouded in gloom,
 And looked but for peace to the silent tomb.

Yet the brow betrayed not a trace of care;
 If the cheeks were pale, still a smile was there:
 And at times would come a mantling glow,
 As to mock the ruin that lurked below.

The moment of trial again came on;
 We met as in days that had long been gone;
 Was there weakness then? O, it soon was o'er;
 We but met—we parted—to meet no more.

 OUTRUNNING A RUNAWAY.

A LEAF FROM A BLOCKADER'S LOG.

~~~~~  
 BY CLEW GARNET, U. S. N.  
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FOR reasons, known I should say, only to the admiral down there at Port Royal, to the commander of the steam-blockader *Transit*—at that time the fastest craft in the South Atlantic squadron—and lastly to myself, I was temporarily transferred from the saucy, jaunty little sailing whipper-in for the fleet, to the steamer aforesaid, which was detached from fleet duty, and ordered off in a great hurry on some special mission, the nature of which I knew as little of, as I did of the inhabitants of Nova Zembla.

It was not until after we had crossed the Gulf Stream, and was driving on over the Bahama Banks, that it occurred to me our destination could be no other than Nassau;

and it was several hours later, before I caught the glimmer of an idea as to the admiral's reasons for sending me across the Gulf, and over to Nassau in the *Transit*. Then it dawned upon me in this manner:

I was leaning over the lee rail, looking down through four fathoms of brine as transparent as air, upon the vast sponge fields, over which we were rapidly passing, and quietly asking myself if sponge-fishing just about that latitude, wouldn't be a profitable calling; when a no very delicate hand was laid upon my shoulder, and looking up, there was my commander pro tem., Captain Arthur T. Alwin, standing beside me.

"Looking for mermaids, and dreaming of

'the girl I left behind me,' Mr. Garnet?" he asked.

"No sir; I was calculating the money-making chances of sponge-fishing, and wondering between times, why the admiral has sent me off here without my having the ghost of an idea as to what is or will be required of me."

"Ah, yes, certainly, Mr. Garnet. All very natural." A long pause. Then an abrupt question:

"By-the-by, Lieutenant Garnet, do you happen to know anything of a rebel steamer called the Oriole; or of her commander, one Harry E. Simonson?"

"Yes sir, a good deal of both."

"So the admiral has been informed, and for that reason has sent you on board the Transit. Be pleased, sir, to acquaint me somewhat with your acquaintanceship with the Oriole first."

"Well, sir, she was built in New York, to ply between Charleston and Havana; and designed for the fastest sea-going steamer afloat. In the summer of 1860, her owners in Charleston, finding the vessel wanting something in the required rate of speed, had her engines replaced with new ones which increased her sailing rate fully a mile above the sought for speed, and with the exception of the Transit, I don't believe there is a sea-going steamer afloat, that can overhaul the Oriole."

"And do you really believe this ship able to do it, Mr. Garnet?"

"In heavy weather, and rough water, yes sir. But in light winds, and with a smooth sea, I think the Oriole will beat her. I know her all by heart, sir, as, when it was customary for junior officers of the U. S. navy to command merchant steamers, I had charge of the Oriole a good many voyages."

"So we have been informed, sir. And now, about her present commander—he claims to be an Englishman."

"He—Harry Simonson an Englishman? Not a mite of it, any more than President Lincoln is. He is a Marylander; born and bred in Baltimore, and was more than a year chief mate with me in the Oriole."

"From your intimate acquaintance with them you will most likely be able to recognize either ship or commander."

"Yes sir. The former as far as I can sight her by day or night, and the latter under any disguise he may assume."

"Very well. And now, as I am after this same swift-winged Oriole, you may easily

guess why you have been sent with us. We have reliable information that she will leave Nassau on or about the 10th, and as this is the 7th we're in time, you see. But then the fellow may slide out ahead of his time, as it is the dark of the moon. So it is better to be on hand, than behindhand."

"Land—O—right ahead, sir," sung out the lookout aloft, just at this moment.

"Ah, we're near enough, Mr. Garnet. 'Twont do to let that chap sight our smoke, or he'll stay in his hole."

We were square in the track of blockade-bound steamers, twenty miles to the westward of Nassau, and the Transit was anchored in six fathoms, waiting for somebody to come along.

Just at midnight, somebody *did* come along, but as there was a sort of smoky vapor lying low on the water, the first intimation we had of her coming, was the rapid *whicker—whicker—whicker*, of her paddles.

Then it was, "turn out, Jack; up anchor, and stand by for fun." Three rockets—two blue and a red one, were sent up from our forecandle, and promptly replied to by the stranger's sending up two red ones and burning a blue light.

"The devil! One of our own cruisers," muttered the captain, in disgust.

"No sir—a blockade-runner, who has either stolen our signals or stumbled upon them by mistake. Don't you see that little twinkling yellow light on his port quarter, sir?"

"You're right, Mr. Garnet. You've been watching these night-running rascals longer than I have, and know their tricks better. Is it the Oriole, think you?"

"No sir! No more like the Oriole than the Ironsides."

"Shall I speak to him, sir, and invite him to give us a call?" respectfully inquired our gunner, affectionately slapping the wrought iron bandage of our 100 pound forecandle Parrott, which he had trained on the stranger, now close aboard of us.

"No, no, Mr. Linstock. You might knock over some of our friends in the dark," replied the captain, good-naturedly. "I'll hail him, and if he don't give me satisfactory answers, why—whoever else than the Oriole he may be, we can soon overhaul and teach him better manners."

The *strange* stranger was square abeam of us, not fifty yards distant.

"A-h-o-y-ee the steamer!" bellowed our old sea lion, through his trumpet.

"Ay-a-y-ee-ee!" came back promptly, the clear, ringing response.

"What steamer is that?"

"O-r-i-o-l-e."

"What's that you say?"

"O-r-i-o-l-e of Charleston, Harry Simonson, commander!"

"Forecastle there—Fire!"

Bang! went our big "Parrott," its hundred pounds of metal plunging harmlessly by the stranger's stern.

Bang—bang—bang, went our broadside guns; all pitching their missiles wide of the mark. In three minutes the audacious rascal was gone out of sight.

"What do you think of that, Mr. Garnet?"

"That it's all a lie, or some infernal trick, sir. That was the voice of Harry Simonson, that answered the hail; I'll wager my life on that. And I'd wager fifty lives that the steamer is not the Oriole."

"I think you've made a mistake this time, Mr. Garnet. That *must* be the Oriole—the impudent rascal. However, we'll find out. Forecastle, there! Be handy, Mr. Lewis—Let's heave our anchor. Mr. Wickham, rattle up your fires, sir, and get your best steam on her."

"Yes, we'll find out," I muttered, as Captain Alwin dived down into his cabin to overhaul his signal book—"we'll find out; when yonder Will-o'-the-wisp shall have led us a wandering dance till daylight, and far enough away from the Oriole."

The Transit was soon steaming west-north-west at her highest speed, and had stood on that course perhaps twenty minutes, when there streamed high up into the air a red and green rocket, wide on her port bow, and a few moments later, there flashed out in the same direction, a brilliant blue light.

"There she goes west-southwest," exclaimed Captain Alwin; and although never an Anglo-rebel blockade-runner bound for Charleston would steer that course, the Transit's bows were pointed in that direction, and with full throttle, every ounce of steam on her, and firemen punching up her fires like Vulcans, away we went in chase of the bantering vagabond.

At the end of an hour we had neared the chase so much that her hull was dimly visible, and as she kept on, regardless of our signals to heave to, fire was opened upon her from our forecastle gun; but there was no more than one chance in three hundred of our hitting her; besides every discharge of our heavy

"Parrott" was kicking against our own speed; and so, after a dozen harmless shots had been fired, we knocked off, and stood on in silence until we could bring the rascal under our broadside batteries. Then we'd pepper him soundly, unless he cried *peccati*, and surrendered.

But we didn't quite get that fellow under our batteries. For a little while we continued to draw up with him, but soon he began to drop us astern, and continued to do so until daylight; when he was far out of range of any metal afloat, and seemed to be paddling along very leisurely, banteringly flying at his peak the banner of St. George.

Then, by broad daylight, I could swear positively, that the chase was not the Oriole, or anything like her, and did so to our commander. But Captain Alwin was furious, and swore by everything salt and saintly that—Orole, ogre or the devil, he'd serve him out for leading us such a dance. He'd capture or sink the rascal—that he would. St. George or Satan at his peak, he'd teach him a salt-water lesson; and so the over-driven Transit was spurred on a few inches faster.

In two hours we were close aboard the chase, and our peremptory command to heave to was promptly responded to by the instant stopping of her engine, and the dropping, out of her after starboard gangway, of her accommodation ladder for the convenience of our boarding-officer.

Captain Alwin decided to board the steamer himself, and invited me to accompany him. We were soon on board, and were met at the gangway by Captain Harry Simonson, who very politely welcomed us on board, and shook my hand most cordially.

"What steamer is this?" demanded Captain Alwin, the anger that he could not suppress, oozing out all over his bronzed visage.

"The Beeswing, Royal Mail Steamer, from Halifax for Kingston, Jamaica," courteously replied Captain Simonson.

"But why are you running off here, sir, towards the Florida Strait, if bound to Jamaica?"

"O, we have mails and passengers for Havana. Please to step down to my cabin and examine our papers. You'll find them all right, I think, sir."

Captain Harry Simonson's thoughts were correct; for there were register, manifests, mails, passenger list and clearance; all shipshape and legally unquestionable. H. B. M. Royal Mail Steamer Beeswing, Captain Harry

Simonson, from Halifax, N. S., for Kingston, Jamaica, via Nassau and Havana.

Here was a bar to all further proceedings with a vengeance. There were some Northern transactions of Harry Simonson's since the blockade was established, that would have made his capture of more importance than that of any two blockade-runners afloat. And there he was, under our guns, within our easy grasp physically, but perfectly secure. We remembered the recent Slidell-Mason imbroglio, and mentally-cursed all marine internationalities in impotent wrath.

"Do you know anything of an Anglo-rebel blockade-runner, now lying in Nassau, called the Oriole?" inquired Captain Alwin, choking down his indignation with a huge gulp.

"Why, yes sir, I think there was such a craft in Nassau, though I am of the opinion that she is not there now. But really, captain, with the character you give us Englishmen, you cannot expect us to afford you much reliable information in reference to blockade-runners."

"Englishmen be —?" muttered Captain Alwin under his breath, and almost bursting with suppressed wrath.

In no very amiable temper, we returned to our vessel, and in ten minutes thereafter, our masthead lookout announced a steamer in the northern board, or rather the smoke of one, for the vessel itself was entirely below the horizon. The long trail of densely black smoke indicated soft coal and an English craft, while its direction being nearly north-west and southeast, was evidence very nearly conclusive, that under that telltale line of smoke there was an Anglo rebel bound from Nassau to blockade-land. The Transit was headed two points to the westward of the western termination of the horizontal column, and once more driven through the water at her best rate of speed.

In about two and a half hours, we had the spars, hull and all the characteristic outlines of the fugitive steamer perfectly defined against the clear blue sky beyond, and there was no doubt remaining but that this time we had down there ahead of us the fleet-winged Oriole herself.

Then all the shrewdness of the wily blockader's ruse dawned upon our minds. The Beeswing had led us off on that *ignis fatuus* chase all through the night, and the real blockade runner had actually been chasing us. It was much like the country squire's fox chase, where the dogs got three miles

ahead of the fox, and held their distance all day.

Captain Alwin's rage at being so foiled was ungovernable, and he swore roundly that when he got that sneaking fly-away rascal under fire, he'd serve him out in a way that would put an end to his night flights forever.

And he did. But it was a long time before we got the Oriole under fire. She was very nearly our equal in speed; and would have been more than that, I think, had not our reckless engineer ranted and cursed, and drove up coal-heavers and firemen to frantic exertions, and put on steam beyond everything his engine was calculated to bear, until he bid fair to drive it all to everlasting smash, or the Transit entirely out of water. And then night was approaching, and the weather fast thickening up, promising a dark, stormy, uncomfortable night, just what the blockade-runners would naturally pray for. But at last, just as the sun went down, we got him within range of our fore-castle hundred pounder, dead ahead of us, and Mr. Linstock pitched his ponderous cast iron card right under the runaway's counter.

Not an atom did he heed our call to stop and surrender; but kept straight in end, swerving not an inch from his course, while the determined Transit, plunging, surging, quivering in every seam and timber like a fierce sleuth-hound, was driving on, laboriously winning inch by inch, the exciting race.

Again our huge gun thundered forth its awful mandate, and this time the great iron globe went crashing through the light upper works of the flying steamer.

Shot and shell for the space of three quarters of an hour were rapidly hurled from our monster gun, many of them taking effect in hull, spars and paddle-boxes of the chase. But still she kept doggedly, defiantly on her course; and at length, when the night began to grow obscure, she was slowly drawing away from us. Our over-tasked engine was beginning to fail, besides, the recoil of our monstrous fore-castle gun was kicking fully a mile an hour out of our speed.

Perfectly beside himself with excitement and impatience, Captain Alwin rushed to the fore-castle—superintended the loading of the great gun with a shell, sighted the piece, and drew the lanyard of the lock with his own hand.

The vast missile with its blazing train flew screaming on its errand, and went crashing through the steamer's counter. There was a

breathless silence of fifteen seconds, followed by a vast jet of fire, a mighty flame that leaped instantly upwards a hundred feet—a wild, wide glare—a concussion so terrific that our stout ship quivered like a frightened thing; and then there was a pattering and splashing in the water all around us, and on our decks

fell human heads and limbs, and mangled fragments of dismembered bodies.

The race for Secessia was ended. We were there alone, upon the ocean. The fleet Oriole had disappeared forever; blown into millions of fragments by that incendiary shell, which had dashed in upon her powder packages, intended for rebel guns.

THE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD.

BY WM. ADRIAN HUNTLEY.

Where the plain spire points into the sky,
Simple as is the unison of scene,
The peasant's ashes in a valley lie;
The flowers are fresh where erst his steps have
been!

Nature!—how sweet amid the place of death,
The birds still carol from the ancient elm!
The breeze still bears from flower to flower its
breath;

Repose! life's struggles can no more o'erwhelm.
Simplicity, thy cradle is the wide field!
Thy pastimes sweet in valley and in grove;
Thy days to kindness and to love to yield,
Thy memory the heart and heaven above!

Of in such spot I scanned the student-boy,
With classic lore among the rustic clay;
Learning to *those* was but a wondrous toy;
To *these*, the pride and fortune of their day.

Pages of inspiration! I forget
Your magic power in an artless lay;
The days of boyhood in my thoughts have met,
And I am yet a wanderer at play.

No more, as once, I inexperienced gaze
On stillness of the grave! I stand alone!
The dearest forms are in the churchyard's maze,
And all I seek their kindness earth to own.

MARIAN GRAY'S TRIALS.

BY MRS. EMMA F. PRADT.

"MARIAN! Marian!"

It was a harsh voice that uttered the musical name, a voice that fell like a gust of winter upon the heart, and sent a shiver through the whole being; and the fair girl who was called started like a frightened bird from her reverie, and uttering a deep sigh, walked slowly into the house.

It was not *home* to her; it could never be, with her refined, sensitive nature; and the coarse, ungainly, uneducated woman could never supply the place of her mother, who slept in the quiet little churchyard.

It had always been a mystery to Nathan Gray's friends how he came to marry Rachel Dean, and to none more than his daughter; though, like a dutiful little soul as she was, she strove to treat her stepmother with due respect, for her father's sake; yet she could not help clinging, in her lonesome hours, to

the memory of the calm, spiritual face of her own sainted mother. Then would crowd in remembrances of the hectic glow upon that mother's cheek, of the painful cough, of the long days of anguish, and fearful nights of suffering, ere the deliverer came, and she went down through the valley with quiet tread, and left poor Marian motherless. God pity all who have felt the desolateness of that word. It was the concentration of bitterness to poor Marian.

And Nathan Gray, since his second marriage, was changed, too; the bold, defiant spirit of his wife had seemed to crush down his manliness; and although, when an unmerited rebuke would fall upon Marian he would start, and the lightning flash into his eyes, yet the cold blue eye of Mrs. Gray would soon look him into silence.

"Make haste, girl, and go with that cow.

Don't be standing there, dreaming, as though you hadn't a grain of sense left. If your mother was like you (and they say she was), I don't know what a poor man wanted of her for a wife."

This coarse allusion to her mother, whose very name was sacred to Marian, was more than she could bear; and as she took up the pail, and started for the barnyard, the great tears came welling up into her brown eyes; as she sat down upon the barn door step, and pressed her hands over her face, they came dripping, dripping, through the little red fingers.

"Perhaps I am wicked to repine at my lot, when it might be so much worse; but O, dear God, I am so lonely! I wish I could have died when mother did. Father is so changed, too. He don't love me as he did once. I feel as if I hadn't anybody, now. O Heaven, pity me!" and the tears fell in a still more copious shower, as the weary young heart felt its sense of desolateness, and longed for something human to lean upon, to look up to; but while she sat there, writhing under the keen sense of isolation, there seemed a rustling, as of angel wings, near her, and there came quietly, dropping like dew upon the drooping flower—like manna to the hungry soul—down deep in her heart of hearts, the precious promise: "I will give thee rest;" and she knew, poor little Marian, that it was the anchor God had given her; and wiping her eyes, she proceeded to her task.

"Good old Betty!"

The sleek cow, who stood demurely chewing her cud, looked up at the kindly voice, and gave her head a little toss, which said to Marian, as plainly as words:

"Why don't you take the world easy?"

"So I would," said Marian, pursuing the imaginary conversation, "if I was only a cow, like you, Betty;" and she patted the fat sides of the dumb brute with as much affection as if she had really found something tangible upon which she might depend for sympathy.

"There, set it down. I think you have been long enough. Now hurry and wash up them dishes; and don't be so lazy."

Mrs. Gray took up the pail, brimming with milk, and proceeded to strain it and set it in the cellar; after which, she seated herself in the rocking chair, and began winding some yarn.

It greatly irritated her to see the dreamy look in Marian's large eyes; but in spite of all her fretting and scolding it would settle over

them, and lo! she was in a world all her own. But Mrs. Gray resolved that if work would bring it out of her she should be put to it, immediately; and although Mr. Gray had remonstrated, she had made arrangements that very day to put Marian into Mrs. Weston's dressmaking establishment in the village, a mile distant.

For a whole year she braved her trials through with a stout heart, walking night and morning the long mile; and the numerous tasks that were allotted to her in addition to her day's work, were enough to make one compare Mrs. Gray to the hard-hearted old reprobate who oppressed the children of Israel.

At this time an opportunity occurred in Glenville for Marian to take charge of a small school, which she gladly accepted. Here she would be free from the drudgery of home, and she was to board with Mr. Harper, the minister, whose family consisted of his wife, sweet Nellie Harper, a frail, delicate being, and their baby, Grace, whose large, lustrous black eyes, and affectionate ways, won Marian at once; and from the first hour when the baby face rested so confidently upon her bosom, all the pent-up, gushing tenderness of her nature went out to the child. So they became fast, firm friends; and the bond that united them soon became a strong one between the parents and Marian. Thus it came that soon they regarded her as one of the family; and Grace called her "auntie," and Mr. Harper was "brother Will," and his dear wife "sister Nellie."

By-and-by another sweet babe came to the hearts of this happy family, and then Marian was a fixture; they could not do without her, for Nellie was from this time a confirmed invalid. So the school was given up, and Marian took her place as nurse.

It was a lovely day in June. The soft winds had awakened the violets into a new birth, and the primroses were gleaming like stars in the shadowy grass, and the pine tree that stood at the parsonage gate had hung up its thick fringe, and the balmy breezes were melting through it like ambition's voice through the heart of manhood. The sunlight fell across Nellie's bed in soft dimples, through the clustering eglantine that shaded the window. They knew now that Nellie could not live. For more than a year she had lingered along feebly, growing sometimes better and then falling; but this morning the sure signs of dissolution left them no hope.

"Sit down by me, Willie and Marian. I want to tell all that is in my heart now, while I have the strength. I have seen, Marian, how your warm nature has twined the tendrils of my children's hearts around you, and I leave them with you without one pang, without one burden. I know my trust in you will not be betrayed. My little Gracie will need your love and sympathy; Harry needs your tenderness and affection. Will you be a mother to them when I am gone, Marian?"

And Marian said, kissing Nellie's thin hand, "I will, darling; O, may God help me!"

"Love them tenderly, for my sake, when I am gone, Willie and Marian. Chide them gently when they err. Don't let them forget me quite; tell them how I blessed them with my dying breath. You will mourn for a time for me, Willie, but by-and-by another fair head shall be pillowed upon your bosom; another call you by the tender name of '*husband*;' but she will not love you more tenderly than I have loved. Don't forget *me*, then. Sometimes think Nellie's head rests upon your bosom, and that you hear an angel voice whisper '*Willie, darling*;' for shall I not still love you when I dwell in heaven, where *all* is love?"

William Harper, who had comforted so many hearts in the hours of sore trial, was not comfortless now; but O, as he knelt at that bed of death, what a prayer went up from his riven heart, in that hour of trial!

Marian was weeping, and pleading God to make her worthy the trust—to make them willing to submit to this affliction.

"Do not weep for me, Marian, Willie. I am only going a little while before. God saith, '*I am the resurrection and the life*;' we shall meet up yonder."

And thus they sat, those two, while the swift-winged feet of that June day sped through all the golden hours; and the soul of Nellie Harper was softly passing out on the boundless ocean of God's love, soon to be anchored in the harbor of rest, where the storms of earth-life could never reach her. Shorter, quicker, the gasping breath; and colder the moist dew that was settling round the purple lips. One more look of yearning, unutterable love, as her sweet babes were held up to her for the last fond kiss. Whispering, "*yours, Marian*," she went home.

The church was crowded to suffocation, for Nellie was revered, almost worshiped; she had walked so like an angel among the people. The good dames shook their heads, and

said "she was too good for earth;" and many a fond mother pressed her babe to her heart that afternoon, and blessed God that she yet lived to care for it.

The long procession wound mutely over the solemn hill to the quiet churchyard, where they laid her to rest, while the good old pastor of the neighboring parish repeated her dying words: "*I am the resurrection and the life*;" and they felt, those two, bending over the newly made grave, that Nellie was blossoming in that higher life, and their souls, even in that hour of trial and bereavement, went out to meet her in the great Beyond.

"How d'y'e do, Mrs. Gray? I just thought I would bring my knitting and sit a little bit with you;" and Miss Nancy Updike shook down her black silk dress, which was growing rather rusty, having served her faithfully for thirteen years. The lady, as she seated herself in the little sewing chair, was plainly a study, the sharp nose and thin lips not speaking remarkably for her amiability of temper. Mrs. Gray sat down with her knitting, also; and as the dames' needles flew rapidly, their tongues kept them company.

"So the minister's wife is dead," said Miss Nancy, "and of course Marian went stay alone in the house *now*. Do you think of having her come home?"

"I was just a tellin' of Nathan, t'other day, I thought Marian ought to come home now and help me with the housework and takin' care of the young ones."

Here the matron paused to wipe the nose of the oldest hopeful, who lustily bawled out, "let me alone, I say, Rache."

"I'll put you in the closet and let the big snake eat you up," replied the mother.

"Hum! can't see it," replied the son; and he ran out in the yard in pursuit of the cat, who made her way into the nearest tree, to be out of his reach.

The mother laughed and said, "that boy beats me every time; he don't mind a word I say to him. But, as I was saying, I told Nate t'other day as Mrs. Harper is dead, of course we all know it don't look well for Marian to be stayin' there, even if Mr. Harper is a minister. Folks will talk, you know; but if that girl was a saint out of heaven, he couldn't think more of her. He just thinks everything she does is all right; when it's my humble opinion, candidly expressed, that all she is staying there for is, she thinks she is going to catch Mr. Harper for a husband. Of course

he won't look at her, though, and she needn't think it."

Miss Nancy had got just what she came for, so she settled back in the little rocking chair, uneasily looking out of the window; and finally putting her knitting in her pocket she said, "I am going down to Glenville to visit my sister, to-morrow. Maybe you would like to send word to Marian to come home."

"Well, now, it *will* be a good chance, and I will write to her myself."

The next morning the yellow stage rolled up to the house of old Deacon Granger, and the wiry form of little Miss Nancy was snugly ensconced therein. In the capacious pocket of her dress was the following note to Marian, written by her stepmother:

"MARIAN:—Now that the woman you've been nursin' of is dead, of course you will come home. There's plenty of work to do here, and I want you at home to do it; and you know, of course, it don't look well for you to stay there any longer. In a few weeks we shall have the harvesters here, and I want you to come home to help do the work. Your father is well. "Yours,

RACHEL GRAY."

In a day or two after, Miss Nancy came tripping down the parsonage walk, and knocked at the front door. Marian was just rocking little Harry to sleep. Gracie sat at her feet with her blocks, building mimic houses to see them tumble down again, and softly talking to herself.

"I do say, Marian, you look so motherly. How d'ye do, any how. I came down to visit my sister for a few days, and your stepmother sent a letter to you by me. I do think some folks might mind their business to good advantage; but then, I couldn't get out of doing the errand, you know, of course. I declare it's a burning shame how she talks about you; and the folks down our way begin to think, too, that it aint all just right, coming, as it does, from your mother. Of course you wont go home to nigger for her, though."

"I expect to stay where I am at present," replied Marian. "My stepmother turned me upon the world to care for myself, and my duty at home is done, unless my father requires my care."

"I glory in your grit, Marian;" and saying this, Miss Nancy took her departure, with a precious fund of scandal to discuss over her tea at Mrs. Danforth's (her sister), where were assembled half a dozen ladies at a tea-

drinking. The minister was picked over, and Marian discussed, and five of the six ladies held up their hands in holy horror, as Miss Nancy disclosed the fact that "her stepmother had written her a letter, begging and entreating her to come home, for the sake of her reputation;" while the sixth merely said she thought Marian was doing what any one ought to do under the circumstances. The other five chimed in, "Well, if Marian was not so young—barely seventeen; of course she aint fit to train them children."

"Why don't he put some elderly person in there?" said Miss Wamble, an elderly spinster, about the same uncertain age of Miss Nancy.

"Perhaps you would like the situation," replied the lady who had undertaken the championship of Marian.

"Well, I think it would look much more appropriate," replied Miss Wamble; "besides, of course Mrs. Harper was out of her head when she proposed having that little young thing to be mother to the children."

July, August and September have rolled by; and looking in upon the group at the old parsonage, we find Marian sitting before the grate, for the cool October nights have made the first fires a real luxury. Baby Harry lies in the crib by her side, and Gracie is snugly tucked into bed, and was long since in the land of dreams. Marian is holding a book, but is not reading—only looking into the embers in the grate and thinking—thinking. Humanity, just then, appeared in a very unlovely form, and real goodness and truth as a mere abstraction—airy and unsubstantial, when sought for in human nature. Yet she felt that there was an unmeasured inner force arising within her, making her, in a degree, defiant of circumstances; though notwithstanding this, the malicious manner in which her name had been repeated, of late, made the hot blood surge into her cheek, and before she knew it, she was weeping like a child.

"I know it all, Marian," said Mr. Harper. "This frailty in humanity makes me sick of my kind—sick of life; but the Lord will bring it all right in his own good time. All things, whatsoever their nature, will work together for our good if we trust him. I have sent in a resignation to the parish, and shall accept a chaplaincy which has just offered itself, in the Eighth Regiment. I leave you with our little ones—Nellie's and mine. Let us pray, Marian." It was the hour for evening devotions, and O, how William Harper did pray for the

frail girl, that God would give her strength to bear her life-burdens!

In the meantime, Madam Gray had kept the whip over Nathan in grand style, so that he had not dared to even write to Marian. But he dreamed a strange dream of her one night. He thought he saw her, with the two motherless babes upon her lap, and her mother on angel pinions poised above her, holding over her head a glittering crown; and sweet Nellie Harper, with hands uplifted, as if a heavenly benediction was falling from her lips upon the soul of the noble, self-sacrificing girl. The dream was so vivid, and impressed him with such painful reality, that the next morning he walked down to the cross-roads and got into the stage, and was, in a few hours, set down at the little parsonage. And when Marian's arms were around his neck, and she was sobbing on his bosom, "Father, you did not blame me, did I not do right?" the old man was weeping, too, and through his tears he said, "Yes, God bless you, Marian, God bless you—you did do right." Then she felt that this hour repaid her for all her self-abnegation in the past.

The fleet days went by, and again June, the second anniversary of Nellie's death, was near. Mr. Harper had been gone almost two years, and for ten months Marian had had no tidings of him; and as, each day, the little yellow stage rolled into the village, and her errand to the post-office proved fruitless, her cheek grew whiter, and her pale face thinner, and the despairing look that settled around the large brown eyes would have made your heart ache. And yet, through all those dreary months there was an hour, every day, when she knew, if William Harper yet lived, he prayed for her; and when, as the accustomed hour drew round, and she knelt to pray for him and the little ones, there settled in her heart a patient looking forward in her life—a something vivifying in it, even through all its early chill and blight. In that hour the heavenly voices whispered peace, and the presence of God's angels filled her with a sense of light and protection.

And where was Harper? What heart does not thrill when the name Chickamauga is mentioned? O, how many hearts bleed, whose hopes went down upon that blood-stained battle-field! Northward, southward, eastward and westward, the leaden hall was carrying death and destruction into the hearts and homes of our suffering nation! O God!

how long till the days of our purification shall be ended, and we come up out of the furnace of thy divine wrath, justified?

On the second day of that fearful battle, Mr. Harper was taken prisoner. For ten long months he was an inmate of the horrible Libby; a life which is so familiar to our readers, that it is unnecessary to enter into the details. Summer wore away, and the long, pallid nights in autumn—dreary days and nights of terrible suffering—merged into winter, ere the day of release came. The small-pox had raged fearfully among the prisoners, but even that terrible plague, added to starvation, and every conceivable deprivation, had still left hundreds languishing in that loathsome den. One day the carpenters were at work in the prison, inserting iron bars in the windows, and making other repairs. Toward evening Mr. Harper and Col. Wade, a fellow-prisoner, made their escape by picking up some tools and quietly walking out, the guard, in the dusky light, mistaking them for the workmen. They succeeded in getting out of town without any adventure; but O, the long, tedious journey, through a strange tract of country, where the woods were teeming with enemies! The battle with starvation and fatigue! But at last they stood again upon northern soil, and among friends, breathing the air of freedom with the sense of relief only experienced by one who has been a captive.

The lamp was just lighted at the parsonage, and the blinds closed; the rain was falling in dreamy cadences, making the light, cheerful sitting-room look bright and pleasant. Grace and Harry knelt at "Mama Marian's" knee and prayed, "God keep dear papa from all harm;" and as the childish voices melted down in the heart of Marian, and Willie's last words, "trust him, Marian," came to her, as though a voice had audibly spoken it, with streaming eyes upraised to heaven she sobbed, "I do trust thee, O Father; preserve him, for the sake of these dear babes!"

"He has heard your prayer, Marian," said the deep, manly voice of Mr. Harper, who had stolen noiselessly in upon them, and had been watching them for full five minutes. In that time he had read more of Marian's feelings for him than she really knew herself, and the glad surprise that looked out of her brown eyes, and the flush that rose into her wan cheek, told him how she had waited and prayed for his return.

Very possibly the sympathizing reader has anticipated me in the avowal of love that fol-

lowed the return of Mr. Harper. At any rate there was a bridal in the church the next Sabbath, and even Miss Wamble wished the bride joy, and Marian's stepmother attended the wedding.

Mr. Harper, at the request of his people, resumed his labors as pastor; and in the little parsonage I am writing you, this wild March night, dear reader, the history of Marian's last three years' trials.

Nellie's face smiles lovingly down upon us from the wall yonder, and we are a happy home circle. Willie, in gown and slippers, is writing his next sermon; Marion, with the rich bands of her dark hair lying lovingly over her white brow, is fashioning some dainty robe for my pet, Harry; while I, your humble scribe and servant, am just saying to the indulgent reader, good night.

COMFORTERS.

BY MRS. C. O. HATHAWAY.

Some souls there are whose presence brings
An atmo-sphere of better things,
As wearing angels' unseen wings.

They see in nature fair and broad,
Forevermore the smile of God,
As 'twere his own divine abode.

To them the dark and billowy deep
Is not the tomb where treasures sleep,
And mournful spirits wail and weep,

But a vast mirror, calm and clear,
Enframed within the landscape there,
Reflecting scenes divinely fair.

They see the gloom amid the storm
Transfigured in the rainbow's form,
The promised sunshine soft and warm.

In the wild tempest's angry face
The purifying angel trace,
Arrayed in tenderness and grace.

The morrow will be fair, they cry,
For all along the twilight sky
The tinted clouds as tokens lie;

Till rolling up their garments gray,
They bid farewell to dying day,
And float in amber folds away.

And fireflies, in the misty light,
Unfurl their sparkling pennants bright,
Like spangles on the feet of night.

And songful birds in woodland glades
Prolong their notes as twilight fades,
Far into evening's coming shades.

They trace in every varied scene
The glowing light behind the screen,
And pictured pencillings between.

These are the hopeful ones, and rare;
They scatter blessings everywhere,
As though they breathed celestial air,

O, blessed are such!—they drink the dew
From heaven's own chalice, fresh and new,
Sparkling with health's primeval hue!

God loveth them—they gently glide,
Flower-crowned, adown life's peaceful tide,
And sweetly sleep its stream beside.

MR. DALTON'S PLAN.

BY JOEL BATES SWETT.

In that portion of our country which is not as commonly denominated the "far west" as it was some years ago, lies a little village, in a very secluded, out-of-the-way situation, on the banks of the Sangamon River. This settlement, or rather "city" (as the western people call all towns which can boast of a schoolhouse and post-office), contains about twenty dwelling-houses, and an unlimited number of dirty-faced children, dogs, hogs, and geese. This latter fact is a sure sign by

which to judge that, for a western town, it is one of the oldest; for among those places which before the war began sprang up to respectable size, as by magic, in six or eight weeks, the inhabitants would scarcely have time allowed them to collect much around them, excepting that which would be essential to life; and then again, as the town of which we speak boasted no prerogative to railroad or market town inside the distance of fifteen miles, we are naturally enough led

to the conclusion that many years had elapsed since an axe or hammer had been raised to erect the first domicile there.

In all probability, the first settlers in this town, after they had deemed the place deserving of a name, were, for some reason, at a loss to give it one which would meet their own idea of appropriateness; and the naming was postponed until a certain event gave it one, which, although it may sound outlandish to fastidious ears, it has borne ever since.

Before the railroad had been completed, affording the inhabitants a market fifteen miles distant, they were obliged, for the greater part of the time, to subsist wholly upon what they grew from their fields; and one year, owing to a failure of nearly all crops, excepting corn, they were obliged to subsist on that alone. They would mix corn meal in water or milk, forming a batter, and then cook it on gridirons; which fact gave the town from that season the purely American name of Slapjack! But this has nothing particularly to do with our story, which we will date as far back as December 1st, 1856.

The school directors of the town had been somewhat tardy in procuring a teacher, and up to the date aforesaid, had made no effort to procure one; but now, having placed their minds upon the object, they at once proceeded to find a person suitable to occupy the place. This, however, was not so easily accomplished, as the first one they installed into the office (a well-educated man), was seen, the day following his accession to the pedagogue throne and sceptre, uncomfortably astride a three-sided rail, riding backwards, blindfolded, and escorted by a troop of about forty screeching girls and boys, to the purling waters of the Sangamon, in which he underwent a thorough sousing. Of course this was the end of teaching, in that neighborhood, for the unfortunate pedagogue; but the school directors soon found another one, who, although a miserable scholar, on account of his athletic form, and a strange squint he had about his eyes, completely awed the unruly school into submission.

The name of this successful pedagogue was Samuel Colley; and as he is to figure so conspicuously in our story, we must describe the man and his peculiarities.

In height, he was just six feet five inches, and was lank and lean, but very quick and strong, and one glance at him was sufficient to convince the looker-on that he was capable of successfully coping with a whole school of

ragamuffins in a "rough and tumble," or a "regular knock down."

Whether nature should deserve the blame, or whether the constant habit of contracting the muscles of the right side of his face had made it considerably above a level with the other side, I am unable to say; but certainly his face was all awry, and his mouth—O, *what* a mouth! It looked, as one of his scholars said, "as though it had been put on while it was warm, and had spread all over his face." He was about twenty-four years of age, unmarried, and indeed, judging from his appearance, likely to be so during the remainder of his existence. He was, as before mentioned, a miserable scholar, but notwithstanding this fault, he met with favor in the eyes of the school directors, on account of his ability to keep the school. There was one of his scholars, however, a young lady of nineteen, in whose eyes he subsequently found little favor.

Mary Dalton, the young lady we speak of, was quite pretty, and ere the school had continued a month, our new pedagogue found himself deeply enamored with her charms.

Notwithstanding Colley's ignorance in other matters, he still had sense enough to fear that any advances on his part would be repelled by Mary; so he for a time concealed his affection, in the meantime doing all in his power to make himself appear in as fair a light as possible to her eyes. But he struggled in vain for a mastery over his passion, and finally found that a revelation of his love was necessary and even unavoidable on his part.

One morning, as Mary was listlessly turning over the leaves of her books, she saw a piece of dirty paper in one of them, and upon it the rough, scrawling chirography of the teacher. After studying this note for some time, she managed to read it; and as it was made somewhat public afterwards, there will be no very great harm in giving it to the reader, intact, as it was written. It ran as follows:

"dear mery i love you vary tenderly
and want you for a wife
if you will giv your hart to me
il be happy al the daze of my life."

This delectable compound of ignorance, poetry and love, Mary carefully placed away, and when she went home that night, showed it to her father, who was a well-to-do farmer. Mr. Dalton had been living in the western country only three years, having formerly resided in the state of New York. He pos-

sessed, moreover, a very good share of education, and was thereby struck with this illiterate production of Colley's.

"Mary," said he, after reading Colley's declaration, "has that blockhead ever mentioned this subject to you before?"

"No," said Mary, smiling; "but I have noticed that for some time he has *squinted* at me a great deal."

"Now I have a plan for you to carry out," said Mr. Dalton, "which I think will silence him. It is useless for you to attend the school any longer, because you can learn more by studying at home; but in order to carry out my plan, it will be feasible for you to attend school to-morrow, and while there, place a note where he can get it, stating that you will meet him next Sunday evening, at Widow Taney's. Explain that your reason for wishing to meet him there, is because I am opposed to having you keep his company; meanwhile, I will make arrangements with Dolly, the colored woman who lives across the road, to meet him there in your place."

The following day, Saturday, Mary went to school, and proceeded to carry out the instructions of her father. She wrote the line as her father had directed, and at noon placed it in the teacher's desk, then took her books and started for home immediately, to avoid having any conversation with him after he had discovered and read it.

It so happened, just before the teacher returned from his dinner, that little Fanny Tolman, a bright-eyed damsel of thirteen, was making herself at home with the various articles in the desk, when her eyes chanced to fall upon the very note which Mary had a short time previous placed there. When Fanny read it, she did not know what meaning to attach to it at first; then recollecting something she had heard her brother George say about the teacher's falling in love with Mary Dalton, she conceived the idea of keeping the note herself, and placing it in the hands of her brother, that very night. Unperceived, she slipped the tiny bit of paper away, and on reaching home that night, handed it to her brother, with a mischievous smile, saying:

"Here, George, is a letter I have brought you, from Mary Dalton."

As the letter bore no superscription, merely bearing Mary's signature, George was at a loss what meaning to attach to it; for, although at heart he cherished a deep affection for the fair writer, he had never, in any man-

ner beyond common politeness, revealed it. Yet, with all his perplexity, George determined to go to Widow Taney's the next night, and solve the problem. In the meantime, Mr. Dalton had made all the necessary arrangements with Dolly, who entered into the spirit of the plan with a good will.

Shortly after dark, Sunday night, George betook himself to Widow Taney's. Approaching a back door and knocking, he was admitted by the widow herself, who did not stop to scan the visitor, but immediately left the room, carrying the lamp, and leaving George in total darkness. Soon he heard the door leading to the parlor open, and although no light issued from the apartment, he heard a soft voice, saying, almost in a whisper:

"Come in here, and we shall be alone."

George immediately groped his way into the parlor, and ere long found himself seated on a sofa, beside the fair being, who for all the world, he thought was Mary Dalton. Scarcely a word had been spoken by either, for some moments; and just as George was about to "break the ice," a door opened from another room, and Mrs. Taney entered, while the bright glare of the lamp which she held revealed to the startled eyes of George Tolman, the ebony features of Dolly the negro woman sitting beside him. Nor were Dolly and Mrs. Taney less taken by surprise than George himself.

Suddenly rising and confronting them, George asked:

"What is the meaning of this, Mrs. Taney? Why have I been invited here by a particular friend, to be deceived in this manner? Have I ever done anything to merit such treatment?"

These questions of George served to collect the scattered senses of Dolly and Mrs. Taney; and perceiving the ridiculousness of the affair, they both commenced laughing.

"Wy," said Dolly, "dar have bin a funny mistake, sure sartin, Miss'r George. We tought you was dat ganner shank school massa'r wot was tryin' to gain de 'fections of Missy Dalton."

"I beg your pardon for this, George," said Mrs. Taney; "there was certainly no intention on our part to deceive you."

Then she explained how it had been their intention to play that trick on Samuel Colley.

George immediately saw that his sister Fanny's mischief-loving propensity had brought him into this predicament; but he had no cause for regret on that account, as it brought,

or helped to bring him into nearer companionship with Mary; and in the course of a few months, in part payment for the trick which was intended for him, poor Colley received an invitation to attend the wedding of George Tolman and Mary Dalton; but he never made his appearance to share in the festivities, as Mr. Dalton's plan resulted so unfavorably to him, even in the end.

THE CHINESE DRAMA.

The Chinese drama we shall describe opens with a scene in Elysium, the actors being all of the angelic order. The sun, represented by a man holding a golden disk; the moon, by another man, in the costume of a woman, bearing a silver crescent; the thunder by a third, carrying an axe to betoken a thunderbolt: who dashes about doing many deeds of violence. The row of angels, Shin-sien, circle round or cross the heavenly orbs and elements, mimicking the conjunctions and the oppositions supposed to be maintained among the armies of heaven. A mountain nymph, grateful for some kindness she has received, introduces a good emperor into these regions of bliss. He is not long there, till, feeling some solicitude as to what is passing among his subjects in the lower world, and fancying that there are grievances to be redressed among his people, he condescends to revisit the earth and examine into the disorders of his estate.

A tiger appears on the stage, the tiger being really a wicked courtier disguised. He rushes into the secret apartments of the ladies, who scream with terror, while the tiger seizes the heir-apparent and drops him into a neighboring ditch. The ladies then hurry to the court of the emperor, fling themselves down in his presence, and recount the deplorable disaster which has befallen the young prince, and he is discovered to be the son of the mountain nymph who had been the guide of his father to the heavenly abodes.

The emperor is plunged into utter misery. He determines to abdicate and to renounce the world. He calls to his counsellors a crafty woman to discuss with her the nomination of a successor, and she recommends to his choice a half-witted youth, whom she expects to be a tool in her hands. The settlement of the crown is scarcely arranged, when the emperor is carried aloft in the dragon chariot, or, in other words, departs this mortal life. The poor fool is brought forward, dreadfully perplexed with the honors that surround him, and instead of rejoicing in his good fortune, he cries

out most piteously, "O, what shall I do?" The pathetic and the ludicrous are finely exhibited. There arrives to his help the wicked courtier, who has thrown off his tiger skin—he who had broken the heart of his sovereign and carried away the heir to the throne. The foolish emperor makes the traitor his confidential minister, who involves the emperor in inextricable embarrassments, anarchy at home, and unfortunate wars abroad.

It would seem a fit termination to the drama, that the heir should be restored and tranquillity re-established, instead of which a new series of events are introduced, and quarrels and negotiations with a foreign court are the subject-matter of the dialogue. Peace is to be established by the surrender of an obnoxious councillor, whose son-in-law is appointed to bear the accepted proposals to the court that is to be conciliated. He undertakes the mission, expecting to obtain more favorable conditions for his relative from the offended prince, and in order to make his journey without exciting too much observation, he returns home and disguises himself by a change of apparel. When he arrives at his destination he discovers that he has lost his letter of credentials, and recollects that he has left it in the garments which he had thrown off. He is denounced as an impostor and a spy, and with great difficulty escapes, wends his way homeward, rushes to his chamber, shakes garment after garment, but no letter is to be found. He throws himself into a chair, exhibiting the utmost agony. The servants gather round in sympathy, and he turns to a female slave and asks whether she knows anything about the missing letter. She tells him that she had seen such a letter in the hands of her mistress, who is sitting nursing her baby in a remote part of the stage. On hearing this he looks upon her with a flood of light and a smile of affection which warms the whole audience to admiration. He removes his chair towards her, lays one hand on her shoulder, fondles the infant with the other, and she, with a look of love, surrenders the desired document, and all ends happily as it should do.

Home is the residence not merely of the body, but of the heart; a place for the affections to unfold and develop themselves; for children to love and learn, and play in; for husband and wife to toil smilingly together and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home; if we are not happy there, we are happy nowhere.

THE CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

"Why come ye to our valley
From your castle on the hill,
Gazing, smiling on our darling—
Mean ye her well or ill?"

"Our Jessie is all artless—
But wear ye not a mask?
You are lord and I am peasant,
Yet your purposes I ask."

O angel, more than mortal,
Looked she in love and pride,
Her lifted eyes on him who should
Have claimed her for his bride.

The traitorous lord was silent,
He blushed and tried to frown;

Nor heeded when pale Jessie
At her father's feet fell down.

He left the valley cottage—
Lord Erhart—dumbly still,
And from that day the grass o'ergrew
The worn path up the hill.

When the harvest into garner
Was gathered once again,
A column traced the valley road—
It was no bridal train!

Sleeps Jessie in the churchyard;
Kneels her sire within the cot,
And prays for, that he curse not,
Him who this woe hath wrought.

LUCY BRADBURY'S LOVERS.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THERE was a pleasant little party at the house of John Bradbury, one of the first class clerks of a large manufacturing establishment in one of our pleasant New England towns. There was warm genuine hospitality, and plenty of good cheer; and the hearty welcome of the host and his family was untinged by a single dash of pride or haughtiness; although his situation was far above many of the guests. Most of the latter were inferior clerks—some were workmen, but all of them belonging to the establishment. One, however, was considered to be of higher rank than any present, and this was Robert Mason, the son of the rich owner of the factory.

Many thought that he had lain aside his usual *hauteur*, on account of sweet Lucy Bradbury, the daughter of their host. Certainly, he talked with no one else, and when the gay party separated, he alone lingered behind, as if disdaining to walk home with any of the pretty and interesting girls present.

The next morning, there was a terrible reaction in the spirits of the gay circle of the previous evening. John Bradbury, in passing to the counting-room, had become accidentally entangled in some machinery, resulting in a death so frightful and shocking as nearly to take away the senses of the witnesses. An

indistinguishable mass of fragments was all that remained of the handsome and noble frame that had been so full of life and animation a few hours before, in his own house. What a scene that house presented now! Mrs. Bradbury and Lucy had just restored the rooms to something like order again, when the husband and father was brought in. Not even the melancholy satisfaction of seeing him was theirs, and in a few hours after he had gone out, bright, cheerful and hopeful as ever, the grave had hidden him from earthly sight forever.

It may be anticipated that a large-hearted, generous man like John Bradbury must have spent almost the whole of his salary. While he had strength and ability, and the prospect of a higher remuneration, as was promised him, he could not be niggardly. His family should never be denied the little luxuries he could so easily obtain for them, for the sake of laying aside the insignificant sums they would cost; and so, unfortunately, they were without the means of obtaining even necessities.

A generous contribution of his brother clerks, enabled Mrs. Bradbury to retain her house and furniture, and four of them offered to board with her. But there were three little

boys to be brought up and educated, and the way looked dark enough to the widow.

Lucy solved part of the problem as to how they should get along, by asking for her father's situation for herself, a post he had fitted her for, without the most distant idea of her ever occupying it. She was examined as to her qualifications, and admitted without hesitation. In two weeks from her father's death, therefore, she was seated at his desk, rapidly arranging the broken accounts that had accumulated, in the interim, her grave, sad face exciting the pity of her fellow-clerks, as her beautiful penmanship and correct, business-like method was calling forth their admiration and approval.

Of course, her salary was smaller than that paid her father. Women can never expect to be remunerated for their labor like men; although the demand made upon them may be greater by far; but Lucy was grateful for the privilege of earning half what her father did. It was wearing work, however, and she faded and drooped, although she kept at it persistently, never taking an hour that was not accorded to the rest, and being first and last at the counting-room. Such devotion to her work could not fail to interest the owner, Mr. Mason. He often lingered by her desk to give her some word of encouragement or approval.

Since the night preceding her father's death, however, Robert Mason had never even spoken to Lucy. When meeting her, he had bowed, distantly, but vouchsafed no other sign of recognition. His close attention to her on that evening had excited remarks from many of the company, and now Lucy herself was pained and surprised at the change. Her heart had been touched by his evident interest in her, and she could not account for its sudden withdrawal. He seldom came to the counting-room. When he did, he did not notice the pale, thoughtful figure that sat there, immersed in papers and books.

She had heard, accidentally, that he was going to be married to a rich and beautiful Miss Crossman, the belle of the neighborhood. She was, therefore, surprised, one day when the counting-room was unoccupied, except by herself, to see Robert Mason enter and take a chair by her desk. She glanced up at him, with eyes that were humid with recent tears, for it was just four months that day since her father died, and already the orphan had found that friends grew colder when they could no longer be feasted and amused. Not real

friends, it is true, but they had passed for such, and the trial was proportionally great.

"Lucy! in tears? Give me a right to know who has caused them. Has my father—have the clerks—has any one offended or insulted you?"

Lucy was calm in a moment. "There is no need of this, Mr. Mason. No one has hurt me; but recent events will sometimes overpower my self-control." And she rose to take down her cloak.

"Stop, Lucy!" He saw the angry flash in her eye, and said more softly, "Miss Bradbury, hear me a moment."

"There is nothing which Mr. Mason can have to say to me, unless it relates to business, and as your father has just left me, after inspecting my accounts and pronouncing them satisfactory, I think there can be nothing to detain me longer."

She passed by him, as he stood, with an air of dignity which he dared not insult, and made her way homeward. She took care not to be alone for an instant, after that, in the counting-room, until one day she was unexpectedly detained to copy some letters. The door opened, and Robert Mason again entered, and again she eluded him.

Mr. Mason had a partner—a man who had been away, to the South, ever since Lucy had been there. He had arrived recently, and had now taken his former position in the establishment, giving Mr. Mason an opportunity to escape awhile from care. When the latter went away, he had said to Mr. Tremaine, "The young lady in the counting-room is poor Bradbury's daughter. Will you see that nothing annoying or disagreeable comes to her?"

Mr. Tremaine was so little of a lady's man as it is called, that he hardly cared to have this wholesale disposal of a young woman upon his hands; but, nevertheless, he promised Mason, who looked really in earnest, to see that she was comfortably situated.

He had happened to pass the counting-room door, unseen, when Robert Mason was entering it, and he saw how quickly Lucy left it.

"Here, then, is the secret cause of my good partner's uneasiness about this young lady. I will cultivate her acquaintance and constitute myself her guardian at once," was the mental comment of Mr. Tremaine, as he witnessed this little scene. Robert Mason came out with a discomfited air.

"I hear you are to marry Miss Crossman," remarked Mr. Tremaine. "I give you joy;

for they say she is very amiable, as well as rich, beautiful and witty."

Robert looked sullen. "I have authorized no such report," he answered; "people do me the honor of arranging my affairs gratuitously."

Mr. Tremaine thought to himself, "I'll ask Crossman about his daughter's engagement." From this time, Mr. Tremaine was much in the counting-room, and he bestowed an almost parental care upon Lucy. She did not fear Robert Mason's visits now; and, indeed, she had no need. He never came while Mr. Tremaine stood guard over her.

There was little conversation between them; but, daily, they seemed to learn more and more of each other. He was present one day when Lucy received a note, the contents of which had a strange effect upon her. At first, her eyes flashed, her cheeks burned, and her whole countenance displayed anger and contempt. Then the tears came, she grew pale and faint, and leaned her head upon her hands in an agony of emotion. Tremaine approached her.

"Miss Bradbury," he said, "you are not thus easily moved for nothing. I fear the contents of that note are of an insulting nature. Will you confide in me? I am your friend, and Mr. Mason begged me to be your guardian, while he was absent."

His kind, fatherly manner overcame her. She gave him the note immediately. It was so sweet to feel that she had any one to protect her from insult. He read it and crushed it beneath his feet; then taking it up, he said, "this may be wanted, sometime. Keep it, until you have need of it."

It was from Robert Mason; written with the most heartless disregard of her feelings—declaring his love for her, but saying that he had become entangled with Miss Crossman—that he did not love the latter, but must fulfil his engagement in that quarter. He besought her to go away with him. He would procure every luxury, make any sacrifice for her, if she would only consent to come under his protection.

Lucy was too much distressed to remain. She must go to her mother, she told Mr. Tremaine, and this proof of her perfect innocence charmed and satisfied him. He went home with her, and he agreed with her mother's decision that Lucy must be exposed no longer to such persecution. She should leave the counting-room. Her home would, surely, be sacred from insult.

The wedding of Robert Mason and Miss Crossman was now delayed only for the return of Mr. Mason. Lucy was advised, by her friend, to take no notice of the insult she had received; but if she was farther troubled, to call upon him for protection. He would make it a point to be at her mother's, at least once a day, and her little brothers would easily find him if she should need him.

Robert Mason was indignant at receiving no answer from Lucy, and lost no time in calling upon her at home. It was but the day before the appointed wedding. He did not see Lucy, of course. She saw him through the blind, despatched little Walter for Mr. Tremaine, and left her mother to receive him. Mason was awkward and embarrassed, but finally pretended that he had business with Lucy from the firm.

"It can be settled as well by one of the principals," said Mrs. Bradbury, calmly. "I see one of them approaching the house at this moment."

His confusion at seeing Mr. Tremaine was so great that Mrs. Bradbury really pitied him; especially when that gentleman unfolded the note he had written to Lucy and read it through.

"Robert Mason," he said, "a man who is on the eve of marriage with an innocent, unsuspecting woman, must be lost to all respect for her to write in this strain to one as good and innocent as she. Do you not perceive that I have the power to expose your conduct by showing this note to your father, and to Miss Crossman's guardian? You were once quite satirical upon people managing your affairs. Suppose that they should do so to a greater extent than ever? Shame on you, young man!" he continued; "is this the way you take to repay your father for his indulgence? Is this the way you would like a friend of yours to act toward your sister or your betrothed? It would be no worse for them to receive an insult like this, than for Lucy Bradbury—the daughter of a man as respectable as your father—as respectable as Miss Crossman's father was when living, and, in herself, a model of virtue and goodness, which no man, save one utterly depraved, would dare to injure."

To do Mason justice, we must own that he quailed beneath the scathing rebuke of Mr. Tremaine's eyes and lips; and, in his eagerness to evade them, he rose to go.

"Stop sir!" cried Mr. Tremaine, "you do not leave this room alive, until you implore

pardon of Miss Bradbury, of her mother and of me, as the future husband of the lady to whom you addressed this shameful missive."

Mrs. Bradbury looked confounded. She had not yet learned that Mr. Tremaine had proposed for Lucy's hand, had been accepted, and that her daughter was on the point of confiding her secret to her mother, when Robert Mason arrived. If the poor woman did look confounded, it was only from gladness; for she had learned to look upon Mr. Tremaine as the best and truest friend her daughter possessed.

At his request, she called Lucy, and then was witnessed one of the most affecting and humiliating scenes that could be imagined. Fear of his father, of Miss Crossman's guardian—of Mr. Tremaine himself—and last, but not least, the fear of ridicule from his gay associates, to whom he had boasted—all combined to subdue him into a thorough coward. He asked pardon as humbly as Mr. Tremaine could desire; but the granting it was reserved, until time should prove that he had forsworn the sins of his youth and become a better man.

Some hints received by Miss Crossman's guardian broke off the match altogether; and Robert Mason, foiled, disappointed and angry, absented himself from home, and wandered—no one knew whither. The lady was pout, it seemed, heart-broken; for she soon married a

most estimable man, one of Tremaine's friends. Between her and Lucy arose a tender and lasting friendship, and from her, she at length learned what an escape she had had from a man like Robert Mason.

If ever life was prosperously cast, it was that of the Tremaines. Not the least of their happiness came from making the widowed mother happy. Her boys were provided, through Tremaine's influence with situations that enabled them to support their mother in ease and comfort; the eldest taking what had been his father's place, and the others studying professions and becoming skilful and efficient practitioners.

After Mr. Mason's death, Robert returned home and succeeded to his property. Mr. Tremaine, very properly, refused to continue in business with him, and established a new firm with the eldest Bradbury. Mason, unused to business, soon went adrift, and it was not many years before his father's fine fortune was entirely dissipated, and Robert left to utter ruin. Had the Tremaines been revengeful, they might have enjoyed the spectacle of his degradation; but they only pitied and tried to help him back to a virtuous life.

It was all in vain. His vices were too firmly fixed; and when fortune was gone, his false friends departed, and, at length, he filled the grave of a self-murderer.

BEAUTY.—THE ROSE.

BY G. D. SANBORN.

A rose, just bursting into bloom
One bright summer's morning in May,
Lay asleep in its sweet garland tomb,
Ere the lark had awakened the day.

The stars had been weeping all night,
Their tears were yet fresh on its stem;
Up rose the first blessing of light,
To gaze on this beautiful gem.

Like a mother, that wakens her child
With a kiss all so gentle, so sweet,—
The breath of the morn so stillly and mild,
Touched lightly, and woke it from sleep.

How freshly it looked—how sweet was its smile,
With pearl drops enclosed in its arms;
While the violet looked all the while,
And envied the rose, for its charms.

Neon came, like a queen on her throne,
Her robes perfumed all the air;
In splendor and glory it shone,
The sweetest and fairest of fair.

The humming-bird kissed it all day,
And murmured its song of delight;
While the honey-bee whispered its lay,
Seeking its arms for the night.

How short was its life; its beauty, how brief!
Behold now the change of one hour;
The night-wind came forth, like a thief,
And breathed on this beautiful flower.

Its leaves are now scattered and shed,
The breeze stole its perfume away;
The humble bee mourned for the dead,
Its beauty all fled in a day.

Beauty, like the rose, is but fleeting;
We know not the storms of the morrow,
For death is forever a-seeking
Some victims of beauty and sorrow.

DELIVERANCE.

BY M. A. BATES.

"Now, Gouglin, I'll tell you just what I want of you. You have passed the cabin, I think, where I board with my brother and his wife?"

"Yes."

"All right, then; about twelve o'clock to-night come around there and whistle, easily, near the little window facing Gnat's Spring; I will then unbar the door for you; without a word put your bowie knife in action upon the youngster who sleeps behind a white curtain in the kitchen, and—"

"The deuce, Spokely, I thought it was only your brother and his wife you wanted killed; if there's any more to be murdered, butcher a little yourself, for I can't stop to put all three out of the way; I've a different and better paying job over on Dreary Hill, to-night." And the short, hideous man, standing before the first speaker in the twilighted backwoods, whisked, fiercely, a great knife from his tobacco-scented belt, and began drawing it back and forth, with nimble motion, over the huge rock looming at his side.

"Well," rejoined the dark-faced Spokely, as he half turned from his brother wretch, and peered, with evil, apprehensive glance, through the compact cedars and pines, "well, I had

forgotten my chit of a nephew when I spoke to you t'other day over in Jake Staples's tavern. But you must finish the boy and Newton; yes, ha! and I'll stop the breath of the old woman; that is, if you're so hard up for time."

"That's the tune," cried the other, with diabolical approval; "you're the right covey, now, Spokely; besides, I should charge you, we'll say, forty dollars more to knife her; the wimmen allers set up sich a yipping! How long since the uncle up north, who willed him this property, died?"

"O, only a month ago. But the cars were never made that shall whirl my triumphant, gratified brother where he shall luxuriate, while I still dog away at this cursed charcoal-burning out here. I wouldn't want my sister-in-law and the youngster killed if I wasn't sure that I never could get the property if they should live. I saw the will, you know; and the old man signified that if Newton wasn't living they should inherit the estate; but now the three corpses of these favored fools shall be the warrant for my enjoying the good fortune of which old Rackabones, out of revenge, refused me. I'm his only living kinsman, except Newton."

"O, ho! that's it, my lad! Well, then, you'll have no trouble in walking gently into wealth and comfort. But I'm off—will be at the cabin at twelve and let off my whistle. I suppose that you'll keep awake?"

"Awake!" and Spokely's angry, excited glance glowered upon the murderer. "Awake! I look like sleeping, don't you think so? Ah, how can I ever wait for the coming midnight!"

As the chuckling Gouglin hastened off, the other rascal turned and bounded on toward the cabin of his brother. * * *

"Yes, Elam, we've all had supper, but I've kept hot by the fire those birds which you shot yesterday. I've cooked them to please you, I know." And kind, comely Mrs. Spokely threw into the emptied teapot an extra portion of hyson, and ran into her little bedroom for the soft, patch-covered rocking-chair for her heartless brother-in-law to sit in, while she rendered more genial and appetizing the generous but awry load upon the white, sand-scoured supper-table.

"Where's Newton and the boy?" interrogated the sullen tones of Elam Spokely, as, sinking into the chair, he observed that his brother and nephew were not visible in the lower part of the cabin.

"Newton's up attic, and Josey's helping him fix up the great travelling trunk that we brought from the north so long ago. We can pack a great deal in it, so we shall take it along with us, day after to-morrow. Ah, Elam, don't look so down; for as soon as husband gets the control of this unexpected property, we have cheerfully decided to send you the money to travel north with. Yes, dear brother," turning from the now ready table and grasping, with warm, regardful clasp the shrinking, cold hand of the deceitful relative, "yes, my dear brother, although Uncle Haver did not in his last affairs evince much cordiality towards you, yet we wish to convince you that our new plenty is not accepted by us as a condition to neglect or coldly regard you."

"Yes, brother Elam," added a cheerful voice from the little open stairway at his back, and another true, frank face sought the wretch's averted one, while a hearty, fraternal pressure rested on each shoulder, "Yes, brother Elam, and you shall find that, as the welcome and loved participant of our coming plenteous home, you will be as satisfied and happy as ever a man was. Ho! who will ever think that we have burnt charcoal for a living? Ha! ha! ha!"

* * * * *

"Minnie, I tell you he's blue, to-night, that's all. What an idea, wifey, to think that he whispered 'curse you' just as I turned round from assuring him that we really cared for him—that in prosperity or poverty we would always draw back the home door for his welcome entrance!"

"But," persisted the wife, softly, in answer to the low remark of Newton, which had been uttered as they were that night repairing to the little bedroom opposite the white-draped space where slept their little son, "but it is a certain fact, for his great, singular eyes looked dreadfully wild and mad as they followed you when you went out to the barn. 'Curse you!' O, that utterance shows that he is still most revengeful toward you for having preceded him in the favor of your uncle."

"Bah, bah! it's not so, Minnie; he was cursing, most likely, about the charcoal burner who stole his tobacco, this morning. It wont do to take note of all the actions of a gloomy, eccentric fellow like Elam. Ah, wifey, wont we give little Joe an education when we reach the north!"

* * * * *

With eyes bending their strained glance out towards the forest which skirted the rye field by the cabin, Elam Spokely sat by the open, four-paned window of his little garret.

"Probably it's midnight, now," said he to himself. "Gouglin must be here in a moment. Ah! that's him coming along under the burnt cedar. I'll run down to the door. Don't—don't whistle or speak one word," was Spokely's excited whisper to the fiend below, who was looking up to the little window, with his great lips puckered for the performance of the specified signal.

"Yes, all asleep; but be sure to gag the boy before you use the knife; he can't scream, then. Step easy, after you have stilled him. I will show you where the two others are. You must be mighty brisk, and get your blade into my brother's heart, for he is a hard one to battle with. I'll shoot the woman with my rifle, and steal up to my room while you murder the youngster; I'm sensitive about groans."

"Now," spoke Gouglin, as his great, ox-like orbs glared in between the white hangings upon the rosy-cheeked, sleeping lad, "I must fill his mouth with something, or else, as that infernal Spokely says, he'll yelp. Ah! here's somebody's old cap. He can't squeal much with this choking him;" and the inhuman vil-

lain, crushing it completely together, grasped with one horny hand the white throat of little Joseph, while the other jammed the large, fine mass into the child's mouth, tearing one of his ruby lips in twain. O, what agony lived in the ashy face of the poor boy! His winsome brown eyes, trembling with terror, looked out their pleading into the brutal countenance over him.

"No, no, youngket, you're going, going soon, as the auction man says, so jest shet up your eyes, an' you wont see how this knife pint goes, and—"

The murderer, with his ready knife, never uttered another syllable, for an Indian hatchet, gleaming in the half darkness behind him, had penetrated clean through his demon head. He stumbled, dead, over the little moaner, who was lying with his fair throat and chin bathed in blood.

"Ah, poor little brave," said a tall, fur-robed Indian, thrusting back to the floor the dead murderer, and, bending down, drew out gently the huge gag from the boy's mouth; "O, poor little brave, kunk pale-face no kill'ee, now."

"Gougin, say, have you done it?" breathed a voice near them.

With a proud, silent upraising of his lithe form from beside little Joseph, the Indian drew his hatchet from the mangled fiend's head, and darting from the groaning little sufferer, glided out to the foot of the stairs.

"Why, man," commenced Spokely, as he stepped from the last stair and pulled the red skin fiercely by the arm, "you've botched it—you aint half finished the little fool; hear him groan, so you—"

"Ha!" hissed the Indian, as with a mighty down-cleaving of his sharp axe he severed the hand that gripped him, "I've caught 'Stlugin' Snake,' bad pale face, now. Die, die—no make knife cut up good white brother—goed squaw—never!" And the next moment one short cry of horror was the warrant that the inhuman brother had yielded up his base, black life.

Carrying along the dead wretch, the red-skin threw him contemptuously over the corpse of Gougin, then burst into the bedroom where the charcoal-burner and his wife slumbered.

"Whoop, wake up, pale-face, good brother," he shouted in Newton's ear.

Like a dart went up the closed eyelids from the surprised vision of the awakened man.

"Winneroah!" he cried, "why does my red brother come in the midnight?"

"O God, what is the trouble, husband?" broke in Minnie, as she sprang from the bed. "Ah! I hear my boy groan and call mother!"

"Yes," responded their dusky deliverer, as he drew back from the horrified parents, "little brave living now—Minneroah send the two twigers to the Great Spirit. Come and see!"

"O heaven!" and Newton Spokely tottered away from the blood-stained corpses, and sunk, gasping, on the couch of his wounded child. To think—I see through it all—that Elam should—how, brave Minneroah, did you know of our great need? O, my dear wife, thank the Supreme Ruler above—thank our noble red brother, that our eyes look on the living world once more, and on each other!"

"Yes, we can never thank him enough," and Minnie, raising her ashy face from the little pained head quivering in her warm, trembling clasp, took, gratefully, the dusky rescuer's hand.

"Good squaw, kind white brother," spoke the red man, turning a humid glance upon the wife and husband. "You always much friendly to Winneroah; you laugh warm when he comes into wigwam, and your eyes never say hate when you tell him, rest, eat much. Indian much feel good to you. He hear two snakes say they kill you all in the dark night; Winneroah make axe sharp, quick, when he hear that. They no bite more now."

"Our deliverer! The Great Spirit forever bless Winneroah," was the grateful sentiment and heavenward pleading which the hearts of the rescued sent thrilling upon their lips, as the happy and satisfied Indian departed.

SHOALS.

The old steamer Ontario was first the pioneer, and then for years the Leviathan steamer of Lake Ontario, and through nearly her whole existence under the pilotage of Captain Pat Wallace—Glass-eye Pat, we used to call him, from the circumstance that his star-board eye was a glass one. Pat had been over every part of the lake but one, and one day he accidentally run the Ontario over that.

Driving the big steamer under full steam along down the south shore of the lake, his glass eye side landward, he ripped her slap on top of Ford's shoal, an ugly ledge just above Oswego, and close into the beach.

As the old water-wagon went scraping and grinding on top of the submerged rocks, Pat sung out in utter astonishment:

"Herrings alive! Who thought there were shoals so near shore?"

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

SECOND EDITION!

BY ROCHESTER.

WILL ANGEVINE and Peter McEwin were two old bachelors among the many solitary ones who established their head-quarters in the great city of New York. Not so very old, either; but it is natural to call single gentlemen at thirty-five years of age "old bachelors," and we don't feel like sacrificing custom in the instance of Will and Peter. Besides, they were such jolly, good-natured fellows that they rather liked the appellation than otherwise, and were often joking each other about it.

Will kept "bachelor hall" down town, and Peter stayed at a fashionable boarding-house up town. Will was the best looking of the two, and Peter was the heaviest. Will turned the heads of many marriageable young ladies, and Peter turned the scale at two hundred and fifty! Will was well off, in a worldly point of view, and Peter was rich. Will had been all over the United States, and Peter had "done" the continent.

Whenever Will and Peter met, they found so much to talk about, and liked each other's company so well, that they generally kept together for two or three days, and only parted when business, or some other contingency, intervened.

In the heated term, they took a trip together, and were most always to be found at Saratoga, Newport, or some other summer resort, where much company was assembled and good cooks abundant; for most of these solitary old fellows, you know, usually get tired of their own society in a very short time, and long—not only for the flesh-pots of Egypt, —but for the flesh without the pots, and plenty of it, too!

My dear young friend, the blushing damsel, who has rapidly glanced over the foregoing sentence, will please treasure it up as a very wise and useful piece of information; for when you have got through flirting with us young fellows, and, at the gushing age of twenty, set your cap for one of these rich, forty-year-old men-of-the-world, you will find it greatly to your advantage to give numerous parties, and to set the best of tables—the former is the bait, and the latter the hook

that will secure your fish! Thank us kindly, and pass on.

Half of the year in which our story is set, had gone. The "Glorious Fourth" had been fire-crackered and torpedoed in the usual patriotic manner, by Young America, and everybody who was anybody had left the great city for rural felicities and *dis-comforts*.

New York wore a deserted look. Did it? A stranger perambulating its streets, never knew the difference; but men of society, like Will and Peter, felt lonely, and knew that the time had come when Fashion said, "Pack your trunks, and follow me to the country." So after one of their usual three-day excursions about town, they entered a stall at Delmonico's, and discussed the question over their dinner.

"Newport be hanged," began Will; "I wouldn't—pass the pepper—I wouldn't go there again this year for anything! Remember the food they dished up last time?"

"Yes, of course; couldn't eat it; poor stuff."

"This is a rare piece of beef—the salt, please; thank you. What do you think of Saratoga? The Petrolias and De Joneses have gone there."

"O, the place is well enough, only the confounded water—the very smell of it makes me sick—rather stay a month at Coney Island, and eat clam chowder."

"Well, that wouldn't be so bad, that's a fact; but who ever heard of such a thing? I'll tell you—a trip through the western lakes would be something new for us."

"Yes; but who wants to be cooped up on a steamboat for a month? Let's go to the Falls."

"Agreed—the Falls it is. Start to-morrow?"

"No, not till Monday; I can't get away before. Come up and stay with me Sunday night, and we'll be all ready in the morning."

On the appointed day they started, reached Niagara the same evening, followed the usual modes of killing time, and got tired of the place in a week.

"These quadrilles have used me up," said the over-heated Peter, one night, to his chum.

"And there isn't half-a-dozen of our set here," replies Will.

the grub isn't any of the best," sighs

"And everything costs like the dev—hem?" swears Will.

"And it's deucedly hot," puffs Peter.

"I vote a move," says Will.

"Second the motion," exclaims Peter.

"We'll go to Lewiston in the morning, and take the American line steamer for Montreal—thence to the White Mountains, where it's cool."

"Sensible idea," responds Will; and the next day found them on board the "Bay State," steaming down old Ontario.

Have you ever been down the St. Lawrence River and through the rapids? It's one of the most pleasurable and exciting trips to be had—but we're not going to spoil it for you by an attempt at description—try it next summer, and see if you don't enjoy it!

Will and Peter stayed a day in Montreal, and then crossed over to a certain little retreat in the White Mountains, where a few jolly old fellows like themselves were carelessly lounging round the piazza of the neat hotel, and enjoying the cool breeze from the hills, hardly stirring from the comfortable positions they assumed, the whole day long. They came here every season, preferring this quiet nook to the more frequented parts of the mountains. No railroad came within twenty miles of the place; there were no guides to seduce them into a trip up the steep hills—none of the petty annoyances common to more fashionable localities. The landlord was a slow and easy fellow, like themselves, and his wife and daughters excellent cooks—in short, it was a perfect paradise for fat, lazy and quiet people, and was, for the most part, visited by that class of mankind.

Facing the hotel was one of the highest mountains of the range, but very few indeed was the number of visitors that had ever attempted to discover the contents of its forests, or to get a glimpse of the beauties of nature discernible from its craggy peak. Climbing hills was altogether too laborious for these sons of freedom—and laziness, and was not the kind of amusement that they indulged in. Ambition had been left behind, with other complaints and cares, and a cushioned arm-chair, a good cigar and a gentle breeze were the great desiderata.

Will and Peter travelled toward this haven of repose in a rickety stage-coach, and arrived just at dusk, and just in time for supper, which consisted of the tenderest bread-pan-

cakes, (Peter "cleaned out" three plates of them), nice, fresh butter and toast, brook trout and other delicacies to be found only at well-kept country taverns.

After the meal, they took their places on the piazza with the rest of the good people, and puffed away at their cigars with a keen enjoyment of the quiet scene. The moon was up, and every star twinkled; the milky way, the big dipper, and all the other celestial phenomena were lending their aid to make the night brilliant; the bold old mountain opposite was basking in the silvery light; "everything was lovely," and altogether calculated to soothe the most restless spirits, such as our heroes were not.

"Old fellow," said Peter, after a long silence, "this is grand!"

"And sublime!" replied Will. "I believe we can enjoy it much better from its contrast with the life we have just left."

"Undoubtedly; have you never noticed that one's appreciation of events is sharpened, if not altogether formed, by contrast with other objects?"

"O yes, often; how could you criticise an opera or a play unless you had seen many of them?"

"Well, you couldn't, unless you happened to be a very close student and a great reader; and then it would be almost impossible, without a delicate sense of true merit, and a thorough understanding of human nature."

"It might be done that way; but after all, contrast is the only real criterion. I wonder if there's any way of getting to the top of that mountain?"

"Of course there is—the old proverb says so."

"What old proverb?"

"Where there's a *Will*, there's a way!"

"That's good; the man who wrote it, must have known you and I."

"How so?"

"Why, you're the *weigh*, ain't you?"

"Ha! Excruciating!"

"Do you know, I'd like to go up to the summit yonder?"

"No; how should I know it? Besides, I thought we came here to keep quiet and cool; that'd be a pretty way of conducting ourselves!"

"Pretty or not, I think the trip would well repay the trouble. Landlord, ever been up that mountain?"

"No sir."

"Is there a path?"

"Guess not."

"Anybody ever go up there?"

"Don't know."

"We'll go over and take a look at it to-morrow, Mac."

"Takes two to make a bargain; don't count your chickens before—"

"O pshaw! you haven't got so lazy that you can't take a little exercise—besides, it's cooler over there."

"Well, we'll see when to-morrow comes."

To-morrow came, and found the usual row of lounging humanity in their usual places on the piazza, and busy with their usual occupation of doing nothing. Will made many inquiries about the mountain, but no one seemed to know any more about it than the landlord did; so after breakfast, he (Will) came out in front, and proposed to the gentlemen assembled, that they form a party to explore the unknown region. A long stare of surprise followed this unheard-of extravagance, and was finally succeeded by such exclamations as "Can't see it!" "Humbug!" "When did you escape?" "The idea!" "The mountain be—(naughty word)" &c, &c., after which tirade of abuse and chain of irony, it was only by the greatest effort that Will could induce Peter to be his companion, for the former never thought of such a thing as giving up the proposed tramp, and the latter about concluded not to try it, after such a greeting.

However, as Will seemed bent on going, Peter thought he'd be agreeable. So they started off, and after walking a short distance, left the road, and began ascending. For the first few rods they got along very easily, but soon the underbrush began to thicken, the rocks became more frequent and abrupt, and Peter began to sweat and grumble.

"Come along, old lazy bones," cried Will. "Take hold that branch there, and let yourself drop. Fine view from this rock—can see the hotel—somebody waving his handkerchief at us—no, he's only blowing his nose!"

Peter scrambled up, and stood puffing by his side. The place they had reached was a level plateau, about one hundred feet square, and they had only succeeded in getting on it by climbing a tree and swinging off from a branch—no easy work for men of their calibre—and an undertaking which Peter, at least, would never have attempted, but for the fear of being laughed at by Will. So here they sat down to cool themselves, and drink in the glorious view spread before them.

"I can't find adjectives to properly express

my feelings," said the enthusiastic Will.

"Neither can I," replies the uncomfortable Peter. "The scenery is well enough, but it's too hard work to get up here. Whew!"

"Mac, you're fast growing fat and lazy. Now I feel well repaid for my exertions—besides, the exercise is a good thing for us."

"Almost too good. How are we going to get down again?"

"Same way we came up."

"But we can't reach that branch we dropped off from!"

"Thunder! I never thought of that! Perhaps we can get on to another one—let's see; and they went toward the tree, only to discover that not a friendly branch stretched anywhere near them except the one they had used before, and that was ten feet above their heads!

"Here's a pretty pickle you've got us into, by your confounded foolishness," whined Peter. "We'll be obliged to stay up here and starve, and I'm awful hungry now!"

"I'll risk but what we can get down safe enough—come to the other end of the rock, and look for a path."

"This is the last time you ever get me—Will, look there! look there!" And Peter nervously grasped his companion by the arm, and pointed in the direction they were about to take.

"I don't see anything; what are you trembling so about?"

"See that clump of bushes in front of us?"

"Yes; but what of—Great Caesar! what is that!" exclaimed Will, as he beheld the two glaring eyes that had frightened Peter.

"Some ferocious beast, probably. What are we going to do now?"

"The Lord only knows!" Will was just able to reply, when the bushes suddenly parted, and out rushed four black monsters!

"Bears! Bears!" shouted Peter, "run, for your life! And he turned, stumbled over a loose stone, rolled over the edge of the rock, and disappeared from view.

Will felt this to be the case, but didn't see it. The blood had frozen in his veins, his hair was stiff, and a total blindness had come over him. Ages seemed to roll by, as he thus stood inanimate, life was fast ebbing, he thought, and he gave himself up as lost. However, the blood that had rushed to his head and stagnated there, began to flow again in the course of a few seconds, and with returning vision, he was just able to catch a glimpse of four black sheep!

It was some time before he had completely recovered from the shock, and then he thought of poor Peter. He easily found a place of exit from the rock, and running round to the spot where Peter had dropped, discovered his friend writhing in a thorn-apple bush, on which he had luckily alighted.

"Are you hurt?" asked Will.

"No; but I never expected to see you again! How'd you escape?"

"*Sheep* very seldom hurt anybody!"

"*Shee*—!"

"Now see here—this must never leak out!"

"No, and you'll never get me to explore mountains again!"

AN ANGEL IN THE CLOUDS.

BY G. W. B.

Methought the clouds in heaven so fair,
Were isles, with cities filled;
With spires and turrets gleaming there,
Just like the castles in the air
We often build.

These islands, in the realms of space,
Sailed on through seas of blue;
And there I could distinctly trace
The azure wing and angel face
Of one I knew.

She sat upon a radiant throne,
And wore a crown of light;
More glorious than the sun at noon,
A heavenly halo round her shone,
Her robes were white.

She was a pleasant angel here,
Before wings had been given
To bear her to that blissful sphere,
Beyond the silver cloud, so near
Her native heaven.

I've seen her at the sick child's bed,
Watch, with unsleeping eye,
Until its gentle spirit fled,
On rosy pinions from the dead,
To God on high.

When sun-lit clouds are floating by,
I often bow to hear
The sweep of wings from yonder sky,
Where ministering spirits fly
From sphere to sphere.

MY EXPERIENCE KEEPING HOUSE.

BY MISS AMELIA DUTTON.

ALL the young folks of my acquaintance come to me with their household troubles, and I believe look upon me as a sort of dragon in the art of housekeeping, with a specialty for solving the vagaries of tradesmen's bills, and gifted by nature with sufficient courage to cope with that terrible bugbear, a domestic servant. When I see their anxious young faces, and listen to their sorrowful tales, my thoughts go back to an adventure of my own early youth.

It was winter, and I was about fifteen years old, when my mother's health obliged her to leave London, so that a long perspective of Christmas preparations and the entire charge of the housekeeping fell to my lot. So many solemn injunctions accompanied the trust that I became rather unhappy, and secretly would

have given much to escape my promotion; but of course, when mama, upon my faintly hinting my misgivings, said: "My dear, you are no longer a child, etc.," I assumed a mature air, and vainly endeavored to understand her instructions. A day or two after she was driven away in a carriage full of pillows and shawls, while I stood watching her from the door, with a very large bunch of keys in my hand, and something in my eyes that made the street look very queer and confused.

As the orders for that day had been given, I had a short time before me in which to reflect upon my newly-acquired empire. My ruminations were of a very dismal character, when I remembered that I was on terms of painful familiarity with the cook, who was in the habit of calling me "My dear."

When we had dinner-parties, our man Byron seemed to have a weather eye open to intercept the wise as it approached my neighborhood. I was very sore upon this subject, although I infinitely preferred water; but, with the martyr-like spirit common to my age, would have gladly sacrificed my tastes to induce people to think me a year or two older than I really was. Byron's officiousness offended, and at the same time awed me, so that a reprimand would, I felt, be more than I could manage in connection with him. The housemaid regularly ordered me out of my own bedroom if I intruded at cleaning times, and would ruthlessly destroy any trifles which she judged useless and troublesome to dust. In fact, I was generally considered of no account by the servants. When I thought of this, and what foundation my ignorance gave for it, my heart sank. The more I thought, the more I felt some desperate move on my own part was necessary, and I finally resolved to astonish papa himself by my demeanor.

No sooner had I made the resolution than I determined to carry it into execution that very evening, when a stranger was coming to dine.

For the better fulfilment of my purpose I got out a book on housekeeping, and turning to that portion which treated of "the mistress," I found a recommendation to glance at the newspapers in order to be able, upon the return of the master in the evening, to converse with him upon the topics of the day. This struck me as an excellent idea, and I accordingly buried myself in the Times until it was time to dress. After a careful and lengthy toilet, I descended to the drawing-room, and sat upright on a sofa, with my heart beating very fast, waiting for papa and his friend. When they arrived, I was rather disturbed by papa's saying, "Mr. Freeman, this is my little daughter Rose, my housekeeper for the present;" however I behaved with much dignity, and tried to look as accustomed to it as I could. I thought papa very cruel for calling attention to my taking mama's seat as a great joke, and I was further outraged by his asking me if I hadn't better send the soup to him to dispense, and by Byron's intense enjoyment of this sally. However, we got through dinner with tolerable smoothness, and I should again have become quite comfortable had not my mind been perturbed by anticipation of the critical moment when the ladies usually leave the dining-room. How majestic appeared the idea of rising amid general confi-

sion and a rush of gentlemen to open the door! How I longed to sweep out, leaving a napkin-strewn room behind me. But, alas, papa was seated opposite! Then torturing fears arose that I was in the way, and I began to get very red cheeks as these thoughts trooped through my head one after the other. Never can I forget the relief I felt when Mr. Freeman looked at his watch and declared he had only time to catch his train. My gratitude to kindly Fate, who had caused him to live out of town, was unbounded; and when I sat down to play to papa, I reflected with delight that, in Mr. Freeman's eyes, my dignity was unshaken.

After tea papa, being thoroughly aroused from his nap, I brought in some work, and seating myself on the opposite side of the fireplace, felt that now was my time for the topics of the day. After rejecting one or two subjects as being too feminine, I made a bold plunge and said:

"Papa, surely the premier is a very incompetent man?"

Papa was reading the Quarterly Review, and did not answer. Then it occurred to me that he was very likely tired of politics, so I tried another topic.

"Papa, dear, what a nice place Tattersall's must be; I should like to see it."

Papa had been fidgeting and impatient following the lines in his paper with his forefinger, and at this point he looked up with rather a bewildered air and said:

"What in heaven's name, are you talking about, Rosy?"

"I was reading in the paper about a place called Tattersall's, papa, and it said that the amount of speculation on the turf created quite an agreeable surprise. It must be delightful to play at cards on the grass, but wouldn't it be rather cold at this time of year?"

"There, good night, my dear child. It is past ten o'clock, and quite time you were in bed."

I was much blighted by this failure, but there was some consolation in the fact that my humiliation had had no witness.

At breakfast next day, sore troubles began. The first thing I did was to lose the keys, and go despairingly up and down looking for them, and expecting every moment to hear papa's heelless slippers (the comfort of which I have never been able to appreciate) slapping the stairs. At last they were found, and I had just made the tea when papa came down.

Being late, he wanted everything at once, and nothing was forthcoming. When I poured out the tea, I was alarmed to observe its pale appearance, and when the milk was put in, it looked decidedly forbidding. Papa pronounced it "flat as ditchwater." The newspaper, too, had not been aired, and I could see he was regretting the absence of mama, who was one of those charming people who can always give you a pin, a postage-stamp, or two sixpences for a shilling, and who invariably know the day of the month.

When at last papa got off, I felt greatly relieved, and presently, when Julia Gray came for me to go and see her Christmas-tree, I joyfully put on my bonnet and sallied forth utterly oblivious of my responsibilities. On returning, about half past twelve o'clock, in high spirits, I found the cook in an unapproachable temper, declaring she had "been looking for me high and low, with no dinner ordered and going for one o'clock, and master so pertickler; and she wondered why missis couldn't stop at home, she did," and so on, until my courage oozed away; and with the hope of bringing her round, I even descended to coaxing. This, if not dignified, was, perhaps, the best thing I could do. The good old soul took pity on my youth, and not only forgave me, but did her best with the cookery department until my mother's return.

Byron and I did not agree so well. I was not on such familiar terms with him, and he treated me with distant contempt, as a creature altogether too infantine to be worthy of consideration. When I dined or lunched alone, instead of sounding the gong, he would tell me casually that I could go down, or send me a message by any one who happened to be passing. He was apt to spread a tablecloth over only half the table, and to give me a small knife and fork. He insisted upon my taking tea in the dining-room, and would in time, I think, have brought me down to milk and water. A teacup at breakfast he considered best suited to my age, and he never by any chance posted my letters.

My mother had been in the habit of visiting all the trades-people once a week, so on the first Saturday I sallied forth, and with many misgivings, called on the butcher. I had never been to his shop before, and consequently was not known there. As it was quite full, I remained for some time standing in one corner, very much distressed by some pendant liver, on one side, and on the other by a whole carcase, with long straggling

limbs which now and then, when I unwarily gave them the opportunity, poked me in the back in a ghostly and alarming manner. I thought, and still think, the men unnecessarily emphatic in thumping down the meat, and that they displayed a fiendishly triumphant dexterity in sharpening their knives and in flinging the inferior parts of the meat through the window on to a kind of bed, covered with a sheet, which stood outside. Crowding round this place were a number of anxious faces with large baskets, and generally carrying halfpence in their hands, carefully heaping together scraps and bones which their well-to-do brothers had rejected, and behind them were still leaner figures, looking wistfully over their shoulders, not even venturing to ask the price.

I was painfully absorbed in watching these grim specimens of a poverty I had scarcely seen before, when the master of the shop—a large man with a soothing manner—came up and asked for my commands. I tried to look knowing as I glanced up to the roof of the shop where was a grove of legs and loins of mutton, and said bravely I want a piece of beef. "Quite so," murmured the butcher, "nice-tender? What part would you like?" Here was a poser! However, driven to desperation, I answered briskly, "Send me a round." I thought I detected a slight smirk about the butcher, and on my return the cook greeted me with, "Lawks, my dear! what have you been a buying?"

"Wasn't it right, cook?"

"Right? Why, my child, there was enough there to feed four or five 'ulkin boys for a week! Not a bounce less than thirty pounds of beef if you'll believe me! I sent it back directly, and more shame for him to send it here."

I defended the butcher, and confessed my sins; but I never ventured into his shop again, and ever after, when I passed it, the men would nudge one another to look at the young lady who bought the round of beef!

And now I must confess to a piece of cowardice which haunted me for years, causing me to feel hot and uncomfortable whenever I remembered it. Mama had very strict and distinct rules concerning visitors in the kitchen, and I had witnessed many a struggle between her and the servants upon the subject. One evening when papa had gone out after dinner, and I was quite alone, I heard strange and unmistakably masculine voices issuing from the kitchen. I felt very much

disturbed and alarmed, and approached the kitchen door with caution. I noticed that it was only just ajar instead of being wide open as usual. Peeping through the crack, I saw within a hilarious party. The table was spread with much profusion with our best china and plate: at one end was placed a large ham, which had appeared that day at our table; at the other a fine Stilton cheese, and the interval was filled up with side dishes and sweets which had all made their *début* upstairs. The company gathered round the board was numerous. Cook presided, arrayed in a large patterned tartan dress, and was supported by a stout, bald gentleman, in shirt sleeves and a black satin waistcoat, diligently carving ham. A portly lady, who was drinking beer from papa's silver tankard, appeared to be his wife as she addressed him as "Father dear." Our housemaid was dandling their baby, who indulged in loud crowing, interspersed with shrieks. Cook divided her attention between hospitality and a youth apparently about eighteen, who was seated by her side and appeared to be her lover. A strange young lady, who was nursing our cat, sat by a vacant chair which Byron had evidently just quitted for the purpose of uncorking several bottles which stood on the dresser, and which looked suspiciously like papa's old port. I stared long at this horrible sight, and was only roused by the cold from the fascination which possessed me. I shivered, hesitated, walked towards the kitchen, then suddenly turned and run away.

What an evening I passed! Wandering from room to room, every now and then gloomily listening over the banisters to the mirth below, and suffering all the tortures of a bad conscience! When at length I went to bed, I could not sleep for thinking of the party in the kitchen, and with strange inconsistency, when I heard them going, I felt thankful that papa had not come home to find them. I got out of bed and stood shivering at the window to watch them pass the lamp at the corner of the square to make sure they were all gone, and then crept back to pass a night of terrible vacillation. In the morning I arose with half a determination to carry fire and sword in the kitchen. But somehow or other, when I approached the enemy, the cook was so obliging and cheerful, showed so much sympathy in aiding me to grapple with the mincemeat question, and altogether confronted me with such an innocent face, that I confess with shame, I ignored the previous

evening and have kept my discoveries to myself ever since. Day by day I sank lower. When it was necessary to reprove any of the servants, I grew cold with alarm; and at the most unsuitable moments, as visions of some forgotten duty would come into my mind, my cheeks and ears would become scarlet.

One day, while the kitchen was empty, I accidentally discovered two volumes of the *Waverley Novels*, belonging to a very handsome set of which papa was extremely fond. Strange to say, I blushed violently when I discovered them. Why, I do not know. Was it intense sympathy for the servants, I wonder, as it was not so many years since I had left off such sins myself? Was it papa I feared? or mama? I was only fifteen, and I am afraid it was the servants. Still, had any one come in at that moment I think the worm would have turned for once. But, alas! I had ample time to cool, and I did nothing but carry a dreadful load of anxiety about with me. Every day I visited the bookcase in the fond hope that the books might be replaced then I stole some opportunity of contemplating them in the kitchen, and watched, without a murmur, their progress from the cook's drawers to the housemaid's work-box, and thence to Byron's pantry. In the evening I was always dreading the moment when papa might ask for them, and at such times resolved to strike the next morning. Those were dreadful days, and my sufferings were not the less acute as Christmas time approached, and I had the prospect of playing hostess to a party from the country about to visit London for the first time.

Mr. and Mrs. Higgles were farmers, and they had one child, a boy. Papa had encountered them years before, when he had been concerned in some election, and had taken a great liking to Mr. Higgles. Ever since, we had received substantial civilities from them at Christmas time, and this year they were to come up and stay with us to see the wonders of the metropolis.

On the day of their arrival, papa went to meet them at the station, and I sat at the drawing-room window nervously looking out for them. At length a cab drew up and I was surprised to see nothing on the top but a moderately-sized trunk, covered with cow-skin of the most vivid red and white ever produced by nature, and a huge bundle of evergreens. I hurried down stairs and found papa vainly endeavoring to lead Mrs. Higgles into the dining-room, for she was too much occupied

with anxieties concerning her baggage to pay any attention to him. Byron was drawn up behind the door, where he had retired in dudgeon because his services in handling bundles had been declined; and Mrs. Higgle, very rosy with exertion and the cold air, was pulling and straining at the box. Meanwhile the cabman, after liberating the party, stood holding the cab door open, and disclosing the interior of the vehicle perfectly crammed with bundles of every size and shape. I have never properly understood how they were all collected at the railway station; and papa, when I questioned him about it, had no clearer recollection than that he had had a fearful time of it altogether, until the party was landed in our house.

At length the box was laid on the doormat, whence it was taken by Byron, whose taste was severely wounded by its gaudy outside. The evergreens were next attacked, and these Mr. Higgle most inconsiderately placed in the middle of the hall, where they effectually fenced in the whole party; and poor Mrs. Higgle could only gaze across this prickly barrier, and shriek agonized directions concerning her favorite bundles. Among these was a large basket with a handle in the middle and a lid on either side, from under one of which a black bottle peeped. This contained a strong brew of tea, and the basket was further provided with substantial provisions which had been packed up for refreshment on the road. There was also a large bunch of laurestinus, which Mrs. Higgle had that morning gathered in her garden, another of sweet herbs, and they both smelt delightfully of the country, and a huge hamper filled with rural delicacies. A large handbox, tied up with a blue and white cotton handkerchief, contained Mrs. Higgle's best bonnet; and when the cabman's profaning hands brought it forth, her anxieties were so vivid that I feared she would immolate herself on the spiky holly like a Balaklava hero on the Russian bayonets. Now, when all these treasures had been extricated, Master Job Higgle who had been buried behind them, became apparent. He emerged in an embarrassed state, and immediately commenced wiping his shoes on the mat, from which performance he was with difficulty induced to desist.

Mr. Higgle was about fifty years old, spare in figure, with a weather-beaten red face, bright watery blue eyes, and scanty gray hair and whiskers. His ordinary attire was black, his coats appearing to be made of some

exceedingly unsympathetic material which declined to fit his figure. His coarse linen was spotlessly clean; and he had a rough broad-brimmed hat which he invariably placed on the ground beside his chair. He had a fearfully loud voice, which was alarming at first; but his manner was so kindly, and he gave such an impression of general honesty and heartiness, that he reminded one of frosty weather, which nips very sharply, but withal is wholesome and sound.

Job Higgle had a shock head of hair, quite white, an ever blushing complexion, and he appeared to be in a perpetual state of surprise at the shortness of his sleeves and trousers, the result of rapid growth.

Mrs. Higgle was of another style, being fat and full-blown. She must have been pretty once, and still had an abundance of fair hair, now sprinkled with gray, worn in little bunches of curls on either side of her face. Her dress was of black satin, was a remarkably tight fit, and was fastened at the back. Her caps were very curious, and not unlike those sweetmeats dear to infant palates called "all sorts," which consist of a little of everything. Thus, you may begin by a tame enough comfit which disappoints your expectations of arriving at a definite flavor in the centre by crumbling into gritty particles and revealing a caraway seed! Your next venture which looks deep-colored, hollow, and unpromising, suddenly bursts and inebriates you with a rush of liqueur! This may be corrected by lumps of luscious gluten; and should lock jaw or somnolence ensue, is there not peppermint to counteract?

It was doubtless an indistinct remembrance of these joys that influenced Mrs. Higgle's taste; and the adornments of her cap seemed put on to counteract one another. She was very careful of her clothes, and in the evening, when we gathered round the fire, she was an extraordinary sight, sitting in a priedieu chair, a handkerchief spread over the back to lean her head against, and her skirts folded over her knees.

At dinner, papa talked to Mr. Higgle a great deal about farming and horses, when I was so much afraid he was going to tell about Tattersall's that I was not able to talk to Mrs. Higgle. It did not matter much, though, as she was closely occupied in looking hard at all the things on the table; and Job seemed as shy as I was.

After dinner, however, when we were alone, Mrs. Higgle indulged in conversation, and

plunged into matters of housekeeping which I had never even heard of. When she asked what meat was per pound in London, I thought of my round of beef, and changed the subject. Then she went into details of cleaning, and poured receipt upon receipt into my ears until I was bewildered. However, I made up my mind to conceal my deficiencies as much as possible, though I was rather alarmed when I thought of the servants.

The next morning, on coming down, the fire had every appearance of having been just lighted. Instead of that generous mass, with its glowing heart of live coal flashing at every breeze, little jets of gas bursting out all over it that squeak with good-fellowship, and the top covered with soft brown coals that look as if they had bubbled and swelled from intense warmth, there was a chilly grate, looking hard-hearted from recent black lead, heaped with flinty coal, black, shining, and cold, a row of spiteful sticks cracking and spurling and sending out stinging sparks, a layer of obstinate damp brown paper, with edges curled up tight and producing nothing but sky-blue tinder, and a volume of thick green smoke that came into the room on the slightest provocation.

How despairingly I placed the kettle on the unaccommodating coals and watched its brightness fade under a shower of blacks, and how cold the water sounded inside! How fast I talked to Mrs. Higgles, to make the time seem short, and how she *would* look at the fire and see that telltale little piece of charred wood! And how terrible it was, when I told Byron to bring mustard, and he said there was none, looking as if he defied me to send him for any. So much did I fear that man, that I sometimes fetched coal myself from the hall, and often let the fire nearly out when he had neglected to put any there.

Papa, being engaged in the morning of the first day, told me to go for a walk with the Higgleses in order that they might get a general idea of the town. When we started it was a sore trial to me to take them past our neighbors' houses, Mr. Higgles and Job having turned their trousers up round the ankles, and Mrs. Higgles wearing an unmistakable agricultural bonnet and shawl. I found the family had been studying, with great diligence, a little book descriptive of the sights of London, and were rather more "up" in the matter than I was. When they began to quote their "Guide," which was highly eulogistic in tone, I feared they would be dis-

appointed when they came to inspect the realms of wonder so glowingly described.

I first took them to Regent street and its neighborhood, where they would be able to see the shops and their Christmas contents. With these they were highly delighted; and I had no sooner drawn them away from one shop than they were transfixed before another. Much amused by their remarks, I next took them to Buckingham Palace. They were exceedingly loyal, and had so exalted an idea of everything connected with the queen, that I rather trembled when we came in front of her palace.

Surely it is rather hospital-like to be the dwelling of the highest person in the realm? Is not its architecture somewhat mean and characterless? and are not those dismal narrow windows conducive to low spirits? And that very unregal sea of mud which lies before the chief entrance, and in which London sparrows delight to paddle, can scarcely excite national pride! So keenly did I feel its sordid appearance that I endeavored to turn their attention from it by descanting at great length upon the splendors within. Upon this theme I waxed so eloquent, that Job became excited, and I stopped abruptly, fearing he might at some time make a second Boy Jones of himself. But if the palace was a failure, it was made up for by the club-houses and private residences. It was not very difficult to amuse our guests, as they were good enough to provide jokes for themselves. They laughed readily; and I earned the reputation of being quite a wag upon selecting Apsley House as the residence one day I intended to have.

They couldn't forget it, and Mr. Higgles kept bursting out into little shouts all the way home, and murmuring, "You're a deep un, you are—aint she, mother?" This sally, and Job's suggesting that his father should take a hint from the Iron Duke in the construction of his scarecrows, lasted them all the time of their visit, and I believe, were scarcely considered stale for years after.

I was preparing to cross the road, when Mrs. Higgles suddenly set up a shrill scream, and clutched me by one arm while Mr. Higgles seized the other, and Job rushed at a tree with obvious intentions of swarming up it. The cause of this was the supposed peril of being run over; and it was not without great difficulty that we at last reached the lamp-post in the middle of the road. Here they made a desperate stand until ignominiously rescued by a crossing-sweeper. I thought

them very cowardly, and silently congratulated my own superiority, until we met a drove of cows, on which occasion, I am afraid, I retreated into the nearest shop. On arriving home I found the fire out in the dining-room and no lunch ready. Byron, on my venturing to remonstrate, declared with acrimony that, "he never seed sesh a 'ouse. He never 'ad no time for nothink; an' nif 'e jes set down to write to 'is mother, blowed hif the bell didn't ring that instant minit! Coals? It was coals, coals, coals, half day long."

Things now begun to tell upon me, and I became so dejected that Mrs. Higgles more than once noticed it. In the afternoon, in consideration of the fact that they had been kept awake all night by the strange noises, and in anticipation of the theatre to which we were going in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Higgles indulged in fitful slumber, now and then waking up and accusing each other of it, while Job and I played at draughts. I was signally worsted; and after each defeat he would set out the board again, all the while shaking his head in a congratulatory manner to himself.

We were to dine at half-past five o'clock, so the family retired early to their toilet, and came forth at dinner-time with every appearance of having suffered in the noble cause. Mr. Higgles had laid aside his black clothes and deemed the occasion worthy of a pair of nankeen trousers, a red velvet waistcoat, and a large blue satin stock.

We ladies make a great hubbub concerning "the shocking ignorance of men" in all matters relating to feminine attire; but I suspect we are quite as open to remark when we meddle with the manly garb. It must be so; for how else is it that every male convalescent who has been affectionately assisted into his clothes by his wife looks so supremely ridiculous?

Poor Job's appearance bore unmistakable evidences of his mother's revising hand. His garments sat uneasily on his body, and his head, from the excessive redness of his face and sleekness of his hair, appeared to have been subjected to immersion in cold water.

But, perhaps, Mrs. Higgles presented the most striking result, being attired in a transparent shawl-patterned dress, very short in the skirt, and a cap so completely covered with ribbons of all colors, that she looked like a butcher's shop at Christmas time. I was violently affected at the sight of her, and was

obliged to leave the room precipitately. I only hope they didn't hear me outside. I can never forget the contrast her appearance presented to papa's as he handed her to the box. She, in a fur tippet and scarlet hood, looking like a pantomimic Red Riding Hood, and he, so tall and gentlemanlike, with his beautiful white hair and beard, and snowy plain of shirt!

The Higgleses seemed to be troubled with a feeling that everybody was looking at them, and very much objected to a prominent position. Mrs. Higgles shrunk behind the curtain, and scarcely ventured to peep forth till the evening was half over; and Mr. Higgles, on being placed with Job in the middle of the box, sat bolt upright, with his knees far apart, and scraped his chin very sheepishly. Job, I suppose, was too young for these feelings, for he immediately tilted his chair forward by putting his toes behind the front rail, placed his chin on the velvet front of the box, where his white hair, which was dry and bushy by this time, showed in high relief, and applied himself to staring at everything and grinning till every tooth in his head showed. When the music struck up he began to rock his chair with such energy that we were in great peril.

I was glad to see Mr. Higgles grow more reconciled when the performance began, and it was delightful to watch the effect of it on the whole party. The actors had reason to bless Mr. Higgles, for whenever there was the slightest opening, he rose in the box, and led the applause with hands, feet, and voice, and at the end of the performance sank breathless into his chair, and declared, while wiping his forehead, that "it was like going to hounds; and he never thought to have made so much noise in London."

The Museum next day was not such a success. Mrs. Higgles thought the stairs very dirty, which made me wonder what she thought of *our* stairs. In the reading-room Mr. Higgles said, "very fine, very fine! but I never was fond of book-learning." I suppose that was why they were so indifferent to the statues, and said it was time such broken old things were thrown away. The mummies excited commiseration, and an inquiry as to "what the poor things died of, and why they didn't bury 'em decently out of sight?"

The stuffed birds were the only things that pleased them; and with characteristic taste Mrs. Higgles remarked that "a couple or so

of cases filled with 'em would be a vast improvement to our drawing-room!"

The following week was harrowing. The housemaid became insubordinate, and there were dreadful mounds of dust under everything. I reproached her, and she promised amendment; but, as far as I could see, she never altered her ways. Mrs. Higgles was, indirectly, a great consolation to me after a certain evening we passed alone together.

She seemed very thoughtful, and I, as usual now-a-days, was despondent, when she suddenly began to cry, telling me not to mind her. Of course I went to her directly, and then she flung her arms round my neck, and said, with many sobs and excuses, that "she couldn't help being low now and then when she thought of her dear precious children dead and gone." She had three besides Job, and "buried them all." I sat down on the ground beside her in the firelight; and when she stroked my hair and talked of these babies so sweetly and simply, her smooth round face became quite lovely! We went early to bed that night, and somehow my cares were lightened as I heard her footsteps in the next room; and instead of my usual nightmare of brushes and brooms, Byron in papa's clothes, no fires, and everything forgotten, dreamed pleasantly of her and my own dear mother. Still domestic matters grew worse and worse, until at last the crisis came.

Mr. Higgles went with Job to the cattle show, and Mrs. Higgles and I returned early one morning from a walk. When we got home, the housemaid let us in, and, in answer to my private inquiries for Byron, tossed her head and said she knew nothing of him. This was the last feather on the camel's back; and I went up to my room unable to conceive what ought to be done.

Suddenly, with one muddy boot off, I rushed to Mrs. Higgles's room, and, throwing myself into her arms, began to cry.

"Why, my pussy! what's the matter?" cried she, in great alarm.

"O, dear Mrs. Higgles! What shall I do? Byron's gone out."

"Gone out?"

"Yes; and Jane's in such a rage, and says she won't do his work. Cook reads papa's books, and uses such quantities of brandy in everything. The house is so sticky and dirty! O, I wish mama would come home. Dear, dear Mrs. Higgles, do help me. The servants won't mind me, and Byron is so unkind! What shall I do—what shall I do!"

"There, there, don't cry, my pet. Why, I didn't like to say anything, but I've been looking about me, and certainly the house *does* look muddled up. But don't you cry. I'll see to it; and we'll have the place like a pin before your ma comes."

The dear old lady was so cheerful, and went bustling off to the kitchen at once. By the sounds I heard, a tremendous storm seemed to be going on; but presently there was a lull, and she came up again flushed with triumph. Jane submissively followed, and I heard them go into all the rooms; and there was a heaving about of bedsteads and carrying up of pails all day. With what ease she went about!

How marvellous her knowledge of dusters and brooms and furniture-polish! How humble Jane became! With what unparalleled daring she questioned the cook concerning missing articles of food; and—greatest wonder of all—in a single interview, with Rarey-like skill she put her foot on the head of the zebra Byron!

How happy the rest of the time was until my mother returned, and how pleased I felt to see the meeting! My darling mother, with her sweet, lady-like manners, won Mrs. Higgles's heart directly; and at parting, she kissed her, and thanked her for coming to the rescue so cordially, that Mrs. Higgles drove away, with the cow-skin box and the bundles, looking quite moved and flattered.

NOTHING TO BOAST OF.

"Tick, tick, tick!" went the kitchen clock, and looked very contemptuously on all around him. "A parcel of dummies are you," he cried.

"Why, I can sing," said the kettle.

"Yes, when you are on the fire," he answered; "but now the grate is cold and black, you are as silent as the rest."

"I can hiss," said the frying-pan.

"I can thunder," said the pestle and mortar.

"I can drown your ticking with my voice," said the coffee-mill.

"I can blow like a gale," said the bellows.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the clock, "you have no utterance the moment you are left to yourselves; hear me, how I tick throughout the night, and reverence my powers."

"Very fine!" they all cried: "you think grand things of yourself; where would your power be if cook neglected to wind you up? You have no more within yourself than we have, depend on that."

SWALLOWING A FORTUNE.

BY HOWARD W. JAMES.

CHAPTER I.

RICH OR POOR.

"It is awkward, isn't it? I shall look such a fool!"

These words were uttered by a young man in a room in one of the principal hotels in Liverpool.

"It can't be helped. It must be done," was the rejoinder.

The second speaker was an old man, whose bronzed complexion and striking features were framed in hair and whiskers of a silver white. Nothing in his dress bespoke the sailor, but through the landsman's garb a fresh air, far-off look—as if descried a sail in the horizon—and a peculiar action of the hands, revealed the seaman.

The younger man appeared to be about eight-and-twenty years of age, and as much as his companion looked a seaman dressed in landsman's clothes, so much was the younger a decided landsman, despite a pea-jacket, shoes, and a sailorly knot over a shirt of colored flannel. The contrast in the expression of their faces was equally marked. As the old man seemed constantly to have his eyes fixed on some distant but distinctly visible object, so the young one looked out into a far-off world, as if seeking for something that never came. His eyes were cold, blue, fishy, undecided, disappointed eyes.

"How much have you in your purse?" inquired the senior.

"Besides my fare, three sovereigns and some silver," was the reply.

"That's quite enough. You'll see how Mr. Crumpton receives you."

"That's just it. I am going down upon such false pretences, as it were."

"Come now, confess, if it wasn't for the girl you wouldn't—"

"I wouldn't care for old Crumpton a bit," broke in the young man; "in fact, I wouldn't go to Plumborough to see him at all. He kicked me out when I was his clerk, and he wouldn't have answered the letter I wrote him on board the Petrel if I hadn't told him I had made my fortune. Now, Mr. Ramsay, what would you do? Advise me, pray; we've been half round the world together, and your

kindness to me I never can forget, so do give me your advice. The train don't leave till 2.35, and I wish to be guided entirely by you in this matter as in every other."

"Well," said the old man, taking a chair, "let's see how you stand in relation to the Crumptions. You were left an orphan at the age of fifteen?"

"Yes."

"And this Crumpton—who was your father's half brother—took you in as clerk?"

"Yes; he was then in the coal trade."

"Ay, and you got sweethearting your cousin?"

"Yes, cousin Lucy. I was eighteen then, she was five years older."

"Which did not prevent the aforesaid Crumpton from kicking you out neck and crop, and leaving you to seek your living how you could?" remarked the senior.

"That was when he found our attachment out. Snakes! He was in a rage!"

"Then your lawyer sent you word that he had still a small amount of money from the sale of some property of your mother's, and he—the lawyer—got you a berth as supercargo?"

"In the Orion, yes, and I sailed for Buenos Ayres broken-hearted."

"As you thought."

"Y—e—s. 'Tis better now; and at Buenos Ayres, you know, it was, I first met you."

"But you still have a sneaking kindness for this cousin Lucy?"

"First love, you know."

"Ay, ay, that's all right. So when you've made a fortune, you write to this uncle Crumpton to tell him of it, and he writes back to say how glad he will be to see you; and how glad Lucy will be to see you; and that she is still single, and—in short, makes out that their house is yours, and if you hold the same mind, you can have Lucy for a wife."

"There's his letter; look, he says—"

"I know, I've read it. Well, now you've lost your fortune."

"Haven't a sixpence," said the young man, "except my fare to Plumborough third class, and three sovereigns and some silver."

"Well, tell your uncle so."

"I can't, I can't; he wouldn't believe me."

He'd say it was false; that I'd never had it; that—that—I don't know what he'd say."

"Or what Miss Lucy would say, either," the old man remarked, with a smile. "But you must tell him, for all that."

"How can I—how can I, Mr. Ramsay? How can I tell him that I made a lot of money in California, in Australia, and had it all taken from me one night when my grog had been drugged on Murder Flat? How can I tell him that I went down to the diggings again, and made more; that I met you in Sydney, and you advised me how to speculate, and that I made more of it: how, I don't know—for I knew no more of speculation than a newly born baby? He wouldn't believe me if I told him that when I went to Persia, twice I was very nearly robbed of all I had about me, and that I resolved to change my money into something portable—something small, that I could carry about me—and that I bought one of the biggest and largest diamonds ever seen or heard of, and that I kept it in a purse in a pocket in my guernsey; that I met you again, and that when we were in the Japanese waters the captain saw a vessel that he took for a pirate; that we all secreted what we had most valuable about us, and got ready to fight; that as the vessel neared us, I put my precious diamond in my mouth, and that when she came alongside we found she was a Dutchman short of water, who, seeing us, had made all sail to ask us to relieve her; and when the Dutchman came on board and told the captain—who spoke Dutch like a native—he turned to me, and giving me a slap upon the shoulder, said, 'It's all right; she's no more a pirate than you are!' and the slap he gave me made me swallow the diamond."

"Ay, ay!" laughed the old gentleman.

"It's no laughing matter, Mr. Ramsay; it was the loss of upwards of eight thousand pounds to me. Who the deuce would have thought I could have bolted a great big thing like that? It must have been much smaller than I thought it."

"Or you had a bigger swallow," laughed the listener.

"It went down like a piece of soap, more than a stone; and what was odder still, though I felt it in my throat for a few hours, still, when I'd taken plenty of warm drink, as you recommended, I didn't feel it at all. Who would suppose that any man could have a diamond worth eight thousand pounds in his stomach, and not feel it?"

"Ay, you're a man of fortune."

"Yes, and I carry it about me! I've a large capital here—here." The poor fellow struck his waistcoat. "I'm like a watch. I go on a diamond. It's here—here. O, why did that Dutchman fall short of water; and why did Captain Skerrick hit me on the back? Uncle Crumpton won't believe a word of it. I know he won't."

The young man laid his head upon the table and sobbed.

"Well," said Mr. Ramsay, an hour after "it's five minutes to two, Alick, and—"

"Yes, I'll go," said Alick, picking up a very small carpet-bag.

"If you don't like to tell your uncle how the fortune went—"

"Down my throat."

"I shouldn't tell him. Why should you? You've got my London address?"

"Yes, and many thanks, Mr. Ramsay, for all your—"

"Ay, ay, that's understood."

"And you start for London to-night?"

"No; to-morrow. You'll send me word how you get on with Uncle Crumpton. Good-by, and good luck."

And they shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER II.

POOR!

MR CRUMPTON lived in a very handsome house in Plumborough, and was looked upon as a rich man. He had been a wine-merchant, and a coal-merchant, and a general merchant, and a railway director; but the gossips of Plumborough erred when they said he was a capitalist. In truth, Mr. Crumpton was a ruined man, who did not know where to turn for money. He was an ostentatious man, who never confessed to failure; and when he heard that his nephew Alexander had returned to England with a fortune, he looked upon Alexander as a person to know, and to ask loans of.

Alexander's amiable uncle was over six feet in height, and carried before him what the French call "an indiscreet stomach." His forehead was high, and his head bald. He wore a thick watch-guard, and thick boots, and took snuff enormously. He was considered a good public speaker by persons who admired long words, and was, altogether, an empty, florid humbug.

Miss Lucy, Mr. Crumpton's only daughter, was an elderly young lady, with a small waist,

and a thin temper. She had been "engaged" several times, but when her wooers brought her father to the question of settlements, that highly prosperous and influential gentleman had no "capital" at that moment to dispose of in that way, and so Miss Lucy remained single. This may have been a misfortune for the bachelor whom she might have made happy, and was certainly anything but a piece of luck for her cousin, Polly, a pretty, sweet-tempered girl, nineteen years of age, who acted as housekeeper, and was treated in every respect by both father and daughter as a poor relation.

Mr. Crumpton made great preparations for the reception of his dear nephew—his "boy," whom he had befriended in early life, but whose adventurous spirit had scorned the desk, and who had made a colossal fortune in California, Australia, Peru, and elsewhere. A room had been prepared, and partly refurnished, and new dresses had been ordered for Miss Lucy, who intended to welcome her old sweetheart as if no offers or engagements had intervened during their ten years' separation.

Mr. Crumpton and his daughter rode down to the Plumborough railway station in a hired carriage. The train from Liverpool was due at 7.50. At 7.60—or rather at 8—the train arrived. Mr. Crumpton peered into all the first-class carriages for his "dear boy," while Miss Lucy, magnificently arrayed, stood upon the platform, smiling her sweetest.

Mr. Crumpton's "dear boy" was not to be found in any of the first-class carriages; and, of course, it would have been absurd to look for him elsewhere. He had evidently missed the train. The next was due at 11.20. Perhaps his luggage had come on. Mr. Crumpton sought the luggage van. No large portmanteau, labelled Alexander Chansett, was there. Mr. Crumpton returned nephewless, son-in-lawless, to his daughter.

"Not come, pa?" said the young lady.

"No, dear," replied the father, conscious of feeling more annoyed than he cared to own.

"Isn't that odd, pa?"

"Umph—O—yes."

"He could have telegraphed, couldn't he, to say he couldn't come?"

"Yes, he might."

"Don't you think, pa—"

"Don't you think, instead of chattering here, we'd better drive back home again?" interrupted the good father, turning white in the face, and red about the eyes.

Miss Lucy silently walked to the carriage.

She was too accustomed to "pa's" ebullitions of temper to endeavor to contradict or thwart him. When they reached home Mr. Crumpton thundered at his own knocker, as if warning those within to look out, for that he had returned wrathful and hungry.

The servant who opened the door said, "Please, sir, the gentleman has come."

"Who?" said Mr. Crumpton; "my nephew, Mr. Chansett?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Crumpton immediately experienced a revulsion of feeling, and a smile rose to Miss Lucy's lips.

"Where is he?"

"In his room, sir."

Mr. Crumpton looked at the neat hall and passage, and inquired, "Has his luggage been taken up-stairs?"

"Please, sir, the gentleman brought no luggage," was the answer.

"No luggage!" Mr. Crumpton's heart sank again.

"Nothing but a small carpet-bag, sir."

"Ay—ay—a change of linen; the bulk of his luggage would follow."

"Had Mr. Chansett brought his servant with him?"

"No sir."

"Nobody?"

"Nobody—but the small carpet-bag, sir."

Mr. Crumpton's spirits fell again.

"Perhaps, papa, my cousin's servant will come on with the luggage," said Miss Lucy.

"Ay—true." Mr. Crumpton's spirits rose again. He bade his daughter take off her bonnet and await them in the drawing-room, while he went to welcome Alexander. He then assumed a hospitable, genial manner, and ascended the stairs; while Miss Lucy sought her dressing-room, and put a little pearl-powder on her nose.

When Mr. Crumpton saw his nephew his spirits sank again. Mr. Alexander Chansett, in his pea-jacket, did not look like a capitalist. His uncle welcomed him with a sort of rueful cordiality, and told him that dinner was waiting, if he desired to make any change in his dress.

"Dress?" said Alice; "I've only a change of linen in this carpet-bag—"

"Only a change of linen!" echoed the apprehensive uncle.

"With me," concluded the nephew.

"O, ay—with you!" repeated Mr. Crumpton, much relieved. "I suppose your boxes will come on to-morrow?"

"W—e—ll," said the young man, "perhaps they may."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Crumpton, buoyantly.

"And perhaps they mayn't."

"O!" Mr. Crumpton was again depressed.

"I—I thought they would come on with your servant," he continued, diplomatically.

"My servant!"

"Yes."

"I haven't got a servant!"

Poor Mr. Crumpton could not help remarking, "Alexander, you surprise me; a man of your fortune not to keep a servant!"

"Why, as to that," returned Alexander, "I don't see why fortune should make a man keep a servant who hasn't been used to one."

"Eccentric," thought Mr. Crumpton, "evidently. Come down to the drawing-room, and I'll introduce you to your cousin—you remember Lucy?"

"Yes," said Alick, softly, a faint flush stealing over his face. "I'll follow you."

Mr. Crumpton walked down stairs to the drawing-room, where he found Lucy and Polly. He took his daughter aside and said:

"I can't make him out. He's coming down to dinner in a pea-jacket."

"La, pa!" said Lucy.

"Confound me if I think he's got any money at all."

"O, pa!" Miss Lucy turned pale; then, hearing a footstep, she whispered, "What shall I do?"

"Don't compromise yourself," muttered her anxious parent. "Alexander"—the nephew here entered the room, his pea jacket more conspicuous than ever—"your cousin Lucy—Miss Mary Thorpe—Mr. Alexander Chansett."

The dinner was served. Mr. Chansett seemed to be very much impressed with the fine furniture and the various courses, infinitely more so than could have been expected, and Mr. and Miss Crumpton exchanged glances during the whole evening.

Lucy considered that her cousin had grown much coarser in manner during his stay in foreign parts; and Alick could hardly believe that the Lucy he saw was the Lucy he left behind him. She had grown so old, and so fine-ladylike.

At last Miss Lucy bade her cousin good-night, with an admirable compromise between old acquaintanceship, sisterly regard, and flustered sentiment, and the uncle and the nephew were left together.

"What shall I do with him?" mused the

artful Crumpton. "I'll make him drunk, and worm out of him how much he is really worth. Alexander," he said aloud, "it is long since we have met; take a glass of wine—or do you prefer spirits?"

Alexander preferred spirits, and drank, and drank, and drank, without any visible effect upon his tongue. Twelve o'clock struck, and Mr. Crumpton grew desperate.

"Alexander," he said, as if in a burst of confidence, "tell me, my boy, for I am naturally anxious, how have you placed your large fortune? In what does it consist?"

Alexander coughed. "Chiefly in stone," he answered.

"Stone! ah! Quarries—hum! marble, eh? or mines—or what, eh?" inquired the affectionate relation. "Tell me where it is placed?"

"Placed?" echoed Alick.

"Yes. Safely, I hope?"

"O, yes; it is quite safe."

"Ah! Good solid security?"

"Yes, quite solid, and in perfect security."

"I suppose you made it all at once—some brilliant stroke of luck?"

"Brilliant! yes, it was brilliant."

"And how much? Come, tell me, my boy; confide in your old uncle. The amount—come, now?"

"Well, you see, uncle, the amount of the fortune I made—"

"Depends on the way it is invested?" broke in Mr. Crumpton.

"Just so, or where it is invested."

"I see, Alexander. Vast sums are often swallowed—"

"Eh?"

"Are often swallowed up by injudicious speculation; I have lost money myself. But what amount have you brought back with you, after roving many years, as the song says, eh?"

"Well, you see, uncle," Alick began, nervously, "I had made eight thousand—"

"Eight thousand! good, good; and I suppose you doubled it by speculation?"

"Not quite."

"Not quite; nearly doubled it, perhaps?"

"No. I lost it!"

Mr. Crumpton started back in his chair. "Lost it?" he echoed. "Where?"

"I dropped it!" The poor fellow could not tell the whole truth.

"Dropped it. Where—where?"

"A—a—down—a—overboard!" Alick replied, evasively.

Mr. Crumpton's face purpled, and looked as if his high white cravat were stifling him. He snorted heavily and rose from his chair.

"Excuse me for a moment," he gasped, and left the room.

He strode to his daughter's chamber. The young lady was asleep.

"Lucy," he cried.

The young lady gave a little scream.

"Who's there?" she asked. "Pa, is it you?"

"Of course it's me, you fool! Who should it be? Wake up! He's got no money!"

"No money, pa?"

"None. What he had, he dropped."

"Dropped!"

"Overboard!"

"La, pa! what shall you do?"

"Drop him overboard," said the bewildered parent. "I mean, send him away."

The next morning breakfast was served to Mr. Alexander Chansett in his own room; and when the tray was removed, Mr. Crumpton appeared, with his coat buttoned up to his throat, and an air of dignified determination looming over his collar.

"You told me last night," he said, "that you had dropped a fortune of eight thousand pounds overboard. I understand your meaning. It was a gentle method of breaking to me the fact that you had lost it at the gaming-table. A gamester is a character which I abhor. Gaming is the root of all evil, and, indulged in to excess, leads to the scaffold, and the destruction of all moral and social obligations. Never will I tolerate a gamester in my house, not if he came loaded with the mines of Getai. Go, Alexander Chansett, and strive by honest industry to repair the loss caused by the evil propensities of gaming."

"So you turn me out, uncle?" said Allick.

"I hope so," replied Mr. Crumpton. "May you find better friends than you leave here."

"And Lucy?"

"Is indisposed and cannot leave her room."

Allick smiled, took up his carpet-bag, stuck his cap on his head, and bidding his uncle "good-morning," walked out of the house.

He had not reached the end of the street when he heard a voice pronounce his name; he turned, and saw Mr. Ramsay.

"You here?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. I thought I'd come and have a look after you. And how are the Crumptons, eh?"

Allick told his story, and the old seaman laughed. "Then both father and daughter behaved badly?" he remarked.

"Yes; but Miss Thorpe was very kind. She seems a nice girl—and she's very pretty too."

"And what d'ye mean to do now?"

"Haven't the least notion," replied Allick.

"What's your advice?"

"Come back with me to Liverpool, and we'll cast our eyes about us," answered Mr. Ramsay.

CHAPTER III.

RICH.

ABOUT six months after the events narrated in the last chapter, the town of Plumborough was thrown into a state of violent excitement by the advent of a gentleman, who furnished the largest and handsomest house upon the London road in the most sumptuous manner—kept a carriage, horses, and gave splendid parties. This gentleman was no other than Mr. Alexander Chansett.

Mr. Crumpton and Miss Lucy knew not what to think. Was Alexander a millionaire, or a swindler? A capitalist, or a forger? The mayor, the mayor's wife, and daughters had visited him. He, in return, had visited the mayor, the mayor's wife and daughters. He must be respectable. Then why should he have dined at his beloved uncle's house in a pea jacket, and said that he had dropped his fortune overboard? Mr. Crumpton lay awake, and Miss Lucy could not sleep for thinking of him.

Mr. Crumpton was resolved to put an end to this sort of thing. He called at his nephew's house, and said to him:

"Alexander, my boy, relations should not quarrel. Your hand—let bygones be bygones—your hand again—bless you! I see through your scheme. You wished to try whether I and Lucy—poor girl!—would feel as kindly towards you poor as rich. And did you think the mere consideration of fortune would weigh with us one inch? No, Alexander, no! We are frank and open as the summer's day; but as I understood you had dropped your fortune overboard, which I thought was intended to convey to me that you had lost it at the gaming-table—and you know my horror of the character of a gamester—"

"I thought you speculated yourself, uncle?" Interrupted Allick.

"Speculated—yes. Speculation is one thing, gaming is another. And the character of a gamester is one that I hold in abhorrence."

"When he loses," remarked Allick.

"As for poor Lucy," continued Mr. Crumpton, not noticing the interruption, "I have known no peace with her since you left the house." This was strictly true. "She has always been saying, 'Papa, you were wrong; papa, you were hasty.' I was wrong, I was hasty. Alexander, forgive me—pardon your old uncle, who has always loved you. You have not lost your fortune at the gaming-table, and you are my nephew once again!"

Alick received this burst of feeling calmly; but he took the proffered hand, and visited his former sweetheart as if nothing had occurred, and was often seen with Miss Lucy on one arm, and Miss Mary Thorpe upon the other.

"The only question is," Mr. Crumpton would say to his daughter, when her cousin had bid them good night, "what does his fortune consist in?"

Six weeks after the reconciliation, Miss Lucy burst into her papa's study in a state of extreme excitement, and said:

"Pa!"

"What's the matter?"

"I've heard such dreadful news!"

"Eh?"

"The butcher!"

"Wants his bill paid? Tell him that next week—"

"No, pa. But he says that all Alexander's bills are for the future to be sent in to Mr. Ramsay."

"Eh! What, the old, white-headed gentleman we met there on Thursday?"

"Yes. If, pa—if—" and Miss Lucy's voice sank to a whisper—"if—"

"Get on, you fool; don't stand there idling!" said the anxious parent.

"If," said Miss Lucy, stimulated by this mild reproof, "if he should be the master of the house—the owner of the fortune—and Alexander but an adopted son, dependent upon his will to—"

Mr. Crumpton shut his eyes.

"And I," continued Lucy, "who have been thinking that lately he paid too much attention to Mary."

"Lucy," said the father, rising on his feet, and lifting his eyelids, "I will no longer bear this terrible suspense. I will see the young idiot—I mean, my dear nephew Alexander—and demand of him what it all means."

In half an hour Mr. Crumpton was at his nephew's house, saying to him:

"Alexander, you will forgive a father, if he speaks frankly to you. My daughter Lucy"

—here Mr. Crumpton tried to sob, but, failing to do so effectively, blew his nose instead—"as you know, has a feeling for you—a feeling which I have not checked, because, as you know, Alexander, I have looked upon you with a father's eye; but things have gone too far, and it behoves me, as a father, to inquire your intentions—that is, your intentions towards Lucy; and—and your means, from whence they are derived; and—and—and—in short, all that a fond father would wish to know."

"I think, Alick, you had better let me answer for you," said the voice of Mr. Ramsay, whose approach Mr. Crumpton had not perceived. "This house, Mr. Crumpton, is not Alexander's, but mine; as is the furniture, plate, carriages, horses—in fact, everything."

"O, indeed!" said Mr. Crumpton, stiffly.

"And I have willed it all, and every pound I have, to Alexander."

"O!" said Mr. Crumpton, brightening. "I understand: my nephew has no money at present, but at—"

"At my death," said Mr. Ramsay, finishing the sentence for him, "he will have mine. Still, Alexander has a property of his own."

"No, I haven't," broke in Alick.

"Yes, you have," repeated Mr. Ramsay.

"Good gracious! what do they both mean?" thought the bewildered Mr. Crumpton.

"You have eight thousand pounds," said Mr. Ramsay.

"No," objected Alick, "I swallowed it."

Mr. Crumpton started back. "Lunatics, both, evidently!" he thought.

Mr. Ramsay laughed. "You can't swallow that, can you, Mr. Crumpton?" he said. "The fact is, Alexander laid out all his money in the purchase of a large diamond, which he put into his mouth."

"And which went down my throat," said Alick.

"No, it didn't."

"Yes, it did."

"I say no! I saw you were a rather thoughtless lad, and, while you were asleep, I took the diamond from you, and put in its place—"

"What?"

"A piece of transparent Persian gum, of the same size and appearance."

"Then," cried Alick, rising from his chair, "I only swallowed a bit of gum?"

"Just so."

"Which accounts for the hot drink you recommended dissolving it?"

"Just so."

"But where is the diamond?" asked the practical Mr. Crumpton.

"Here," replied Mr. Ramsay, producing it from his purse.

"Alexander, my boy," said Mr. Crumpton, shaking the hand of his nephew fervently, "you were not a gamester; my heart always told me you were not."

"I see, Mr. Crumpton," said Mr. Ramsay, after a pause, "that you are surprised at the interest I take in Alexander; indeed, the lad himself knows not the reason why. You are his uncle; I am—his grandfather."

"You," exclaimed Alick, "Mr. Ramsay, my grand—"

"Your mother was my favorite child," said the old man. "She married against my wishes, and I disowned her. About the same time that Mr. Crumpton here turned you out of his office, my youngest daughter died, and I was left alone in the world. I then felt how wrongly I had acted to your poor mother, who was then beyond my help in her grave. It was I who, through a lawyer, got you the berth of supercargo; and since then, you know how and where we have been together."

Alick threw his arms round his grandfather's neck, and Mr. Crumpton hid his eyes in his pocket handkerchief, and wiped away the tears that were not there.

Alexander continued to be a good friend with his uncle for a twelvemonth, when he married. The bride he led to the church was not Miss Lucy Crumpton, but her poor cousin—Miss Mary Thorpe. Miss Lucy still remains single; and Mr. Crumpton, who has been thrice a bankrupt, is now a pensioner upon his nephew.

LITTLE GIRLS.

We cannot well imagine a home more incomplete than one where there is no little girl to stand in the void of the domestic circle which boys can never fill, and to draw all hearts within the magic ring of her presence. There is something about little girls especially lovable; even their wilful, naughty ways seem utterly void of evil when they are followed by the sweet penitence that overflows in such gracious showers. Your boys are great noble fellows, generous, loving, and full of good impulses, but they are noisy and demonstrative, and dearly as you love them, you are glad their place is out of doors; but Jennie, with her light step, is always beside you; she brings

the slippers for papa, and with her pretty, dimpled fingers unfolds the paper for him to read; she puts on a thimble no bigger than a fairy's, and with some very mysterious combination of "doll rags," fills up a small rocker by mama, with a wonderful assumption of womanly dignity. And who shall tell how the little thread of speech that flows with such sweet, silvery lightness from those innocent lips, twines itself around the mother's heart never to rust, not even when the dear little face is hid in the tomb.

But Jennie grows to be a woman, and there is a long and shining track from the half-latched door of childhood till the girl blooms into the mature woman. There are the brothers who always lower their voice when they talk to their sister, and tell of the sports, in which she takes almost as much interest as they do, while in turn she instructs in all the little details of home life, of which they would grow up ignorant if not for her. And what a shield she is upon the dawning manhood wherein so many temptations lie. Her sweet presence to guard and inspire them, a check on profanity, a living sermon on immortality. How fragrant the cup of tea she hands them at evening meal; how cheery her voice as she relates the little incidents of the day. No silly talk of incipient beaux, or love of young men met on the promenade. A girl like that has no space in her head for such thoughts to run riot in, and you don't find her spending the evening in the dim parlor with a questionable young man for company.

When her lover comes, he must say what he has to say in the family sitting room, with father and mother, or, if ashamed to, there is no room for him there. Jennie's young heart has not been filled by the pernicious nonsense which ends in so many unhappy marriages or hasty divorces. Dear girl, she thinks all the time of what a good home she has, what dear brothers, and craves the blessing of Heaven on them, but she does not know how very far for time and eternity, her own pure example goes, how it will radiate as a blessing into other homes where a sister's memory will be the consecrated ground of the past.

Cherish, then, the little girls, dimpled darlings, who tear their aprons, and cut the tablecloth, and eat the sugar, and are themselves the sugar and salt of life! Be gentle with the darlings, and see what a track of sunshine will follow in the wake of the little bobbing heads that daily find a great many hard problems to solve.

A LONDON RAGGED SCHOOL.

Their entrance was uproarious. They rushed in as if under satanic influence, tumbling over the forms, fighting, swearing, knocking each other down, kicking and shrieking like wild beasts. The table was quickly turned legs upwards, and the candles knocked out of their sockets. Amid laughter, cat-calls, and shouts, the teachers were all jammed into a corner, and told that that was their place for the night. One lad bawled out, "here goes, my boys!" moistened his hands in the usual way of such people, started off up the chimney and climbed it with the agility of an old practitioner. Here was a pretty quandary for a number of sober Sunday-school teachers to be in—jammed fast in a corner, rebellion rampant, only one good boy in the school, and even he was up the chimney!

Many of the lads had neither shoes nor stockings, others had neither coat nor waist-coat, and lots of them were shirtless. The hair of some of them was so rough and wild that it looked as if no comb had ever passed through it; while the close-cut hair of others indicated that they had not long been out of prison; nor did they seem at all ashamed of their "prison crops." The excitement and uproar of the school gradually subsided, and the teachers made an attempt to get a hearing. After many failures in the endeavors to secure silence, the young thieves agreed to be silent for five minutes. The teachers then dispersed themselves through the crowded room, and talked with the boys about the objects of the school. Then came the first reading lesson.

The reader stood in the midst, took out his Bible, and told the scholars that if they would only be quiet for five minutes while he read to them they might afterwards go home; and they agreed to be still. "Don't rob me of my five minutes," said the reader, and he handed his watch to one of the other teachers, requesting him to tell them when the time had expired. "Give me your watch, I'll hold it for you," said one of the ragged urchins; but the reader knew better than to trust him. The teacher read to them from the Book of Proverbs; but before the five minutes had elapsed they began to shout "Time's up, sir! time's up!" On appealing to the timekeeper, it was found that the reader was entitled to another minute; but he waived his right in order to hold a short examination upon the lesson. "Who was Solomon?" A boy answered immediately, "he's my father's landlord, sir;

he lives in our street." This answer caused much laughter and confusion; but at length silence was restored. The teacher ventured to ask another question. "Now what does Solomon say?" The boy replied, very gravely, "why, sir, he said if my father didn't pay his rent next week, he'd kick him out of the house." Roars of laughter followed this naive rejoinder, and the teachers themselves could scarcely keep their gravity. Just at this time the clock struck eight, and a general rush was made for the door; but the superintendent put his back to it, and, facing the lads, asked them what they meant by attempting to break out of the school in that manner. The lads replied, "it's business time; people are coming out of church." With kind words and much persuasion the teachers induced the renegades to return to their seats, and expressed their intention to close the school with singing and prayer. "Very good," said the facetious pupils. A hymn was then read out, and the teachers commenced singing; but their voices were soon drowned in a flood of slang-songs and street-ballads; each thief sang his own favorite ditty, and so the Babel confusion was complete. Prayer was not to be thought of in such an uproar; so after an invitation to come to school again on the following Sunday, the rabble were let loose to their wickedness and nightly plunder. No doubt the young urchins felt specially anxious to be off on the present instance, for they had been very busy with the pockets of their teachers, most of whom had lost their gloves and pocket handkerchiefs. The superintendent of the school happened to be passing along one of the back streets of the neighborhood during the following week, when he met one of the roughs who went by the name of "Coaly." The superintendent called to him, and "Coaly" came up at once, touched his cap, and said, "you were my teacher last Sunday, and I'm coming again next Sunday." "We shall be glad to see you," replied the superintendent; "but, Coaly, do you know who stole my handkerchief and gloves when we were in school?" "No sir, I don't. Did you have your things taken then, sir? You may depend upon it there were a great many thieves there that night; but I must go." And Coaly moved off with his wheelbarrow.

On the following Sunday evening the teachers found their old scholars waiting at the door for admission. Before opening the door, however, the superintendent took occasion to inquire after his lost gloves. He wished to

know who did it, and whoever confessed should not be punished. There was silence for some time, during which the boys were exchanging smiles. At length one of them said, "well, no use telling a lie; I took them." "What did you do with them?" "Sold them to Coaly for a penny." "And what did you do with them, Coaly?" "I sold them to Scotch Helfer for a penny." (This lad was called Scotch Helfer because his hair, in roughness and color, was similar to that of the Scotch cattle which in those days thronged Smithfield market.) "Well, Helfer, what did you do with them?" "I sold them to Pudding Head." When the boy with the very large head was put to the question, he replied, "do you want them? for if you do you can't get them; but I'll tell you where they are: they're hanging up in Uncle Noah's clothes shop."

The boys were then admitted into the school, and they took their seats with shouting, whistling and song-singing. During the evening two policemen came, and the superintendent asked one of them if he knew any of the scholars. The policeman pointed out several very flagrant offenders, and said he should think he ought to know them all, for he had had every one of the young pris in his clutches. The boys not liking the presence of the police, began to jeer them; and the noise became so great that the police lost their temper, and, unable to endure the stinging jokes, one of them took off his belt and began to thrash the lads. The police turned some of the boys out of the school, and presently some ugly brickbats came flying through the windows. The riot became so serious that the teachers ordered the police to leave the room, as the only way to peace. The boys calmed down eventually, and the school was closed with something like an approach to order.

SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

Rev. John Abbott, the sailor preacher, relates the following good story of one of his converts to temperance:

Mr. Johnson, at the close of a cold water lecture, intimated that he must sign the pledge in his own way, which he did in these words:

"I, William Johnson, pledge myself to drink no intoxicating drinks for one year."

Some thought he wouldn't stick three days; others allowed him a week, and a few others gave him two weeks; but the landlord knew him best, and said he was good stuff, but at

the end of the year Bill would be a good soaker.

Before the year was quite gone, Mr. Johnson was asked by Mr. Abbott:

"Bill, aint you going to resume the pledge?"

"Well, I don't know, Jack, but what I will. I have done pretty well, so far. Will you let me sign it again in my own way?"

"O, yes, any way, so that you will not drink rum."

He writes:

"I, William Johnson, sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and if living at the end of that time, I intend to make out a lease for life."

A day or two after, Johnson went to see his old landlord, who eyed him as a hawk does a chicken.

"O, landlord!" whined Bill, accompanied by sundry contortions of the body, as if enduring the most excruciating pain, "I have such a lump on my side!"

"That's because you have stopped drinking. You wont live two years longer, at this rate."

"If I commence drinking, will the lump go away?"

"Yes. If you don't, you'll have another just such a lump on the other side."

"Do you think so, landlord?"

"I know it; you'll have them on your arms, back, breast and head. You will be covered all over with lumps."

"Well, maybe I will," said Bill.

"Come Bill," said the landlord, "let's drink together," at the same time pouring the red stuff from the decanter into the glass, gug, gug, gug.

"No," said Johnson, "I can't, for I've signed the pledge again."

"You aint, though! You are a fool!"

"Yes, that old sailor coaxed so hard I could not get off."

"I wish the old rascal was in Guinea. Well, how long do you go this time?"

"For nine hundred and ninety-nine years," whispered Bill.

"You wont live a year."

"Well, if I drink, are you sure the lump on my side will go away?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I wont drink. Here's the lump," continued Bill, holding up something with a hundred dollars in it; "and you say I'll have more such lumps and that's what I want."

The landlord turned away in disgust.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

How little we thought, while penning last month's review, that we should so soon be called upon to record the sad tidings of the death of President Lincoln, whose fall, beneath the blow of an assassin, has blinded our eyes with tears, and turned all our joy to mourning. Our hearts are sad, and our grief is excessive. We recall the goodness of the deceased, his desire to administer the laws impartially, and his hope that the last three years of his administration would see the country at peace, prosperous and happy. But the noble heart that could desire all these things has ceased to beat; his form is cold in the embrace of death, and no longer shall we look to him as the saviour of the country. His loss is a terrible misfortune, and has shaken the country North and South; but now we are more calm, and can look upon the event with some little resignation, believing that God has his own plans for our good, although some of them are mysterious and wonderful. May the curses of the people rest upon the head of the assassin, and living or dead, sleeping or waking, may he never know a moment's peace or rest! Of course, all the details of the murder are known to our readers, so we will not repeat them. Secretary Seward, who was attacked at the same time that the president was shot, is likely to recover; but if he does, it will seem a miracle, for he was almost dead when stabbed and cut by the cowardly ruffian who entered his house. Mr. Frederick Seward is still in a dangerous condition. His brain was fractured in two places, and his face was injured. The new president is reported as hopeful and determined, and once more the people have given him their confidence. If he does not abuse their trust, the South will gain nothing by the change of rulers. Since Mr. Johnson has assumed the duties of president, he has made a most favorable impression on the minds of those who have been brought in contact with him. He is firm and resolute, and determined to punish treason,

which he regards as the most unnatural of crimes. The day that the funeral services took place all business was suspended at the North, and the cities and towns were hung with mourning.—Before President Lincoln's death, he issued two important proclamations, one of them closing the ports of the South, so that foreign ships should be kept at a distance, and the other, informing foreign nations that as they treat our war vessels, so will theirs be treated in our ports. This is right, for it is time that our navy was respected, and allowed some few privileges which it does not now possess. What a joke it would be to tell a British fleet that they could remain in our waters but twenty-four hours, and must then leave at all hazards. What grumbling there would be, and how John Bull would fume and fuss.—It is stated that the loyal States contain \$33,000,000 more in gold than when the rebellion commenced. If this is the case, it makes us strong in point of finances, and we heartily wish we were the owners of only one million of the yellow dross. We could do much good with it, especially in our own families.—Lee's army numbered eighty-one generals and about 25,000 men, all told. A large number of generals to so many men. Before the fighting commenced he mustered about 65,000 men, all told. Captures and desertions told on that army.—Richmond is to have four national banks.—Our Portuguese friends have fired on the Niagara and Sacramento, when the rebel ram Stonewall escaped. Our minister asked the meaning of such an outrage, and demanded redress. He got all that he asked for, so that insult is wiped out.—It is denied that Mrs. Lee is sick or excited at the sight of negro soldiers. We should think that she had seen enough blacks not to tremble because some happen to wear the livery of Uncle Sam, who is a mighty important body just at the present time, and has no inclination to be pushed aside.—The secretary of war has ordered that all drafting and recruiting shall

be stopped, and General Grant says that he means to reduce our national expenses \$1,000,000 per day. Work has been stopped at some points, ships are to be sold, the navy reduced, and money saved, so that we shan't have to borrow much more. All this will be good news to tax-payers.—There are 350,000 muskets on hand at Springfield Arsenal, and only 1000 per day are made at present.—The extraordinary document which was signed at Richmond, calling for an assembling of the Virginia legislature, was quashed in short order, and General Weitzel, who seemed to have made a second Fort Fisher blunder, was removed from command, and sent to Petersburg.—Louis Napoleon is so poorly that he has been ordered to keep in the country for several months. Bad youthful habits tell upon him. He has lived fast, and now must take care, or King Death will grapple with him and carry him off, in spite of power and his superb police.—There will be no extra session of Congress. At least, such is the impression at the present time.—General Grant will make Washington his headquarters for the present.—The pope is rather down on Maximilian, and tells him in plain terms that he is not a man for his prayers, and that if he does not behave, he will find a curse straying towards Mexico, one that will astonish him, and take him off his feet.—A reward of \$100,000 has been offered for the arrest of the assassin, Booth, and his accomplices. Patriotism and a desire for vengeance should secure the ruffians, even if not a dollar was offered. If this amount does not bring them, two or three hundred thousand dollars will be added to the reward.—We have received the gratifying information that Mobile has been captured, with 7000 prisoners, and some 200 guns, and large quantities of stores, cotton, etc.—Jeff Davis has found rest for the sole of his foot. He stopped in his headlong flight at Macon, and issued a proclamation, in which he promises his deluded friends freedom and independence. He reminds us of that dark-complexioned gentleman, who led the Saviour to the top of a high mountain, and promised everything, if Jesus would fall down and worship him. While making these promises, the devil knew that he hadn't a foot of land he could call his own, or one friend that he could rely upon. Jeff's promises are words, and no more. He is shorn of his power. A few weeks since he might have made peace. Now it is too late.—We have lost a good friend in England. Richard Cob-

den is dead, aged sixty-one. He should have lived to see his predictions respecting the country fulfilled. He was a great man, and we mourn for him.—The rebels threaten to visit Mexico, and turn Maximilian out of office, lending their aid to Juarez. The French are excited on the subject, and have no desire to see our amiable Southern friends cross the lines to enter their country.—A large batch of rebel generals have taken up their quarters in Fort Warren, where we hope they will be kept for some time, to meditate on their sins, and eat short rations.—Mosby, the noted guerilla, has given in his adhesion to the government.—The Southern Confederacy no longer lives. It collapsed when Petersburg and Richmond fell, and was wound up when General Lee and his veterans laid down their arms at the feet of General Grant and his noble soldiers. The dream of a vast Southern nation must be given up. There is no longer any hope for it, for the men whom the rebellious chiefs relied upon to do their work for the cause, are paroled to remain quiet until they are exchanged, and that will not be during our generation. Let us hope that the lesson that has been taught during the past four years, will not have to be repeated. The battles have been fought, the victories won, and now we have but to settle the terms of peace, punishments and pardons, and we shall be free of the horrors of war.—The seven-thirties are selling at a rapid rate, and some of the indebtedness of the government is being paid off in a manner that gives creditors much satisfaction.—New York city is to have a paid fire department, and there is much growling. Those who run with the engines will have a nice time until things are settled.—Government has offered a reward of one thousand dollars for the arrest of raiders and persons who are evil disposed towards the United States, and show their nature by setting fires and burning things.—In a few years, or perhaps months, this country will be telegraphically connected with India, China, Russia, and the whole North Western America. In addition we shall have the Atlantic telegraph connecting England with the United States, and a man must be hard to please who cannot send a message to most any part of the world and receive an answer in the course of a day or two.—In our city the news of the surrender of Lee and his army was received with such exhibitions of frantic joy that it seemed as though our people had never heard glad tidings before. The bells

were rung, cannon were fired, the schools were dismissed, processions were formed in an impromptu manner, and in the evening houses were illuminated with flaming gas, while fireworks made roaring attempts to scale the heavens, but exploded with joy before accomplishing their purpose.—By the capture of Richmond we secured over 500 cannon and thousands of muskets, and immense quantities of materials of war.—When the rebels left Richmond they exploded one magazine that sent dozens of poor wretches to eternity without notice or warning. It is estimated that one third of the city was burned, and hundreds were days without shelter.—What are we to do for rebel papers? The Richmond journals have gone under, and we can no longer read choice extracts from their columns. They added to the flames that helped consume a portion of Richmond, so fired the southern heart to the last.—Our amiable English cousins are too good to live. They declare, in parliament, that they always loved us like a child, and all the papers flatter us. For heaven's sake, we beg of them not to spread it on too thick, for we still recollect some of their unkindness in words and deeds.—Quebec is to be fortified at an expense of \$250,000 per annum.—Within the past month, Foote the rebel senator, Foote the eccentric, Foote the grumbler, is under arrest in New York for returning to this country without permission.—Papers are already discussing how long the income tax must last. They will find that it will stick to us like a bad acquaintance.—The old flag has been hoisted over Sumter, and the proceedings on the occasion must have been interesting; but as we were not invited to be present, we shan't attempt to report them.—Our legislature have reported that it is inexpedient to send women to the west on the ground that they wouldn't go unless they had husbands in advance. Women know what they are about when husbands are to be distributed.—It is announced that the new City Hall of Boston will be ready for some of the occupants in the course of July. The expense of erecting it will be about \$500,000, exclusive of the land, worth two or three hundred thousand dollars more.—Accounts from Sherman's forces, when they were resting at Goldsboro', stated that the men believed Sherman the greatest man in the world, and then the idiot who manufactures lies at Newburn, for the associated press, puts in his oar and contends

"that both Union and rebel troops are furious for a foreign war, and that they shake hands and embrace on the strength of it, Sherman and Lee to head the armies, and Grant to look after both. Such rubbish does not deserve refutation, because we know that both Union and rebs have fought all they desire to at present, and need rest. They have had enough war to last them a lifetime, or a few years at least. We must recover some of our freshness before we are again ready for carnage.—We have a terrible nautical catastrophe to report. The steamer General Lyon, with between five and six hundred passengers, most of them discharged and disabled soldiers, caught fire while on the passage from Wilmington to Fortress Monroe, and nearly all on board were burned or drowned, some twenty-five or thirty only making their escape, as far as heard from. The scenes are related as being heart-rending in the extreme, and if the news had not arrived on the same day that the particulars of the fall of Richmond were made known, there would have been a wall of sorrow all over the country. The capture of the rebel capital swallowed up all other considerations. It seems that some of our poor soldiers suffer more after they leave the army than while in it; what with rascally railroad management and poor steamers, with careless, inimical officers.—The pirates of Nassau are in a doleful mood. Their occupation is gone, their goods are on hand, and blockade running is played out. O, how they wail and think of the flush times when they could send arms and lead to the Confederacy.—Many arrests have taken place since the president was assassinated, but it is impossible to state whether the right parties have been taken or not. Payne has made no confession, neither has the Surratt family, as far as known to those outside of the detective circle. Booth has not been arrested at the present writing, but unless he kills himself his escape is impossible.

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY.—On the cover of the DOLLAR MONTHLY our readers will find an advertisement of the American Watch Company, of Waltham, Mass. We hope our friends will read the advertisement, and when they invest their money in a time-keeper, let them encourage home industry, for we are confident that an American watch is superior to an English or French.

The Florist.

Aster.

The Michaelmas Daisy. Hardy herbaceous plants, mostly perennials. There are also a few Cape and New Holland shrubs. The herbaceous species are of great value, from their flowering late in autumn, and from their requiring very little care or labor in their culture. They will grow in any soil, or situation, and spread rapidly by throwing up suckers, and sending out root stems. Among the handsomest perennial species are *A. alpinus* and *A. ericoides*, the common Michaelmas Daisy. The China aster has been separated by botanists from the genus aster; it was first placed in the genus *Callistema*, but it and its varieties, the German asters, etc., now form the new genus *Callistephus*. *Aster tenellus* is thus the only annual species left in the old genus, and it is a pretty little hardy plant; which may be sown in the open ground in March or April. Among the greenhouse species of aster, *A. arthropylus*, sometimes called the Musk-plant, is remarkable for its white leaves and strong scent; and *A. furticulosus* has pretty blue flowers. These two last species are grown in sandy peat, or a mixture of loam and peat, and are readily propagated.

Biennials.

These are plants that do not produce their flowers till the second year, and then die after they have ripened their seeds. The Brompton stocks, hollyhocks, wallflowers, snapdragons and Canterbury-bells, are biennials, though the latter four frequently live three or four years. Biennials should be sown in March or April, thinned out in May, and transplanted in September to the place where they are to flower the ensuing year. A little earth should be taken up with the roots, when they are transplanted, and they should be well watered, and shaded for a day or two, till their roots are established. Those kinds which require a peculiar soil, should have pits prepared for them about a week before they are transplanted, that the earth may have time to settle.

Caprifolium—The Honeysuckle.

Well-known climbing plants, remarkable for the delightful fragrance of their flowers. *C. italicum*, the Italian Honeysuckle; *C. Periclymenum*, the common Woodbine, and its varieties; and *C. sempervirens*, the Trumpet Honeysuckle, are those most common in collections. The beautiful and very fragrant plant generally called *Lonicera flexuosa*, Bot. Reg., is sometimes found under the name of *Caprifolium chinense*; and the gold and silver honeysuckle is generally called *C. japonicum*. Both these plants are natives of Japan and China. They should be grown in a soil composed of sand, peat and loam, and are propagated by cuttings. The Trumpet Honeysuckle, and *C. flexuosa*, Bot. Mag., should also be grown in sandy peat, and require a slight protection in severe weather; but all the other kinds may be grown in common soil, without any further care than training them against a wall, or over paling. All the hardy honeysuckles grow with great vigor, and with the least

possible care, in this climate. Among the most valuable, are the monthly fragrant, the red and the yellow trumpet, and the Chinese twining, *L. sericea*. The latter, in addition to the beauty and fragrance of its blossoms, which are produced several times during the summer and autumn, is also highly desirable for the rich, dark hue of its nearly evergreen foliage, and the circumstance of its not being liable to the attacks of insects, which destroy the beauty of some of the other species.

Rockwork.

This is a very common ornament in gardens; and, producing a striking effect, it is introduced more frequently than judiciously. Rockwork may be divided into two kinds—that which is intended to imitate natural rocks, and that which is intended merely as a nidus for rock-plants. Imitations of nature should always consist of large blocks of stone of the same kind, and should, for the most part, be disposed in imitation of some kind of stratification. At the same time, as in many parts of the country, large, round, or roundish, or angular blocks of stone are found distributed over the surface, it is not objectionable to collect these together in groups so as to form a feature in scenery, and to insert plants among them. Rockwork, as a mere nidus for plants, should never be attempted on a large scale without the introduction of large blocks of stone, and some kind of stratification being adopted; and in this case, as before mentioned, using one kind of stone will produce an effect in accordance with that of nature. On a small scale, however, different kinds of stone may be used, more especially when these are well covered with plants; but even on a small scale, one kind of stone has always a better effect, and will be felt more agreeable to the eye, than a mixture of bricks, flints, pieces of granite, freestones, and perhaps marble, shells, fragments of carved stone, and even roots, which are not unfrequently seen in even the best gardens. Rockwork should always be an independent feature. It rarely looks well when piled up against a wall, or around the roots of a tree, or in any situation where it is overshadowed by trees; in short, where it does not form the prominent feature in the scene. It looks well near water and merging into it, or in an open airy garden, where it is surrounded by a gravel-walk; but it does not look so well when rising from a turf, without an adjoining walk, or when large shrubs grow up among the stones. Where there are collections of such plants as saxifrages or other alpine, or of cistuses, helianthemums, or other mountain shrubs, rockwork is very desirable; and in such cases it may be placed on a lawn, as a feature in a general collection of herbaceous plants or shrubs arranged according to the natural system; but rockwork as an ornamental object, or as a nidus for a miscellaneous collection of plants, should always be in an open airy situation, near a pond, or surrounded by a walk. In short, it may be laid down as a general principle, that rockwork should either adjoin gravel or a piece of water; and that it should seldom or never adjoin trees or grass, or walls or buildings.

The Housewife.

To make tough Beef tender.

To those who have worn down their teeth in masticating poor, old, tough cow-beef, we will say that carbonate of soda will be found a remedy for the evil. Cut your steaks, the day before using, into slices about two inches thick; rub over them a small quantity of soda; wash off next morning; cut it into suitable thickness, and cook to notion. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, etc. Try it, all who love delicious, tender dishes of meat.

To restore Linen that has long been stained.

Rub the stains on each side with wet brown soap. Mix some starch to a thick paste with cold water, and spread it over the soaped places. Then expose the linen to the sun and air; and, if the stains have not disappeared in three or four days, rub off the mixture, and repeat the process with fresh soap and starch. Afterward dry it; wet it with cold water, and put it in the wash.

Balsam of Honey.

Take balsam of Tulu two ounces, gum storax two drachms, opium two drachms, honey eight ounces. Dissolve these in a quart of spirits of wine. This balsam is very useful in hoarseness, and allays irritation of the lungs. It will often cure a cough that is alarming. Dose, one or two teaspoonful in a little warm tea.

German Silver.

Few are aware of the poisonous qualities of this compound. It is good for a variety of uses, but should never be used for spoons or vessels for cooking. It is composed of copper, arsenic and nickel. It is oxydized by acids, and acts in the stomach as a slow but sure poison.

Opodeldoo.

Take common white soap three ounces, camphor one ounce, oil of origanum half an ounce, alcohol one pint. Cut the soap, and dissolve it in the alcohol, in which the other articles have been previously dissolved, and cool it in wide-mouthed vials, for use.

To clean Paint that is not varnished.

Take a flannel, and squeeze nearly dry out of warm water, and dip in a little whiting; apply to the paint, and with a little rubbing it will instantly remove grease, smoke, or other soil. Wash with warm water, and rub dry with a soft cloth. It will not injure the most delicate color, and makes it look as well as new; besides, it preserves the paint much longer than if cleaned with soap and water.

To remove Lime Spots.

Lime spots on woolen clothes may be completely removed by strong vinegar. The vinegar effectually neutralizes the lime, but does not generally affect the color of the cloth. Dark cloth, the color of which

has been completely destroyed, in spots six inches square, has thus had its original color perfectly restored.

To make Calicoes wash well.

Infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of boiling water, and put the calicoes in while hot, and leave them till cold; in this way the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing. So says a lady who has frequently made the experiment herself. Nothing can be cheaper or quicker done.

To clean Silks.

A quarter of a pound of soft soap, a teaspoonful of brandy, and a pint of gin; mix all well together; with a sponge or flannel spread the mixture on each side of the silk, without creasing it. Wash it in two or three pails of cold water, and iron on the wrong side when rather wet.

To remove Stains from Silks.

Stains produced by vinegar, lemon-juice, oil of vitriol, or other sharp corrosives, may often be removed from silks by mixing a little pearlash with soap-lather, and passing the silk through them. Spirits of hartshorn will also often restore the color.

Bath Buns.

Rub with the hand one pound of fine flour and half a pound of butter; beat six eggs and add them to the flour with a tablespoonful of good yeast; mix them together with half a teacupful of milk; set it on a warm place for an hour; mix in six ounces of sifted sugar, and a few caraway seeds, mould them into buns with a tablespoon on a baking plate, throw six or eight caraway comfits on each, and bake them in a hot oven about ten minutes. These quantities should make eighteen buns.

Ratafias.

Blanch half a pound of bitter almonds and half a pound of sweet; take off the skins the day before, pound them together very fine, add two pounds of very fine sugar, and about eight whites of eggs, beat it well for a quarter of an hour in a mortar, take it out and squeeze it through a bladder and a pipe; squeeze them the size of a sixpence on kitchen paper; bake them in a moderate oven, a light brown color; let them get cold before you take them off the paper.

Plum Buns.

Take two pounds of plain bun paste, add half a pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of candied orange peel cut into small pieces, half a nutmeg grated, and half an ounce of mixed spice. Form them into buns, and dent round the edges with a knife.

Asthma.

Mix two ounces of the best honey with one ounce of castor oil, and take a teaspoonful night and morning.

Curious Matters.

An unfortunate Princess.

The Princess Radziwill, whose death in the prison for debt at Vienna has been recently announced, was the daughter of an hotel-keeper of that city. Prince Radziwill was staying at an hotel in that city in 1846, when he fell dangerously ill, and was so charmed by the kind attentions paid him by the landlord's daughter, that soon after his recovery he married her. The happiness of the new married couple was not of long duration, for the prince died soon after in a mad house, leaving three children and numerous debts, for which the princess made herself responsible. As her only income was a pension of 14,000 florins, it was impossible for her to properly bring up her children, and at the same time pay debts amounting to 150,000 florins. Having been arrested by her creditors, she fell ill from grief, and died at the age of 46 years. Her two sons are pupils in the Imperial Theresianum at Vienna, and her daughter is married to a wealthy landowner in Galicia.

Curious Experiment.

M. Terrel, a French savant, a few weeks ago perfected his aqueous experiments at Paris, and succeeded in boiling water in pots made of *writing-paper* and other such attenuated materials. A learned report was made by him to the Chemical Society of Paris, on the methods adopted and the phenomena evolved in the experiments, which has conferred great honor on the ingenious philosopher. La Perouse, in 1788, says the California Indians at Monterey used to boil their *atole*, or porridge of acorns, in straw baskets over the fire, by keeping them in rapid revolution.

A big Gun.

A correspondent recently at Pittsburg, Pa., describes a gun he saw there as "twenty feet long, five and a half feet in diameter, and twenty-inch mouth or muzzle, and weighing 116,000 pounds. In order to get an adequate idea of that great destroyer, make a circle twenty inches in diameter, then another round it thirty-two inches in diameter, and you will then have the muzzle. Then make a circle five and a half feet in diameter, seventeen feet from the mouth, and lines from the outer edge of the thirty-two inch circle to the five and a half feet one, and then a half circle to form the end, and you will have the outlines of the monster."

A veritable Historian.

Old John Josselyn, speaking in "New England Rarities Discovered in 1672," observes that "the pond-frogs chirp in the spring like sparrows, and croak like toads in autumn. Some of these, when they set upon their breech, are a foot high! The Indians will tell you that up in the country there are pond-frogs as big as a child a year old."

An ancient Matron.

The *Paris Journal des Debats* records the recent decease at Versailles, of Madame de Saint Quentin, aged 106 years and three months, having been born at Saint-Dizier, Oct. 22d, 1758. She enjoyed the full

use of all her faculties up to 104 years, going out regularly every day, and making and receiving frequent calls. She was always desirous that her visitors should enjoy themselves and would seat herself at the piano, play contra-dances and sing songs of the olden times. She would remark to a new visitor: "You probably have never heard a woman above 100 years old sing or play upon the piano." Her 100th anniversary was religiously celebrated; and as she traversed the church, leaning upon her son, himself near 80 years of age and weakly, she said to him: "Goodness! how feeble you are! you seem like an old man." At 104 years her speech failed her, and it was evident that this prolonged existence was approaching its term.

A Fact for the Curious.

A thoroughly reliable gentleman assures us, says the *New Bedford Mercury*, of the truth of the following: A farmer in the vicinity of Warren, E. I., wishing to save nest eggs, and too poor to buy the glass cheats, carved a block of wood into egg-form, and whitened it with chalk. It was rudely fashioned, showing but a rough surface and marked by many seams. It proved, however, a good hen-persuader, and the biddy after the usual premonitory cackling, each day laid an egg. The wonder is, that each egg deposited by the rude counterfeit in the nest, was in the peculiarity of its surface, roughness, inequalities, seams, etc., precisely like said counterfeit.

Disappearance of an Heiress.

A German girl, named Annie Klitzezer, thirteen years old, whose parents are dead, leaving her heiress to \$50,000, recently disappeared from St. Louis under peculiar circumstances. Her guardian had placed her at school in an Ursuline convent, but recently she was allowed to leave for a day to attend a funeral, and has not since been seen. The impression is that her friends, fearing that she would be induced to take the veil and give her property to the church, have spirited her away.

A patriotic old Lady.

A venerable lady in Hartford, born in the month and year of our independence, July, 1776, has knit 96 pairs of socks for the soldiers, 52 during the past year. Another lady, in a neighboring town, asked for some yarn to knit soldiers' mittens; and to the reply, "You are lame in your hands," said, "Well, but I aint lame in my heart." She has sent most convincing proof that lame hands can knit excellent mittens if assisted by a sound, loyal heart.

A learned blind Man.

The Professor who holds the Hebrew chair at Sorbonne, France, is over sixty years old, and is blind. His name is Munck. He is a Silesian Jew, and a man of great erudition. In 1856, since he lost his sight, he deciphered the hieroglyphics on an ancient sarcophagus at the Louvre, his only guide being his finger tips. He is equally well versed in Sanscrit, Arabic and Chaldaic.

Facts and Fancies.

OBEYING ORDERS.

Dick Barton—for a good many years chief mate of some of the finest ships out of New York—was a most thorough sailor; as matter-of-fact as the mainmast; and adopted as his rule of duty the old-time marine motto, "Obey orders if you break owners!"

Dick was for two voyages first officer of the Glen Eagle, a very comfortable ship; only her commander—Captain John Floyd—had an unpleasant fashion of now and then flying into a passion at trifles, and ordering things done that he no more intended to have done than he did to have the bowsprit cut out of the ship. Dick was pretty sure to execute all such orders, unless they were countermanded in a little less than no time; and he finally cured Captain Floyd of the disagreeable propensity.

One day, when the ship was lying in the Prince Dock, Liverpool, Mr. Barton had a big bower anchor hooked onto by the fish-tackle, and a selvagee strap around the shank, trying to heave it on the bows. The anchor was a new one, and as the chain was not shackled to, there was nothing to prevent the forty hundred pounds of iron from going plump to the bottom of the dock, in case the strap should part. The anchor got foul, in under the projection of the rail, and wouldn't come in to its berth; and Dick tugged and pulled, and pried with a handspike; and Captain Floyd fizzled, fussed, and flew around; and finally flew off into one of his wild, wicked fits of rage, singing out:

"Cut the bloody thing adrift!"

Barton caught up the hatchet lying conveniently at hand, made a sweeping lick at the selvagee strap, and—*le-lunge!* went the Glen Eagle's best bower to the bottom of the dock.

The next voyage of Dick's in the Glen Eagle was to Guayaquil; and one beautiful Sunday morning, when the ship was all ready to trip her anchor, and be off down the stream, homeward bound, the port quarter-boat dropped alongside, loaded almost to her gun-wales with all sorts of tropical fruit. Barton had just given orders to pass the fruit up out of the boat on deck, when the captain interfered, and directed the men to drop her aft, hook on the tackles, and hoist her up, cargo and all. The boat was accordingly hooked on; but hoisting her up, with all that weight in her, was not so easily done. All hands bent onto the falls, and "O-he-o'd-a-a-he a'd," and tramped and swayed, dragging the boat up inch by inch, until they had her ten feet out of water, when the swivel block of the for'ard tackle slewed, jamming the fall with a half turn, and not another atom would it budge. Captain Floyd lathered and fumed for awhile, trying to "cant" the block and clear the tackle, and then flying into a rage, he shouted:

"Cut the thing! Cut it!"

As quick as lightning, Dick snatched a sheath-knife from one of the sailors, slashed off the fall, and down went the boat by the head, spilling out pumpkins, pine-apples, lemons, *larangas*, melons, coconuts, plantains and bananas, like dumping a load of paving-stones out of a cart. The tide was running ebb, like a mill-race, and seizing upon the bows of

the boat as she went down, it wrenched out the after-davit by the step, and away went the boat, drifting down stream at the rate of seven miles an hour, in company with a half acre or so of Guayaquil fruit. Captain Floyd was so nearly cured of his unfortunate habit, that he took especial care never to give Mr. Barton an order again that he did not intend to have executed.

A COOL CAPTAIN.

When the Alabama pirate chucked that big shell into the sternpost of the Kearsarge, Mat Marshall, signal quartermaster of the U. S. craft, being aft, and hearing the *thud* of the great iron globe as it whelted into the solid oak, looked over the stern to see what was hit. Espying the shell half buried in the wood, and the fuse still ablaze, away he went to Captain Winslow, and reported:

"That picaroon chap's been plantin' one of his ceeesh nuts right slap in the sternpost, sir!"

"Never mind it, my man," replied the intrepid commander, just as cool as if he had been running down channel under five-knot steam—"never mind his Alabama seed, quartermaster; they'll never grow in Kearsarge soil."

"No, sir; but the fuse is burnin' and if the old thing pops off, I guess there won't be no Kearsarge soil left for *anything* to grow in!"

"Likely enough, my man; but let us drive the drops into the rascal, and have the pleasure of seeing him go down before we go up!"

"Well, — my tarry wig! if ever I seed anybody take a shot in his starn quite so coolly as that 'ere," muttered Mat, as he went aft to his duty.

HARD TO PLEASE.

One day, as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine, large codfish and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it or made it into chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed on the table, and, with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation:

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet anything that you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover.) I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't any such thing. You know better; I never loved fried fish. Why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also."

So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish this!" exclaimed he. "Boiled fish! Chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a chowder."

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed," grumbled the discomfited husband, "I dare say it is an unpalatable, wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it!"

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large bull-frog, of portentous dimensions and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length. Zachariah sprang from his chair, not a little frightened at the apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and that he was wrong, and declared that she should never have occasion to read him such another lesson, and he was as good as his word.

SLOW SAILING.

"I say, Bill, d'y'e s'pose there was ever another such a slow-goin' old water-cart as this 'ere?" inquired one of our maintopmen of his chum, just as the Miami, steam sloop-of-war, wore ship, after chasing an Anglo Rebel blockade-runner off shore five hours, and going at our best speed, four miles to the runway's seven.

"Why, yes, Tom. I've been in duller crafts than this 'ere. But then they hadn't got steam in 'em, and wasn't built for clippers, like these 'ere new Navy Yarders."

"There was the Old Trijunk, Captain Bob Flatthers, that I went two voyages in. The only craft that we ever outtailed was a big Russian frigate, down in the Strait of Macassar. But we found out afterward that the frigate was hard and fast aground on a shoal."

"Why, Bill," put in Tim Stetson, another of the topmen, "we did better'n that ar' in the old Skillagalee bark, hallin' from Duxbury. We were standin' right square in shore, one afternoon in December, with the wind a blowin' a rattlin' whole topsail breeze; and just at two bells in the first dog-watch the fog lifted, and there was Owl's Head light, not more'n a mile from our jib-boom end."

"Captain Bunker called the chief mate, and says he to him—'Mr. Gammon! Let the people all get supper as soon as it is ready, and we'll tack ship. We shall be rather close in with the land if we stand on this tack till morning.'"

"Thunder! you might-er stood on a week safe enough, if you'd a been in the old Snail'sfoot of Har-

wick that I was in once," chimed in Jim Ledley, one of the forecastle men.

"How fast could she sail, Jim?"

"Don't know, Tom—never found out. Once, when we were coming home out of the Mediterranean, bound for New York, we got a crackin' Levanter, right off Ape's Hill, and the old man says to the chief mate:

"Mr. Jackstay, let's see how many knots there is in the old Snail'sfoot, anyhow."

"Ay, ay, sir," says the mate, 'and so we run out booms both sides, and packed on stun'sails low and aloft.'

"And how many did you get out of her, Jim?"

"Don't know sactly, bo. We hove the log, and she took off four knots; but we couldn't see the line trailing out astern, so we took a look around the ship, and there was the log chip bobbing about under her weather bow."

"Halloo, Jim, how d'y'e get the ship to New York at that rate?"

"Why, ye see, when the cap'n found she was goin' starn foremost, four miles an hour, he jest in with all stunsails, hauled her by the wind and began beatin' back to the east'ard. Got across in that way in about three months."

"Why in blazes didn't you anchor and wait for the world to turn over?" queried a greeny. "You'd a got home that way in two watches."

FREE AND EASY.

It is not a little amusing sometimes to watch the manners of a dare-devil guest from our boundless "back country" at a public hotel. A friend of ours mentions one of this description, who was sitting by a gentleman at dinner who sent for a bottle of champagne, giving to the waiter "Ninety-five" as the number of his room. No sooner had he turned out a glass, than the stranger-guest did the same. "That's first-rate drink!" said he. "Here, boy, bring me a bottle of *Ninety-five*, too." The next morning he was seen fuming about the hall in his slippers, calling out, "Where the deuce are my boots? They've left me nothing but these flat-footed, no-heeled shoes!"

"Boots?" asked the servant; "what is your number?"

"Number twelve—largest size—pegged heels; bring 'em quick—I want 'em!"

It was rather supposed, by those who overheard this dialogue, that the servant desired to know the number of the unfortunate stranger's room, rather than that of his cowhide boots!

A GALLANT POLITICIAN.

A gentleman on the other side in politics, was one day walking in the garden of the White House at Washington, with Henry Clay.

"Though I am a Democrat, Mr. Clay," said he, "yet my wife is a Clay Whig!"

"God bless the ladies!" said Mr. Clay. "Here," said he (plucking a white rose at the same time), "give this to your wife from me, with my best regard."

Two things Mr. Clay well understood, one was human nature, the other was the influence of women. *That rose got him three votes*, and one of them was that of the democratic husband!

A STANDING ACCOUNT.

"Mr. Slocum, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, sir, James Slocum."

"Some six months ago, Mr. Slocum, you gave me credit for a pair of boots—price five dollars. I have now called to liquidate the demand."

"Owe me five dollars? Well, really, I have no remembrance of the fact."

"Be that as it may, the debt is honest and must be paid."

Here a middle-aged gent. in pepper-and-salt cassimeres, took out a well filled pocket-book, and handed Slocum a twenty dollar bill. Slocum balanced the account, and handed to the middle aged gentleman, in the seasonable wearing apparel, fifteen dollars, being the 'balance on the boots.'

The middle aged gentleman left, while Slocum went off in a revelry.

"Well, the world is not so bad, after all; here, at least, is one genuine honest man. I will never speak ill of the human family again."

Scene second.—An Exchange office.—Enter Slocum.

"Bullion, my boy, just discount that lot of money, and give me current."

"Certainly, sir."

Bullion runs over the "pictured blotting paper," and throws out a twenty dollar bill.

"What do you throw that out for?"

"Not worth a cent—one of the new counterfeiters came out yesterday."

Slocum once more goes off into a revelry. "Curse that scoundrel! That's the very bill that honest man paid me yesterday, for them boots. What a vile world. I don't believe that there is one upright man on earth."

The last we saw of Slocum, he was putting off for the "perlice," to enter up a complaint.

MORAL.—Don't allow yourself to be "done" by too much virtue.

THE STATE OF THE MARKET.

Dealers in hardware say that they never found things as hard as now! that tin plates are flat, lead heavy, iron dull, spades not trumps, and more rakes in the market than are inquired after; brass is, however, in demand for politicians; brads are also in request, but holders cannot be got to fork them out. Nails won't go by pushing, and have to be driven.

The dry goods merchants say their cases are hard, and complain that people prefer the bank rage to theirs.

In paints everything looks black, though many try to varnish the thing over.

Shippers of ashes have had to add sackcloth to them—as prospects are by no means pearly, and prices are going to pot.

The timber trade is pining, and holders have to rest upon their oars to stave off the pressure.

There is no spirit in the rum trade, and holders of vinegar look sour; champagne, however, is brisk.

Rhubarb and senna are quite drugs, but there is a consumption of brimstone for matches, many having lately been made.

Holders of indigo look blue, but those deep red are not green enough to think a symptom of the trade dying.

Starch is stiffening, and paper is stationary. In the meal market things are flowery, but the millers

say that the high prices of wheat go against their grain, at which the bakers are also crusty.

The grocers have got along pretty gingerly, but some having tasted a piece of the times have become peppery.

There is no life in dead hogs, but some animation in old cheese.

AN AFFECTIONATE SON.

Old Billy Taylor, whose good stories and witty sayings will long be remembered by his acquaintances, used to relate the following:

When I was young, just admitted to the bar in Kentucky, I was appointed by the court to defend a man who had been indicted for the murder of his mother. Determined to make out of the matter as much reputation for myself as the case would admit of, I took the accused aside and told him it was necessary for me, as his counsel, to know the whole truth in reference to the charge against him. After assuring him that what he might say to me could not be used against him, I put the plain question:

"Did you kill your mother?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"What made you do it?"

"Because," said he, "she was not worth wintering!"

AN IRISH WOMAN'S APPEAL.

The conductor of one of our railroads was lately appealed to by an Irish woman.

Irish Mother—And I say, zur, (boo-hoo), I want to go to Worcester.

Conductor—Well, madam, why in thunder don't you go.

I. M.—O, (boo-hoo), but niver a cint have I for myself an' these, zur, an' (boo-hoo), can't yees for the love ye bear 'em—can't ye take thim?

C.—Them? Who?

I. M.—These childers—the four of 'em.

C.—The children? Why, the devil, woman, I'm not their father!

I. M.—O, no, indade, zur, (boo-hoo), yer not, zur, their father, for their father, zur, (boo-hoo), their father was a dacent man, zur!

Through a sum instantly raised by the crowd, and to which the conductor contributed, the "widow and her orphans" reached Worcester.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

Two young men waited upon the late Peter Cute, Esq., to ask his professional assistance. One of them commenced:

"Mr. Cute, our father died, and made a will."

"Is it possible? I never heard of such a thing," answered Mr. Cute.

"I thought it happened every day," said the young man.

"It's the first case of the kind," answered Mr. Cute.

"Well," said the young man, "if there is to be any difficulty about it, we had better give you a fee to attend to the business."

"The fee was given, and then Mr. Cute observed:

"O, I think I know now what you mean. You mean that your father made a will and died. Yes, yes, that must be it! that must be it."

But he took the fee, nevertheless.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.



YARNS OF A MUSTERED OUT BRIGADIER GENERAL.—Yes, ladies, wherever the fire was the hottest, there was I to be found, until at last I was known in the army as the "Young Salamander."

BELIEVING YOUNG LADY.—But, how did it happen that you escaped without a wound?

BRIGADIER GENERAL.—Simply because I sought death (in the rear), and could not find him.

Both ladies are satisfied.



A SAILOR'S FAREWELL.



A WATER-PIPE ON A BURST.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



STRUCK OIL.—Mr. Little, after paying diligent court to the widow of Porkus, is at last rewarded with her hand and fortune. He thinks the figure is about right, and her friends say that he has struck oil—but some of them are malicious.



EXTINGUISHING A YOUNG SMOKER.



THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH BLOCKADE RUNNERS.